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Atlantic

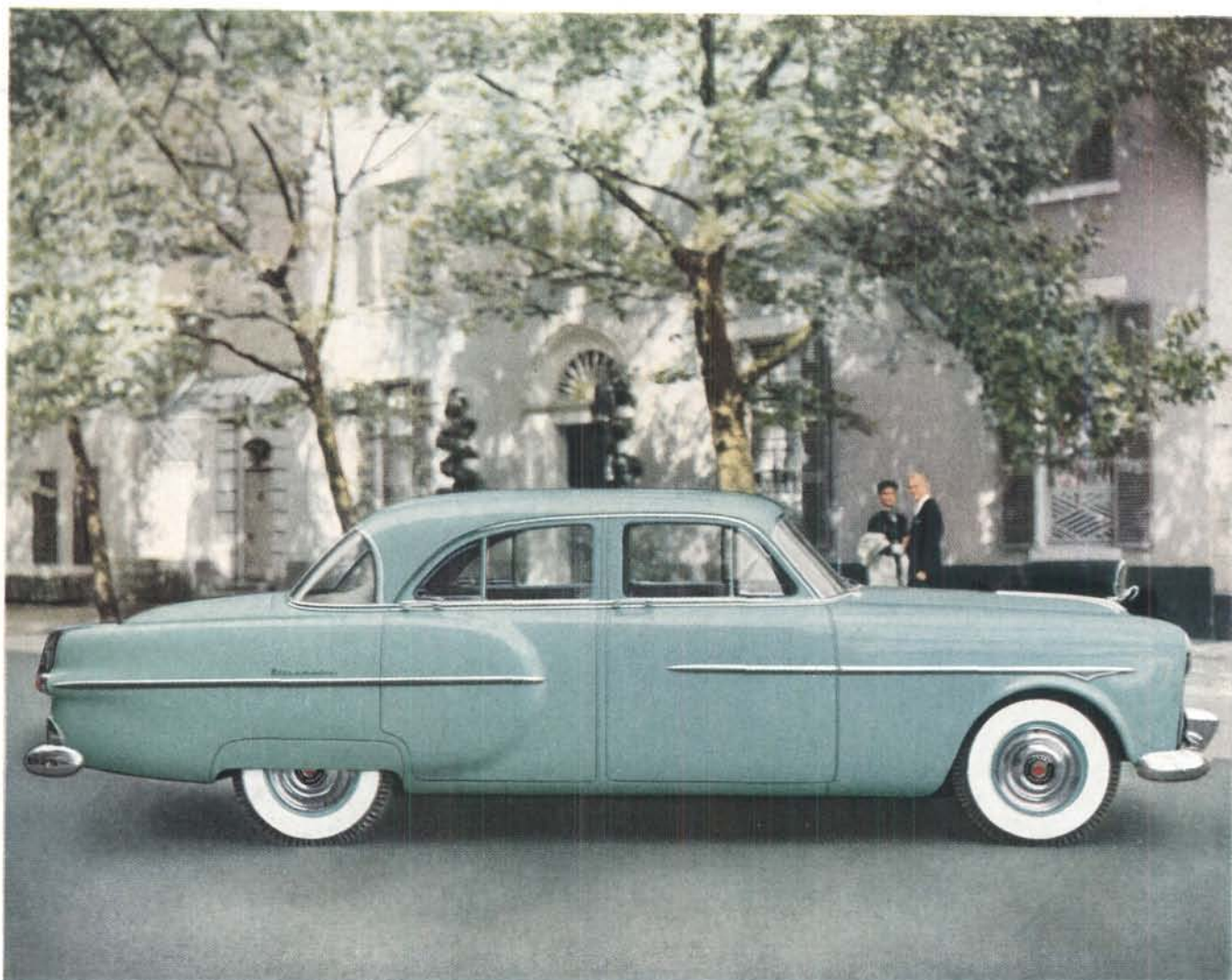
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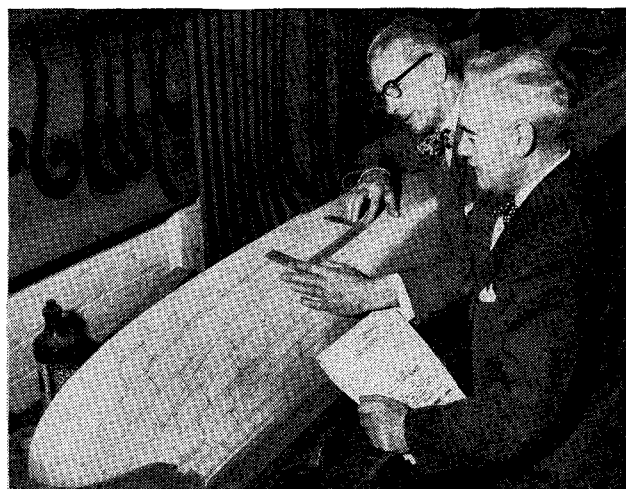
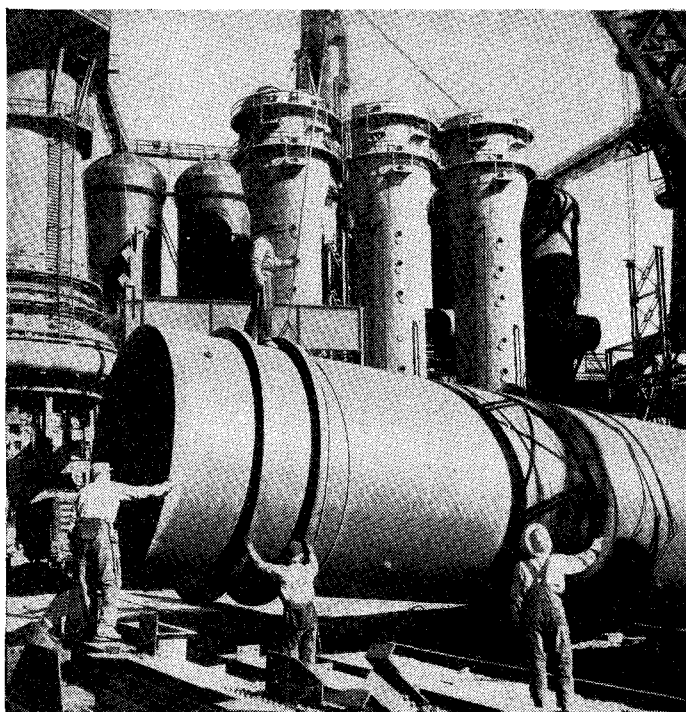
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

THE power of the purse is a check which no President can safely ignore. As a practical matter, therefore, Mr. Truman needs to keep Congress moving along with his policies and his decisions under the North Atlantic Pact — not necessarily by asking for votes but by inviting confidence through consultation.

Most of the irritation in Congress is caused by the hit-or-miss method of consultation which this Administration has practiced hitherto. For instance, about the middle of August the French asked for a decision on American troop reinforcement in Europe and the appointment of an American commander-in-chief. For nearly a month the various agencies wrestled with it.

A check shows that Secretary Acheson saw no Senators other than Senators Harry Cain and Elbert Thomas until he appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the day before he met with the British and French Foreign Ministers on September 12. At that time he told them of the Administration's decision. There was then no chance for discussion. It is because of this lag — and sometimes lack — in consultation that the Taft objections are sustained even in the Administration's party by such influential Senators as Senators Walter George and Paul Douglas.

Truman names the enemy

The State of the Union message was grimly impressive, and showed in its style the work of professional hands. This aid has since been confirmed. Apparently for the first time, the White House team brought in some writers from the outside, including John Hersey. In this respect Mr. Truman is following the technique of his predecessor, who leaned

on such professionals as Robert E. Sherwood and Archibald MacLeish. In it and for the first time Mr. Truman named Soviet Russia as our adversary.

The period of tilting at abstractions like international Communism or just plain Communism is over. The President hit at the "Russian Communist dictatorship" and at "Soviet imperialists." The turning point may be dangerous, but not so dangerous as clothing our conflict in abstractions. Several consequences will follow from the President's fresh tack. Instead of confusion, there will be direction. This may aid our diplomacy in other Communist lands — for instance, Yugoslavia. But mainly the new focus of our defense effort may enable us to avoid the pitfall of an endless ideological war of the Thirty Years variety.

The Communists are afraid of facts — the facts of the prisoners of war they still keep, of the 15 million slaves working in their mines, fields, and forests, and of the crowded concentration camps. Here, as one official said, is our real secret weapon in waging the cold war. The overshadowing fact that we must grapple with is Muscovite aggression. It is aggression that we fight, not an idea.

Production, not exaggeration

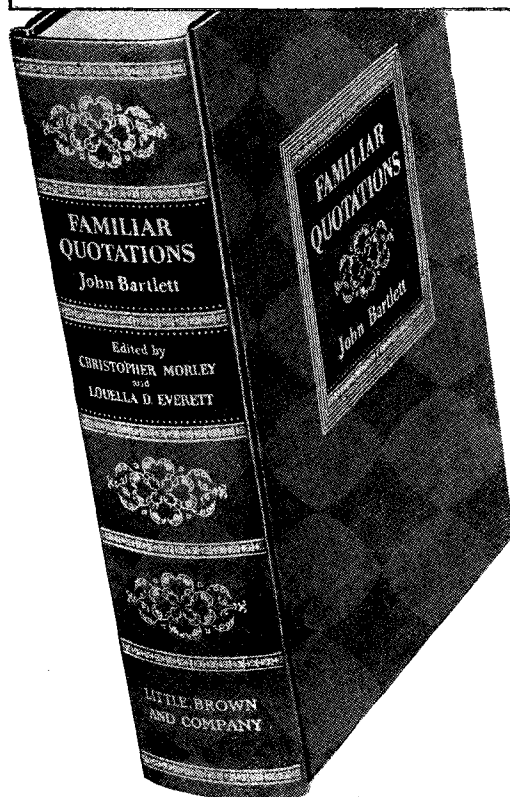
The all-out mobilizers have piped down since Secretary Marshall and Charles E. Wilson have deflated them with common sense. Marshall makes the point that the hundred-division boys — Governor Dewey *et al.* — would withdraw useful manpower from the labor force and leave it with no place to go. Until there are supplies and equipment and uniforms for the men, wholesale recruitment would be futile. There would be no housing or training available for a flock of newcomers. The

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



object of policy must be, in his words, to get "a workable system of partial mobilization from which we can move with great rapidity into a full mobilization." Nothing is more demoralizing to an army than to have it standing around with nothing to do.

Wilson has further sharpened the Marshall point by explaining that the significant word in our gray mobilization is industrial capacity. That prime need, of course, is obvious. But some of those who agree with Marshall are nevertheless anxious to flood the country with war matériel. They would "let it lie around for want of either use at home or the ships for dispatch abroad!" comments Wilson in sizing up the principle of priority. No, capacity is the prerequisite, and in this respect we are well started.

In the last war much raw material was absorbed in creating capacity for turning out munitions. It is still there — 100 per cent more than in 1941, as, for instance, in dockyards. The Economic Report talks about the need for more aircraft capacity, but the need is nothing like that of World War II, when capacity had to be built to jack up output from 3000 to 100,000 planes a year. A three-shift system in the arms industry, it is said, would put us in the position of emitting a Niagara of tanks and airplanes at short notice.

Wilson, Assistant President

The appointment of General Electric's Charles E. Wilson has come as a great reassurance. People from all walks of life have showered him with the kind of welcome that betokens relief. The greeting was a humbling experience for a man who, in addition to running a giant enterprise, teaches Sunday school. Instinctively the letter-writers knew that only a man who knew the structure of American industry could do the job.

One thing about it — Wilson has got the power. His is a far more important assignment as Defense Mobilization Director than Byrnes's as War Mobilization Director. He is Assistant President plus. Wilson enjoys a unique authority to issue presidential directives — a power that Mr. Truman has never delegated before, and one that F.D.R. would never have delegated. Wilson demanded it.

At first the President offered him a job equivalent to the directorship of the old War Production job. But the General Electric head declined; he said he would be delighted to serve, but in a more responsible assignment. He then wrote his own ticket, which makes him a kind of umpire above

the operators. General Harrison is the Nelson, or war production chief, of the present emergency.

Acheson and Eisenhower

It seems a safe bet that Secretary Acheson will not be displaced in a hurry. The unparalleled action of the Republican Party in calling for his resignation served merely to get the presidential dander up. He is reputed to have said that the only way "they" would "get" Acheson was to impeach the President.

It looked at one time as if this were the direction of Taft's indictment on Korea. In saying that intervention there was irregular and illegal, the Ohioan gave aid and comfort to Moscow, for this was precisely the Vishinsky-Malik line at the United Nations. In this respect Taft got nowhere. The President, judging from the appropriations for the Korean effort, certainly had a crowd of accessories in the legislative branch, including Mr. Taft, if any illegality were involved.

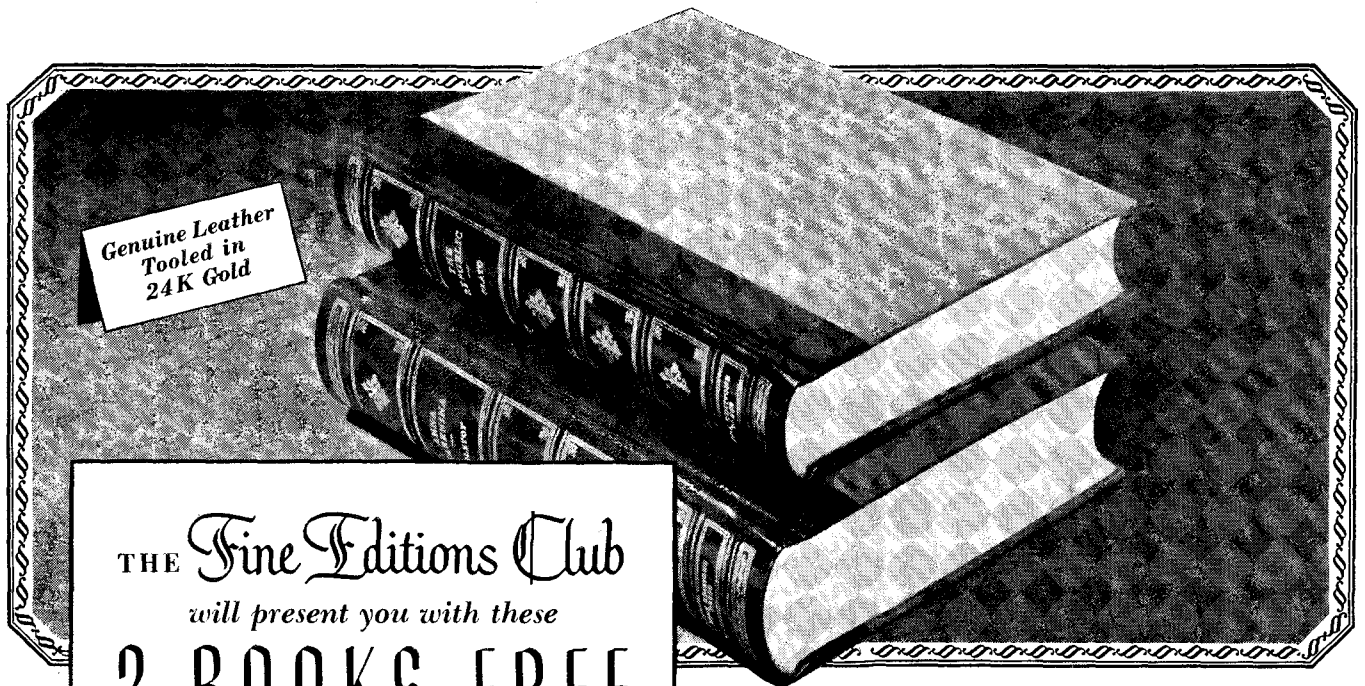
The worst thing you can say about Secretary Acheson is that he has lost the art of getting along with Congress. Perhaps he feels that in this respect any forwardness on his part would precipitate him into the middle of intraparty Republican squabbling. His aloofness, nevertheless, is criticizable. The job is difficult enough, but Paul Hoffman did it. Almost every night he used to entertain one or more Congressmen, and win friends in the House or Senate by an unwearied personal account of his stewardship.

By way of defense of Acheson it can be said that no man works harder than he and that no man has such a weight of responsibility on his shoulders. He has in turn to bully and cajole the faint hearts in Europe, though now the task is more or less shared by General Eisenhower, whose belated appearance in Europe, however, is traceable to Mr. Acheson's addiction to bargaining points.

"Ike's" enthusiasm is contagious. He believes fervently in his mission, and left the country as if he had been touched with inspiration. This is no extravagance of one admirer. He gave that impression to all who saw him before he left for Europe. At a time when the country is counting the cost of the political general directing the war in Korea, it is refreshing to see a general with both a nonpolitical and a civilian mind, even though he is a popular idol. There was only one sour note. He has left the Pentagon with a feeling that it has been robbed because he has put some of the best men

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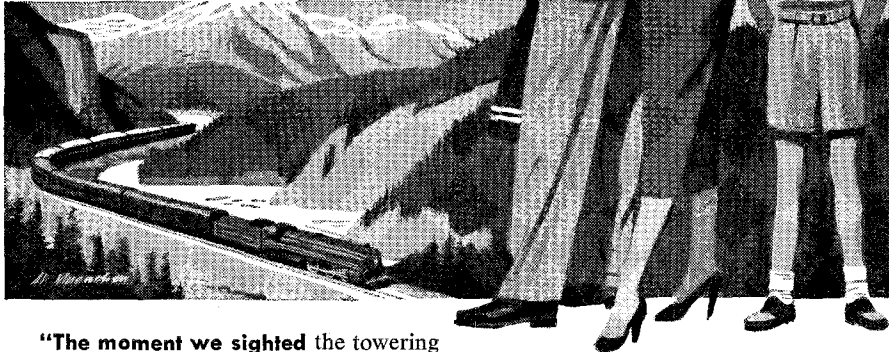
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Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is returning to a sense of proportion about our post-Korean situation. Fear and hysteria are in process of subsiding. Much of the shrill demand beginning late in November for multibillion-dollar overnight expansion was due to the mortification arising from military defeat. America has been unused to military setbacks since the grapple started with Moscow. Greece, Berlin — they were armed successes. But when we encountered reverses, as we did in Korea, then we went into a psychological tailspin and behaved like the Ancient Mariner: "All's lost. To the boats."

The British in the Capital contributed their historical experience by way of support. Sir Oliver Franks, Britain's Ambassador, is said to have reminded his American friends of a picture he used to look at as a child in his father's study. It showed a lone Tommy stumbling back from an encounter in the Khyber Pass. And Sir William Slim, Britain's chief of staff, told his opposites here that the feeling of "hurt" was oh, so familiar, because "we have been through it."

If we ever had as much as a tenth of our effectives in Korea, most observers would be surprised. And now the buildup under Wilson promises to reproduce the wartime miracle.

The "great debate" still is adulterated with partisan heckling, especially in the Republican Party, but many of its Senators are irked by Taft's assumption of party authority.

If he and his fellow trustee at Yale — namely, Acheson — were not like lemon and cream, there might be some point to the suggestion one newspaper made that they should go together to the next meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, and meet the Russians face to face. But, like Borah, Taft feels he has his own sources of information, and he appears content with them. However, he has a justifiable gripe about the Executive's dealings with Congress. Truman as well as Acheson can upset the applecart with the greatest aplomb.



London

REARMAMENT, however necessary, is a misfortune for the British in a special sense. They have borne eleven years of "doing without." The basic foods are still tightly rationed: meat, sugar, butter, eggs, cheese, bacon, tea, candy, and — seasonally — milk. Some of the merchandise which reappeared in the shops during the past couple of years will again dwindle or vanish. There will be fewer pots and pans. Refrigerators, radios, and television sets will become scarcer. So will essentials like clothing. The man in line for a car will continue to mark time for three or four years before getting one, if he is lucky.

Many improvements which were near will fade from sight. That is particularly true of housing. Despite much building, the cumulative demand of millions is unsatisfied. Capital investment at home will be cut in order to finance military preparedness. Disappointment is in store for many who hoped to get decent homes soon. Industries long overdue for modernization must wait. To give armed power the right of way and to buttress the anti-Communist alliance, all sorts of plans for mechanization and plant renewal must fall back.

It is an epic of frustration. Just as the years of bleakness were yielding to less austere conditions the housewife and her family must watch pleasanter prospects recede. Vast sums which might have been spent on new homes, health, and education will go into the armed forces and into munitions.

How do people feel about the fading vision of better times? How are they taking rising prices, the threat of fewer goods, and coming tax boosts? A shock may be in store for all income groups when the Government unfolds its next budget in April. Pending that moment, people seem too preoccupied to wince before the lash falls. They are accustomed to a standard income tax rate equivalent to 45 cents on the dollar.

They are used to queuing for rations at the grocer's and the butcher's. Patient lines at the food shops have come to play a social role perhaps comparable to that of our post office and general store. They may be a nuisance to the mother with

young children, but to many they are pleasant opportunities for gossip with neighbors.

Talking to people in pubs or buses, in homes or offices, one discovers that they have not yet reckoned what rearmament means in simple terms of the family budget. The British seldom grow excited after an ugly happening, much less before the event. The rising cost of raw materials is being passed on to retailers only with long delay, thanks to the cushion of continuing price controls. Excepting a few articles like blankets, the price of which suddenly went up 67 per cent before Christmas, most things are growing dearer gradually. Only as rearmament passes from the planning stage to performance will the British feel its real impact.

Yet if parliamentary by-elections are a reliable indication, an appreciable number of people are showing their discontent by switching their votes from Labor and Liberals to Conservatives. There are signs that the citizens want a change. The Tories are sniffing dawn after a long night out of office.

Rearmament speed-up

Even before Korea splashed across the front pages, Britain's military effort was comparatively large. In proportion to population the British were next to the top among non-Communist countries in the number of men in uniform — over 700,000. Only France showed a higher ratio. Britain was spending 8.3 per cent of its national income on defense, compared with the United States' 6.2 per cent. The British have been the only West Europeans with two years' compulsory military service.

A few weeks after the North Koreans attacked, the British Government announced its program for an increase of almost 50 per cent over the pre-Korea rate of military expenditure. The rearmament budget was set at 9.5 billion dollars for the next three years. Later it was decided to enlarge that program and to telescope the time lag. Delivery dates are being speeded. Tanks, warplanes, guns, vehicles, and ammunition which factories were to have turned out in 1953 and 1954 are now to be available in 1952.

The Government is proposing to recall some of the Class Z reservists. These consist of about 4 million men who left the army, navy, and air force after the war without joining the regular reserve. One project would start by calling up 100,000 to 200,000 "Z" men for anything from three weeks' to two or three months' training. It would be a kind of sampling of general mobilization. These conscripts would be additional to the 280,000 who now register yearly and of whom about 225,000 enter the forces.

What Britain has done and is planning seems formidable compared with the accomplishments of other European allies. But it looks puny when contrasted with the British peak effort in World War II. Today something like 750,000 men are under arms; in mid-1945 there were more than 5 million in the forces and auxiliary services. Now Britain's civil defense corps has just a little more than 100,000 members; the corresponding number in June, 1944, was 1.9 million. Unofficial estimates put the present total of workers supplying the forces at approximately

750,000 — in contrast to 5 million producing munitions in mid-1943.

The 8.3 per cent of national income Britain was devoting to rearmament may rise to 14 per cent or so when the three-year plan is in full stride. But during the war the comparable figure was 55 per cent. Thus Britain is still far from being on a war footing.

The shift of workers

About 400,000 workers being diverted from peacetime manufacture to war production are among the first to feel the effects of the rearmament. The shift of workers will be most perceptible within the iron and steel industries, shipbuilding, and aircraft, vehicle, and chemicals production. In textile mills, many will move from civilian garment and cloth manufacture to turning out uniforms, blankets, and other equipment for the forces. In food-processing factories, many will switch from providing groceries to feeding soldiers.

Britain's 78,500 university students are in a special position. For a whole decade they have had to face

conscription at the age of eighteen. But they are free to choose between performing their military service upon leaving high school or deferring it until they complete their college careers. Anyone accepted by a British university is entitled to deferment. This does not mean exemption, for he must enter the forces before the age of twenty-six, unless medically unfit. In practice, about half the students go from high school into uniform; the other half postpone their military duties until after the university. Medical, engineering, science, and art students alike are eligible for deferment. They only need to ask for it. Deferment is also granted to young coal miners, farm workers, and merchant seamen.

Industrial production still rising

Besides solving their manpower problem, the British have to pay the heavy cost of rearmament. This growing financial burden can almost be met out of increasing production.

Britain's industrial production in 1950 rose 9 per cent above the 1949 level. But that rate of improvement is unlikely to be sustained in 1951. Shortage of raw materials will flatten out the rising line. Production will falter while industries are being retooled for armaments work. Movement of workers from peace to war industries will also retard the upward trend. Government planners believe industrial output will rise by about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in 1951, instead of matching last year's increase. It will even fall short of this modest target if the fuel and power shortage worsens.

That would not be the first calculation to have gone wrong. For one of the Government's economic successes is now bursting in its face. The fattening of Britain's dollar reserves, until recently a cause of rejoicing, is proving to have been unhealthy.

The sterling area's reserves had shriveled to 1.34 billion dollars when the pound was devalued on September 18, 1949. By January, 1951, they had recovered to 3.3 billion. This improvement was due mainly to the British Commonwealth's cut of almost 30 per cent in imports from the U.S. and Canada. It now turns out, however, that by throttling their raw material purchases, the British impaired their economy and their rearmament.



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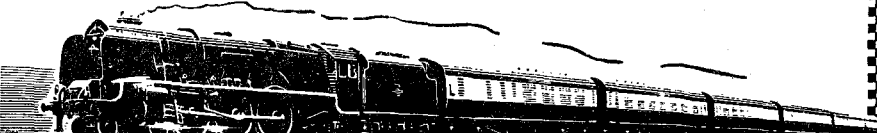
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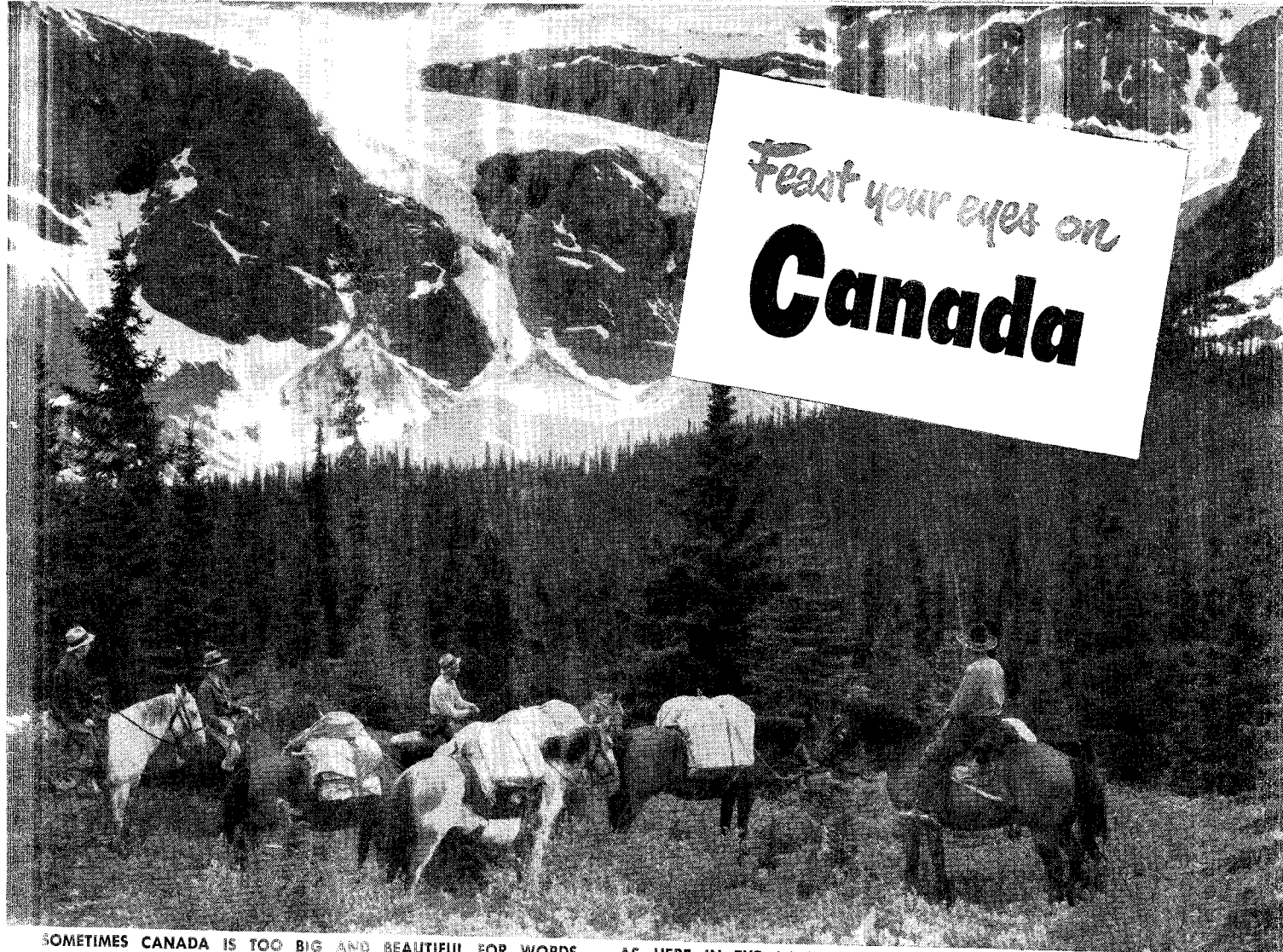
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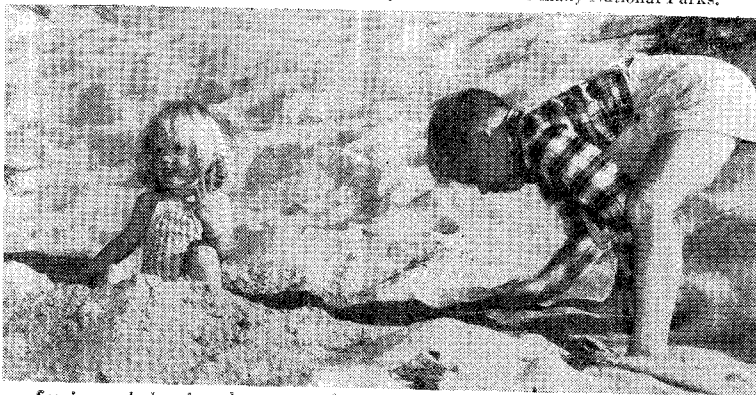
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I met New England



"Smart machine," I remarked to the Lieutenant.

"Downright ingenious, if you ask me," he said. "But then, why shouldn't it be—its brains were made in New England. Electronic brains," he added.

"You talking about research?" I asked.

"Yes and no. New England's got the greatest concentration of top-notch research facilities in the world. But I guess what I mean is the kind of run-of-the-mill ingenuity New England workmen are famous for. Sort of a native knack of knowing how to add quality to any manufacturing process. Amounts to genius on the production line.

"That's one reason why New England's so stable—industrially," he went on. "For a small area we make more diversified products than any other industrial section of the country—220 different products, last I heard. More now, probably, because so many new businesses have moved there."

"Because of this ingenuity you speak of?" I asked.

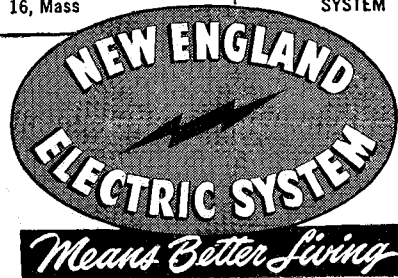
"That and a few other reasons," he answered. "Electricity, water, transportation—they're as good, perhaps better than anywhere else. New England's also a vacation land—grandest there is! A manufacturer can make money in New England—plenty of it—from 9 to 5. And he also can fish, hunt, swim, ski, have fun and relaxation in dozens of ways.

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Britain's skimpy stockpiles deteriorated in 1950. Scant reserves of nonferrous metals, zinc, sulphur, timber, cotton, and other essentials fell sharply. These deficiencies are being felt throughout the economy. They will impede production. They will oblige the British to do without many easements almost within reach.

Struggling against shortages of labor and of raw materials, the Government decided on priorities. Rearmament will come first, but only by a stub nose. Export trade will follow right on its heels.

Exports will be put almost on a par with military preparedness, because they pay for imports of essential food and raw materials. If sales abroad drop, there is less money to purchase the materials Britain needs both to rearm and to supply civilian consumers. If exports shrink badly, the British fear they may again become the paupers they were in 1945.

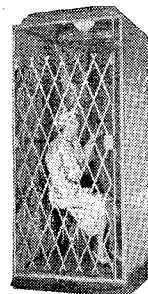
The future of U.S. aid

To the extent to which Britain's defense effort reduces exports, the United States will be expected to fill the gap with some form of lend-lease. Last August a British note to Washington suggested that America should foot the bill for half the increase in Britain's military expenditure. This would have meant a U.S. contribution to British rearmament amounting to 1.5 billion dollars over three years. The proposal was unacceptable and has been abandoned.

The future of U.S. military aid, including Anglo-American arrangements, was turned over to the North Atlantic Treaty organization. These twelve governments re-created methods used at the birth of the Marshall Plan. Then, in 1947, delegates of sixteen European nations met in Paris to disclose their own plans. They explained how they could harness their own resources to recovery.

Today they are doing something similar. They are deciding how to trim public and private investment, housing, and in some countries even social services, to allow more money for rearmament. They are defining the impact of rearmament on their budgets, including taxation. They are weighing the influence of rearmament on their foreign trade. The North Atlantic approach differs in

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one fundamental from that of the 1947 Marshall Plan conference. Then the U.S. whispered its promptings from off stage. Today America is seated at the head of the table.

Our allies are anxious

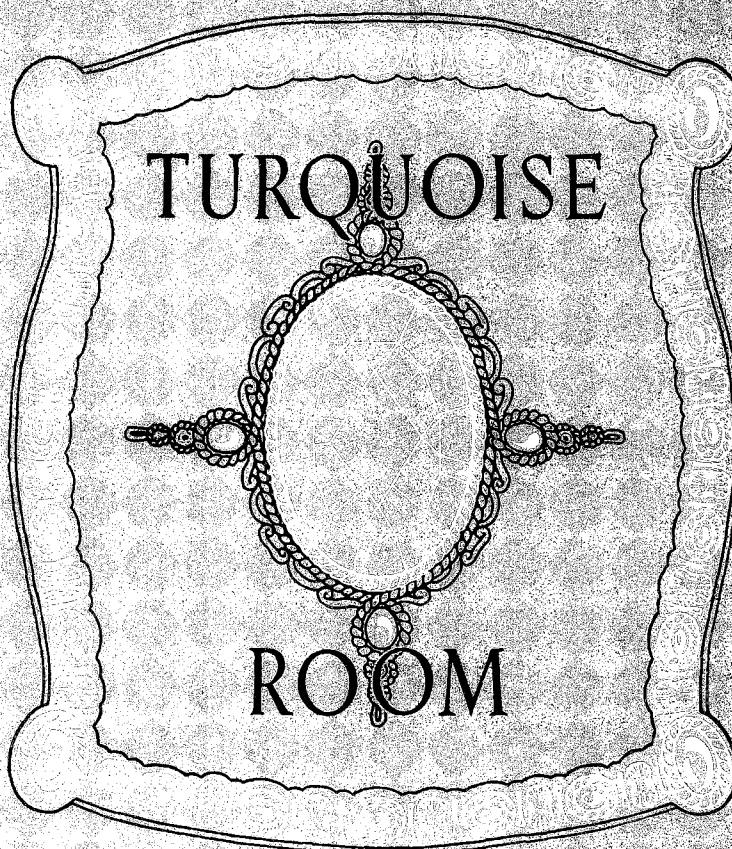
American leadership in the struggle against Communism, however, continues to arouse gnawing doubts in Britain and in Continental Europe. To brand this upsurge of dissatisfaction as "anti-Americanism" is too simple. It is fear: fear that Europe's fate is being decided over the heads of the Europeans themselves; fear that, if unchecked, American policy will draw Britain and Western Europe into war against China and into a third world war.

Despite British doubts and criticism, Britain will certainly be standing firmly at the United States' side in an ultimate emergency. At present, though, we should not underestimate the stresses tugging at Anglo-American solidarity.

The character and direction of our allies' anxiety have been changing. At first their discontent was aimed almost entirely at MacArthur as a political general alleged to be carrying the United Nations into unwanted adventures. Next, as American and other UN troops were driven down the Korean peninsula by the victorious Chinese, MacArthur's generalship itself was questioned.

In its latest phase, European criticism is not only stressing MacArthur's fallibility. It is charging American leaders with failure to recognize the meaning of the Chinese revolution. Even President Truman's State of the Union message contained one passage which played into the hands of the critics. Prevailing European opinion supports Mr. Truman's condemnation of Soviet imperialism, but it parts company with him when he attributes the historic revolutionary upheaval in China to Russian "fomenting."

Many British sense a peculiar switching of roles. They boast that they have broken with nineteenth-century colonialism, and as evidence of this they point to India's independence. Simultaneously they see America as "a nation created by revolution, but failing to understand other people's revolutions."



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India

THREE years after the departure of the British, where does India stand? Despite partition, it remains the largest of the states around an ocean which was once a British lake. India might be a keystone to that arch from Singapore to Suez if it were not split, weakening the underside of Asia. Politicians in the new states, after the first intoxication of getting what they wanted, are disillusioned. They find that reins are not synonymous with power. Few states have peace at home and food in the larder.

India may still be likened to a man with his nose only a hair's breadth above water. A ripple is enough to drown him. Waves of economic distress threaten Indian life at a time when the strength of Sardar Patel is no longer at hand. Pakistan's high rate of exchange for exports of wheat, rice, cotton, and jute, upon which the peninsula founded its economy, operates to make chronic the adverse trade balance of India. The cost of living is thereby three or four times what it was in 1939.

As a consequence, urban labor is restless. Industrialists are nervous and financiers are again burying their gold. In the countryside, under the pressure of population, the land produces crops of trouble. Added to this are cleavages of caste and regional divergencies which predispose India to fall apart.

The British administration gave India something it had not known before—unity. This has not been maintained, and historians may finally decide that independence came to India less by reason of the Congress Party's campaign and more by the decline of British power to a point where it could no longer withstand the natural disruptive forces of the peninsula. Little unifying power can be seen in the Congress Party, which has continued to split until it is scarcely recognizable as the organization it was when the great triumvirate, Gandhi, Nehru, and Patel, controlled it.

The sad thing for the Congress Party is that it found no policy so unifying to sectional opinions as their opposition to the British administration. Later events suggest that this opposition may have been directed not so much against the British as

against the whole principle of unification. Fanatic Hindus, Indian industrialists, the trade-unionists, the bureaucrats, the intelligentsia, the landlords, the peasants, the socialists, and the reactionaries have proved uneasy bedfellows, and a host of new parties has appeared.

Nearly all arguments and policies used by the Congress against the British have acted as boomerangs. Manned now by Western-trained Indians of high caliber, the administration is still aloof. People say the bureaucracy has changed in color, not in kind. It continues to be entrenched behind thousands of poorly paid and corrupt clerks. The peasant sees no change. The "old guard" still preys upon him in his isolation and he seems as far as ever from the promised land.

Landlords, alarmed by the rural unrest, deplore the failure of Congress to support them as they supported it in its struggle for independence. Industrialists discover rising wages and costs are in danger of making their products unsalable at home and abroad. Trade-unionists, spearhead of Congress tactics against the British, find themselves suppressed in the scare about Communism.

Nehru under pressure

This is the situation Nehru faces at home. He has lost Patel, who brought to Indian political life something of the tough hardheadedness more common in New England and the British Midlands. Nehru has little of the common touch which Gandhi had, though he rushes about the country to secure some of that personal popularity which comes in Asia by being accessible.

Unlike Gandhi, who had the "otherworldly" aura of an Indian sadhu and by it drew to himself the Indian masses, Nehru is no mystic. Rejected by most Indian left-wingers, his outlook is socialist, though he does not escape the reproach of being Brahmin-proud.

Indian internal problems are most easily understood in connection with Bombay and Calcutta, where the tension between capital and labor and the pull between producer and consumer take forms

like those of Western industrial areas. Unemployment increased when less steel, less cloth, and less hessian were produced as a result of continued disputes with Pakistan. Gaps in employment were once met by a return of laborers to the countryside whence they had come. Today those districts are already clogged with hundreds of thousands of Hindus displaced from Pakistan and not yet absorbed.

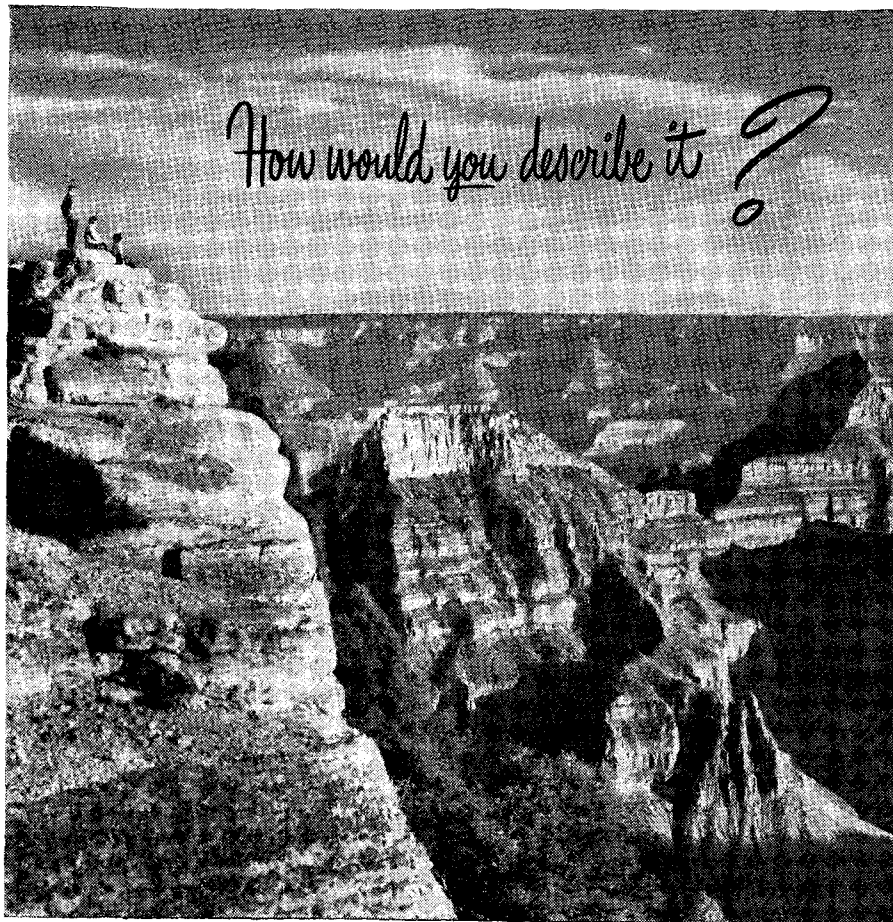
The food problem

Troubles in the villages are less easily understood by anyone not at home in Asia. They have become a nightmare for Indian politicians, townees for the most part, who have had little more than an academic interest in agrarian questions. Fundamentally the rural problem is that of securing mere subsistence for 250 million farming people who have only 80 million acres of land in rice and wheat, which they cultivate with medieval methods. They have had a food deficit for years. Prior to partition it was regional. It has become national and is complicated by currency difficulties.

Inevitably this pressure on the land gets transposed into a struggle between peasant and landlord. The cold fact is that even if the remedy of redistributing farmlands could be applied overnight, it could not solve the food problem. No cure is at hand. Fertility of the present land has declined by robber economy and erosion. India has no virgin areas to act as safety valve. Neither mechanical nor political solutions offer anything except long-term hope, and in the meanwhile unrest continues, population increases, and malnutrition takes its toll.

The Indian government approaches its land problem on Fabian lines, aiming to finance the buying-out of landlords and the resale of small holders. Unfortunately this threatens to deprive it of a large revenue, while committing it to heavy disbursements. The small holders expect to revert to self-contained subsistence farming and thereby raise their standard of living. By taking to their traditional moneyless form of life, they move beyond the reach of revenue officers.

Gandhi sold this philosophy of "Back to the land" and "Make your own cloth" to the Indian masses as



How would you describe it?

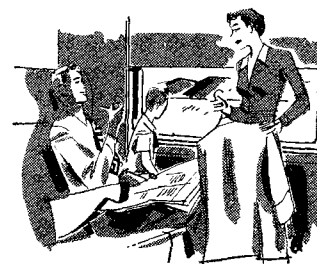
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part of his obstruction of the British; its success promises economic anemia to the Indian administration. Misty though his economic ideas appeared to be, in his plea that the Indian farmer reduce his needs to the limits of his own hands, Gandhi was in practice correctly appraising the maximum that can for the near future be expected in his congested country.

Social needs versus religion

The conflict between the peasant, the administrator, and the landlord only partly centers on the land question. Social disintegration has been set going by a ferment introduced into Hinduism by the Westernized aspects of Congress policy.

Congress movements to improve the position of outcastes and to liquidate great estates attack the basis of Hinduism. Thus social development in India confronts established religion. Questions of land and labor, castes, rural economics, and religion are inextricably tied together in the Indian setting. Profound significance for this reason attaches to the assassination of Gandhi, the reformer, by an organization of high-caste Hindus which, while enthusiastic for a transfer of power from side to side, could not tolerate its transfer from top to bottom.

Current unrest in South India, increasingly ascribed to Indian Communism, reflects this tangle of social, economic, and religious threads. In the famine-harassed Deccan country, the ferment works the faster because hundreds of thousands of men have returned there from overseas, either from military service during World War II or from East Africa, Burma, and Malaya, those El Dorados where so many pioneering South Indians learned a different life.

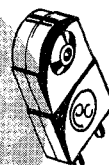
In this respect we must see that it is their contact with the democratic West which underlies the current peasant revolt of South Indians. It denies us a powerful argument to call them Marx-inspired. In their own way they are continuing the process of liberalization which they picked up by cultural contact with the British.

India's shifting neutrality

Thus torn at home, India is profoundly affected in its foreign policy. It denies us any external strain likely to widen its domestic fissures.

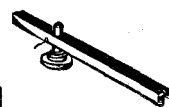
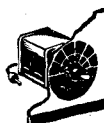
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On the other hand, the Western world sees in India a possible source of manpower large enough to counterbalance the hordes of China. Nehru likes to boast that India has no heritage of foreign policy, but he cannot escape the implications of his country's new status or the fact that he holds office when, for the first time in his generation of politicians, a new imperialism poises on India's northern borders.

Indian industrialists and urban workers each in their own way profited substantially during the two World Wars, with the result that the type of policy evolved for external use has every precedent for taking the mercenary form of trying to benefit from both worlds. India's conception of a shifting neutrality to achieve balance by moving from one side to another in world affairs may be called Oriental subtlety, though it savors more of business acumen.

India does not follow the classic neutrality principle of strict non-participation and impartiality. In a period of gray wars, it moves one way or the other to maintain an even grayness.

Nehru's hope that India would be the leader of Asia has faded. There are more tensions than ties between India and Pakistan, Burma, East Africa, and those other Indian Ocean countries where the Indian merchant and laborer set up a number of disturbing problems. China has rebuffed Nehru in no uncertain terms.

People in the United States cannot, for all the urgency of their own international interests, afford to indulge in misconceptions and wishful thinking about Asia. We anxiously look for signs that India will move within the Western orbit. The U.S. is therefore in danger of repeating the mistake it made in China by listening to voices that speak without a majority behind them. At this time, the accessibility of some Indian personalities makes it perilously easy to strengthen the wrong prop.

We must accept the hard fact that India is continuing the social ferment initiated by its contact with the West. Indians, especially the underdogs, desperately need such help as the better-off nations can give, but we have to remember that India is not so much a nation as an aspiration.

Yes...The Mother of God WILL Help You!

You may not approve of the age-old Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Perhaps you have heard—and believed—that this is “un-Scriptural”...that Catholics are trying to establish Mary as a divine person equal in power to God.

But if you will look at the facts, you will see that these things are not true...and you will realize that Mary can exert a wonderful influence in your personal life.

It certainly is not “un-Scriptural” to recognize that Mary is the Mother of Jesus Christ. If we are to be truly “Scriptural,” we must further acknowledge that Christ is the eternal Son of the eternal Father—a Divine Person who assumed a human nature like ours in all things except sin. And while Mary did not give Jesus His divine nature, the Savior was her Son...as truly as anyone is the son of his own mother.

In view of these truths, how can anyone look upon Mary as just another woman, or just another mother? Why should we hesitate to honor one whom God so greatly honored...and upon whom He conferred a surpassing holiness and complete freedom from sin? Why should we believe that one so close to the Son of God in his earthly life is not close and dear to Him in His eternal Kingdom?

It is erroneous, of course, to think that Catholics worship Mary as a divine person. But we do love and venerate her for the unique place she occupies in God's plan for our salvation...for her intimate association with the all-holy Son of God...and for her own holiness.

But, you may say—why should we pray to Mary when we can pray directly to God, as the Scriptures command? The answer is that Catholics do pray to God and they seek from him grace and forgiveness—for these are blessings



which only God can grant. But there is no law of God which commands us...when we go to Him in prayer...that we must go alone.

Like St. Paul, we believe in praying for others and having others pray for us. And whose prayers could find greater favor in the sight of God than those of the Mother of His Divine Son?

These are the chief reasons for the world-wide Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. These are the reasons why millions of people, in every land and every language, are heard to pray:

“Hail, Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus...”



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

High Fidelity and FM

SIR:

A constant source of enjoyment is John Conly's "They Shall Have Music" feature. I have just finished reading the January installment, "FM to the Rescue!" Mr. Conly mentions several "good music" stations throughout the country, including KMPC of Los Angeles. I'm afraid this is a slight to the (real) "good music" station here, KFAC. This is a 24-hour station (both AM and FM) and, with the exception of several news broadcasts and some religious programs on Sundays, plays nothing but "good music."

WILLIAM J. GLICK
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

How could we get John M. Conly to look westward over the Alleghenies and see what an excellent job Radio WHA-FM (and AM) is doing in Wisconsin?

WHA offers many hours of fine music, both live (the Pro Arte Quartet, for instance) and recorded. Often it moves into the lecture halls of university professors and visiting speakers — sometimes live, sometimes with tape. With a large rural audience, it also presents practical programs of interest and concern to farmers.

C. P. HOLWAY
Evansville, Wis.

SIR:

As an FM "good music" fan, I enjoyed John M. Conly's "FM to the Rescue!" But there is a serious omission (to me, at least) in his article: he did not mention WWIN-FM (formerly WMCP) of Baltimore. Also,

there is no mention of the monthly program guides published by many "good music" stations.

W. B. BEZANSON
College Park, Md.

SIR:

I fear we let John Conly down a little in connection with his splendid article on FM radio. Radio Station WQQW to which he refers so pleasantly is still doing all of the same things, only we celebrated our fourth birthday on January 1 by changing our call letters to WGMS. Indeed, we made the change, in effect, to prove Mr. Conly's point, for WGMS means Washington's Good Music Station.

When Mr. Conly says that the Good Music Station in Washington took the admirable WQXR in New York as its model he is 100 per cent correct. It is not true, however, that we exchange programs with New York's splendid Good Music Station. We should certainly consider it a privilege to exchange programs if it could be arranged at some time in the future, but there are no current arrangements of this nature.

M. ROBERT ROGERS, *Vice President*
and *General Manager, WGMS*
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

Tonight in our Service Club I chanced to open the *Atlantic* for January, 1951, and enjoyed several of your articles, but one of them held my interest completely. John M. Conly's "FM to the Rescue!" reminded me that "good music" stations are springing up around the country. I have been able to pick up WQXR in Danville a few times,

but seldom was it clear enough for full enjoyment.

I should like very much to know of any suggestions you may have to improve and add to the "good music" programs of the South. Generally speaking there are fewer "good music" lovers in the South than in the Northeast, but there is every indication that this group of Southern "good music" lovers is growing.

RICHARD W. WEAVER, AUS
Fort Campbell, Ky.

The next article in Mr. Conly's series will appear in the April *Atlantic*.

— THE EDITOR

"Standards of Living in Asia"

SIR:

It is impossible not to agree with Gerard Swope that the standards of living in Asia are very low. However, I feel that Mr. Swope does not present an accurate picture in his article ("Standards of Living in Asia," December *Atlantic*).

The food items which Mr. Swope chose as a basis of comparison are not staple foods in most of the countries which he visited. Rather, they are luxury items. Pakistan, for instance, with its dry climate and desertlike countryside, is very poorly suited to the raising of dairy cattle. In tropical countries like Indonesia, Ceylon, and India the raising of dairy cattle is even more difficult. Comparing the minutes one must work in Asia in order to purchase one quart of milk or a pound of butter with the time required in the United States is highly misleading.

One might with equal justification take the following example in com-

paring the living standards of Holland and the United States. French endive is a common item of food in Holland. In the United States it is imported, just as most of the dairy products must be in tropical countries. Using Mr. Swope's table of comparison, we find that in Holland a man must work 12 minutes to buy one pound of endive, while in this country he must work 101 minutes.

For a truer comparison, we should find out what a worker has to produce to earn what he himself considers a square meal.

M. GEORGE MANAK
Balboa Island, Calif.

I Personally —

SIR:

In discussing industrial standards and the problems of interchangeability, Senator Ralph E. Flanders ("How Big Is an Inch?" January *Atlantic*) entirely ignores the Metric System, which is the accepted standard in most civilized countries and is recognized by scientists and metrologists as the most practical system of measurement ever devised.

As to the question "How big is an inch?" it is perhaps not commonly known that since 1893 the United States yard is defined in terms of the International Meter, one yard being equal to .9144018 meter. Hence one inch equals 25.4000508 (25.4) millimeters.

HARRY W. CLIFFORD
East Orange, N.J.

SIR:

The three copies of the *Atlantic* dealing with James Norman Hall's story of "Ropati" Frisbie (August, September, and October, 1949) come to hand, for which words can't adequately express my thanks.

The last of the Frisbie family has now left the South Seas — young Nga just passing through Samoa by plane for Honolulu and Johnny. Robert Dean Frisbie alone is the silent guardian of all the coral atolls, the solitude and thundering surf.

CHARLES C. MCPHIEE
Apia, Samoa

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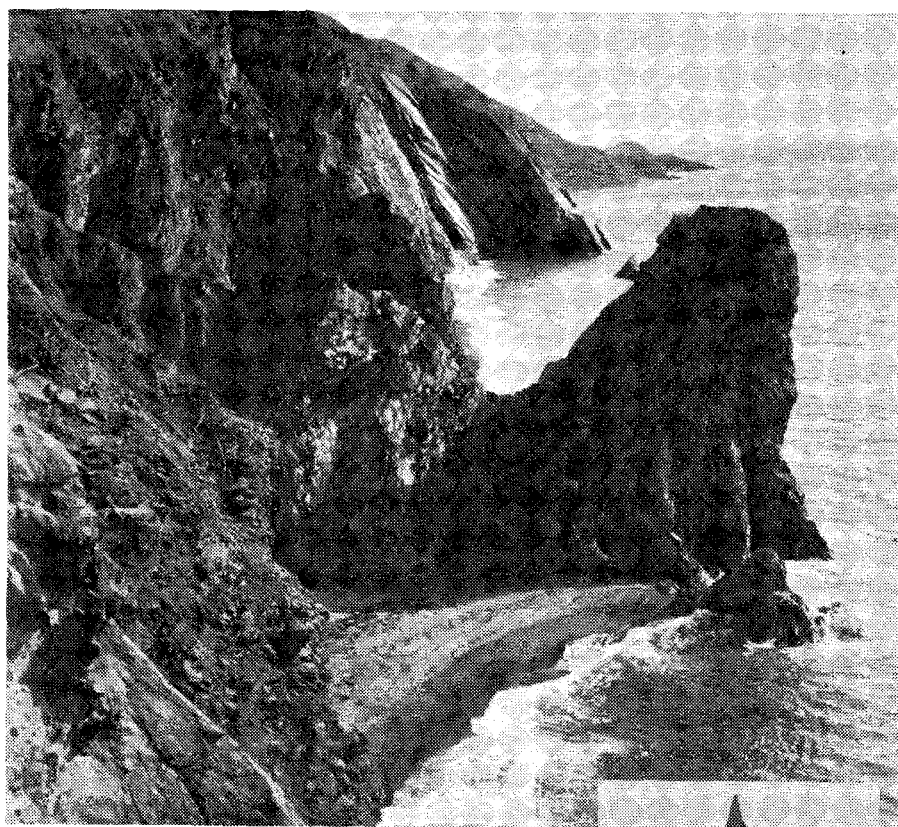
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Beef Magna Cum Laude



Anybody is a fine judge of beef—after the first bite.

But nobody—that's right, nobody—can squint an eye at a steer in the feed lot, a side of beef in the cooler, or a steak on the broiler and tell precisely how tender and juicy it's going to taste on your fork.

There simply aren't any scientific tests for quality in beef, to date. That's why the Department of Agriculture asked a group of scientists at the University of Chicago to find out what makes "choice beef" really choice.

These men are studying beef scientifically. Analyzing the cell structure, the chemical composition, many other things. They hope to learn exactly what quality in beef is, and how to judge when it's there.

Their reward: strictly organoleptic. That is, they get to eat the steaks after studying them. Your reward: (if things work out right) good beef made even better beef for you in the future.

And where does the meat industry come in?

The research is being done by the American Meat Institute Foundation, a non-profit organization on the University of Chicago campus, supported by many meat packers throughout the country, for the benefit of meat growers, meat packers and all the meat eaters in the land.

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"I have always been willing to take risks in order to do the work of story-telling, or even to have the chance of doing it." With these words JOHN MASEFIELD, who has been poet laureate of England since 1930, looks back across some sixty years to identify with lyric clarity those excitements and discouragements which he encountered as a boy intent on writing. His elders disapproved of his voracious reading and when, in his second year as a Training-Ship Cadet, he produced a prize essay he was told, "You must not let this be fatal to you. You must get this writing-rubbish out of your head." In this and a subsequent installment Mr. Masefield describes those persons and influences that helped to shape and liberate him as a free lance.

THE JOY OF STORY-TELLING

by JOHN MASEFIELD

Now that I am coming to an end, I wish to try to set down what matters have been helpful to me in the work of my choice that has filled my days. That work has been the finding, framing and telling of stories, in verse and prose, according to the tale and the power within me. I have done, and have enjoyed, much other work of different kinds, yet always with the love (and the hope) of story-telling deep within me, as the work beyond all other work, to which my nature called.

One of the very greatest of all the world's story-tellers, (and, indeed, the instinct of much of the world) ranks story-telling low in the scale of human endeavor. Some in the past have thought highly of it; some parts of the world still rank it high, and hold it in honor. To myself, as it has been the law of my being, I have followed it, and have given to it whatever effort I could give and have received for it such helps as have fallen to me from Fortune. There have been difficulties in the way: there have been opposers, thwarters, mockers and dampers, plenty of all four. Against these, there have come helps and helpers, some of which may be mentioned later.

I have always been willing to take risks in order to do the work of story-telling, or even to have the chance of doing it. Some of the risks that I have

taken have been great, and very nearly fatal to me. These and others have put me sometimes at variance with people very well in their way, who felt that their way should be mine. Those who were thus at variance are long since dead. If I ever come to their far-scattered graves, I will lay flowers upon them.

If the way has been hard, it has been worth it: if the difficulties made my life bitter to me, such was my portion: destiny has her justice, men say: certainly, to believe this best suits man's life.

I was born in or near the little country-town of Ledbury, in Herefordshire. I am in some doubt as to the house in which I was born, and have been told that there is some doubt of the day: but in or near Ledbury, and on, or nearly on, the 1st of June, 1878, should suffice.

From my earliest infancy, certain imaginings or fantasies were in my mind with the reality of the memories of experience. I do not know what these were, but have tried to account for them. At first (and for twenty years and more) I supposed that they were memories of a life that I had lived on earth, in another body, perhaps not long before. At other times, I have wondered if they were not half-memories of picture-books shown to me in infancy, mixed with half-imaginings of my own, based upon what I myself had seen from the various

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windows through which I had looked upon the world. These, as it chanced, were mostly windows looking westward, in both cases well up above river valleys. In both cases the river flowed from the north, and in both valleys the western limits were distant hills.

In my imaginings or fantasies, I saw or knew as precise memory, a vast valley, much-forested, but with no indicated compass points, such as I should insist on now. In this valley, a dangerous swift turbulent eddying river raged, between low and rocky shores: the width of the stream was a full hundred yards. Rather to the right, that is, upstream from my usual position when I saw this river, the vast body of water thundered towards me down a cataract from which mists of spray rose. A wet, stony track led along the river-shore on my side of it, towards the foot of the fall. If (as sometimes happened) I chose to go along this track, I found the river-banks rising to rocky cliffs of about 100 feet high, with forest on the tops. Near the fall, the track led into caverns that trended upwards into the rock, to inhabited caves of different sizes where (in complete safety) men with scanty clothing worked by fires. The glow of the fires, the flickering of the shadows on the rock, and the never ceasing roar of the falling cataract were features of this place. I knew also, that it was dangerous to go into the land above the fall, because there I might be hunted by people who used dogs, or by dogs without the people.

This river and cataract were of a size and turbulence unknown here: the land and forest were tropical.

Such was the scene of the first stories that I told myself. Those stories, like the scene, seemed real to me, so real, that even now I wonder why they should have occurred and recurred. During my travels, I have hoped to come upon the scene, much as it used to be, and to say "I have been here before"; but it has not happened. At Niagara, the river is much too broad, and the fall not high enough. I have not seen the Zambesi Falls, nor any other very splendid cataract.

2

As the Herefordshire scene had its part in making me, and profound influence upon my work, I feel that I must attempt some brief description of it, adding only this, that to a child's mind beauty and romance go together with delight, and terror may lurk in many a place where the adult sees no danger.

The Ledbury scene is varied, rich and very beautiful, in a quiet English way. It has fair pasture, feeding a kind of cattle that has gone all over the cattle-raising world. It has matchless orchards for pears and apples, from which the natives make much intoxicating liquor: it has yards for famous hops that flavor other liquor. In many parishes

near-by, the place-name "Le Vineyard," shows that the Norman settlers tried to establish grapes. Many houses there still grow a small white grape in the open air, on vines trained to southern walls: these sometimes bear plentiful fruit. The local sheep were once famous; but perhaps less so when I was young. The cornland is good: the gardens most beautiful in all fair flowers and fruit. There is very much woodland, growing most of the useful trees. There are hills along the eastern side of the town, rising to about 400 feet, and keeping away the east wind. Four or five miles from the town are the nearer Malvern Hills rising to 1400 feet. They are not mountains, but they have a few rocks and old quarries to give something of the effect of crags. Careless climbers may break their bones on these with much ease. The rivers so far as I knew them are deceptive. In the summer, they dwindle down to charming waters, with enough fish to make the King-fishers constant nesters in their banks, and the otter a frequent visitor: in rain, they fill swiftly into raging red torrents that must in the bridgeless past have stopped all traffic and drowned many beasts and men.

The countryside has many fair half-timbered buildings, usually old, but often looking older than they are. These are made with strong timber frames, filled in with rubble, lath and plaster, brick, and so forth. The timber frames, or parts of them, are usually seen from without, and are sometimes decorated with carvings. Usually, the fillings (in my childhood) were white- or cream-washed, and the visible timbers painted black or dark brown. The type of building is sometimes called "black and white." Ledbury had many old houses built in this way, as it still has, most of them dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some of these in the main street have been re-faced or otherwise altered, but the main structures are old. The town seems old. Where brick is used, it is of a lively red from the local clay.

The churches are sometimes of great splendor. Many of them have Norman work in their naves and western doors. Some of them have bell-towers built apart from the body of the church. The bells of many of these churches are exquisite even now, after re-castings and other horrors. In my childhood, the men of the parishes took very great pride in their bells: and the Sunday and feast-day ringings gave great delight. It was the custom then (a very good custom) to use the bells to ring a mechanical chime every third hour of the day and night. Such beauty scattered abroad went far, and never failed to enchant the hearer. In many parishes Curfew was still rung at eight o'clock in the evenings, and still called Curfew, though few knew why.

We considered ourselves descendants of the Silures. We had amongst us a tall, slow, long-headed race, almost a race apart, that cherished age-old

quarrels with the Welsh, and with the somewhat different and therefore perhaps hateful people, on the other side of the Malverns and the Severn. We had few or no precise ancestral memories or legends, except that we were for "the King," never for "Oliver," and that one of "Oliver's" men had murdered the Vicar at Tarrington (Mr. Pralphy): that was still remembered, perhaps because he was a very old and very good man. Every year these natives got into trouble with the Welsh at the fairs near the Border. As a little child, I was told by one of them what I ought to say to infuriate a Welshman, and what the Welshman would probably say first, to infuriate me. So far, these pleasantries have not been exchanged.

Even in my childhood I felt that these tall, slow long-headed men were and could only be the product of that soil and countryside: and that they belonged to the soil, in all its fertility and tenacity. Some of them, when they spoke, were like the earth speaking. I cannot remember any of them with any memory or story of "Boney" and the French Wars. Perhaps only a few ages of the world impress such men, brought up in such a scene, and working on the land.

To myself, as a little child, it was a land of beauty and romance. The fields glowed with abundance: even when bare they looked like mighty flesh. There had been a battle in the little town, and a murder at the garden's end. Four ancient camps were within short walks of my home: nearer still, was a spring so impregnated with lime that all twigs, leaves, and birds'-nests placed in its water swiftly seemed to be turned to fragile fossil. Every April filled the meadows with daffodils: every autumn gave to each farm the strong reek of "pom-ace." From every hill we could look over miles of orchard, pasture and woodland amid which red farms stood out with white pointed tops of oast-houses; and usually a flight of pigeons. The pigeons were of many kinds and colors: all farmers and many other people kept them then. Their flights were among the many beauties of that countryside. Sometimes a great flight of two hundred birds would rise high into the air, and tumble, or half tumble, there, changing to jewels in the light.

One charming mark of the countryside was the broad slow speech, with the ancient use of *Thou*, *Thee*, and *Be*. "I be; thou beest (or bist); her (or a) be." "Do thee now, my dear," and so forth.

3

FROM the first, I delighted in stories, that I contrived to wheedle out of my nurses. Of these early stories, I liked best the chain-stories: —

"The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
The little pig got over the stile . . ."

and the famous poem of *The House that Jack Built*, as illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. This last masterpiece and his *Three Jovial Huntsmen*, *John Gilpin* and the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog* were all known by heart long before I could read, though I learned to read easily, and early.

Having learned to read, I read with much joy a poem about Dick Whittington and his Cat; a poem about Sir Francis Drake firing a cannon-ball into a church, to warn his lady not to suppose him dead; a poem about the detection of a crime; and a rhymed version, very well told, of the story from the *Gesta Romanorum*, *The Man Born to be King*. I also found for myself, and greatly enjoyed, Southey's spirited version of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

It is difficult for me to describe the ecstatic bliss of my earliest childhood. All that I looked upon was beautiful, and known by me to be beautiful, but also known by me to be, as it were, only the shadow of something much more beautiful, very, very near, and almost to be reached, where there was nothing but beauty itself in ecstasy, undying, inexhaustible.

This feeling is probably present in most children: it was strong in me. I was sure that a greater life was near us: in dreams I sometimes seemed to enter a part of it, and woke with rapture and longing. Then, on one wonderful day, when I was a little more than five years old, as I stood looking north, over a clump of honeysuckle in flower, I entered that greater life; and that life entered into me with a delight that I can never forget. I found suddenly that I could imagine imaginary beings complete in every detail, with every faculty and possession, and that these imaginations did what I wished for my delight, with an incredible perfection, in a brightness not of this world.

Something, I know not what, in the very reality of the joy, told me that this could not be talked about, it was too intense for that: and, indeed, even if I had had a confidant (which I had not) the sympathy might have been strained by the tallness of the tale. But from that wonderful hour, I had a life for myself, better than any life of men; and for some years I lived in that life, and could enter it at will, or almost at will, unknown to anybody.

As soon as I could read, I read or looked at all the reading matter within my reach. My favorite books were stories, especially those of Hans Andersen, and next to these, *Alice in Wonderland*: but I took kindly to verse of many different kinds.

Sometimes I have wondered what were the earliest poems to delight me. One of the earliest must have been *The Dying Swan*, by Tennyson. Then I came to know many of the charming short poems of William Allingham: and almost all the poetry of Longfellow, especially *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, and the lyrics and translations. I knew much of his work by heart, from often reading, before I was six. I had read most of Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends* by

that time, and greatly enjoyed the seven or eight that I could understand. Three grisly ones enchanted me. Then I knew most of the work of Thomas Hood, and loved best *The Haunted House*, though that was not to be read late in the day, nor thought of (if possible) at bed time.

I liked all these poems much as I liked new bread, tulips, the chicory flower, salt, white clover, speedwell, moon-daisies and golden flag-flowers. They were all good things: but I had a feeling that *The Dying Swan* touched a higher level than any. I had read and re-read Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* by this time, and grasped perhaps one line in twenty; and those that I grasped delighted me. The rest of Milton I left alone. Shakespeare I knew only from an illustration to *Twelfth Night*. I was not to know the power and the rapture of poetry till long afterwards.

I heard certain stories of real life from my elders. One was about a boy who *would* go into a field where a bull was loose. The bull was later seen running round and round the field, quite mad, with bits of boy on his horns. I suspect that the tale had been a little touched up by the moralist who lurks in every elder, but it helped to make me very cautious about bulls: that was a cattle country, where bulls were many, and death from a bull not rare.

Then there was the tale of a boy (whom I had seen) who *would* eat nuts, though somebody had told him he mustn't. (I cannot remember why.) He was a grown lad of fifteen or so, a man in my eyes, but he *did* eat nuts; a bit of nutshell stuck in his gullet; "they couldn't get it out, and he died, raving."

These tales gave me some qualms, and yet, they were stories, they were works of art, with beginnings, middles and ends; moreover, they were based on events. That countryside was not barren of terrible events, some of which were told to me, as examples, or overheard by me while elders gossiped.

The desire for stories grew stronger in me as I grew older. Then the blissful childhood ended suddenly, and after a while a different life began for me in another home.

4

WE WENT to live at the other end of the town in my grandfather's old home. Most of his books and other possessions were there, and though I had been in the house once or twice in each week since I could remember, it was very strange to go to live there, and be free to explore all over the house and the big straggly garden, with the shrubberies and abundant fruits.

Perhaps most children can be happy, or can amuse themselves, if left alone. Some of the explorations there were happy enough.

The house was much bigger than the house where we had hitherto lived. Some of the house may

have been Tudor, possibly: most of the older part was of the seventeenth century: there were fine old bannisters on the stairs. Modern wings had been built out to the east and west of the older building, in a cheerful red brick, then much overgrown with roses, wistaria and jasmine. The upper windows of all the older part of the house were of a thick pale green glass, in diamond panes. From these windows I could see across the roofs of the little town to the wooded hills on which I had looked of old.

Two things were of great importance to me in this new home. Just beyond the big straggly shrubbery that hedged the garden, was the churchyard, in which the church stood, with the bell-tower, topped by its spire and weathercock, just beyond the northern aisle. The other thing was the collection of books.

At a very early age, I had been sent on Sunday afternoons to the Children's Service in a Chapel of Ease, (so called) built of galvanized iron. Now, I was excused that discipline, and taken, instead to Morning Service in the church. It was a change for the worse, from one point of view: it lasted longer: indeed, one could never be sure how long it would last. Sometimes the sermon would be long: then, on some Sundays, one, or even two, long drearinesses were included; and even a third thing called an anthem. The attractions were infrequent and could not be counted on. These were of two kinds, a Church Parade, with band, by the Volunteer Company, and the coming of birds into the church, usually swallows, but sometimes a cheery jackdaw. However, it is not always May. As the Spanish proverb says: "There are more days than sausages." There were more services than attractions.

But apart from the services, cheered or left dreary, there were things about the church that moved me to the marrow. First, there were the bells, a very lovely peal, that delighted me beyond words. At every third hour they chimed Bishop Heber's hymn, "Holy, holy, holy," to Dykes's *Nicaea*, with effects of enchantment. Then, the church itself amazed me. Even I could see that it was an unusual building, of a kind that no man then living either would or could build. In odd places about the church there were carvings done by the hand of power. I wondered who had made them and why. An instinct told me that they were the work of genius, seen, as perfect in the mind, and then stricken out of the stone with a cunning skilled hand, seemingly for the fun of the thing and with ease. There came into my heart the knowledge that something very great, a power of hand and soul, had gone out of the world.

Then, why was the church so big? Who had said "Let us have this vast building, with the tower outside it, and the spire above the tower?" Who had quarried the stone, who had planned the work and done it and paid for it? I thought of the inner

ecstasy in which I could perceive stories, and felt that the church must have been perceived in some such mood, but then it had been brought out of the mood, into hewn stone, with tiles, glass and elaborately carven wood by a myriad of men working for years together.

The churchyard was just over our garden fence: the church about twenty yards beyond the fence. Now and again, with luck, and a happy jerk of the wrist, I could fling a flat pebble from a cleft-stick right onto the church roof; and for years used to see a tile the corner of which one such pebble had cracked off. This tile has long since been replaced (and discreetly paid for). A little blue gate led into the churchyard from the garden; three of the church doors were usually open. I took to wandering about both places, and came to know them very well indeed. The church has some notable work in the earlier Gothic styles: this impressed me profoundly. I was told that the church had been a Collegiate Church, served by a College of Priests. I did not know what the College had done, nor how it had done it, but the idea of a religious community there, getting up at midnight to sing, never failed to thrill me. Then, sometimes, the tower-door was open, and I could creep up the winding stair, past little openings full of jackdaws' nests, to the place of bells, where, if the hour and the chimes struck, the tower trembled as I did. Then, I could climb out onto the leads, and look upward at the spire, to the golden Bird of Paradise forty yards above me, or downward upon the chimney pots of the town.

The churchyard gave me peculiar pleasure. I was perhaps one of the very first (or last) to go from gravestone to gravestone reading with delight the epitaphs in verse. I believe I examined every stone in the churchyard. The tombs were all somewhat old, for the dead were then laid in a cemetery elsewhere; and no one had been buried there for years. I liked much of the hopeful poetry on the stones: some of it I remember to this day, as skillful verse and touched with feeling. I have wondered who wrote it. One sad little tombstone (in prose) affected me strangely, and moves me still whenever I think of it.

An old ruined ash-tree then stood in the churchyard. That, too, was a thrilling thing, because it held a nest of hornets every summer. It was believed in the countryside that three hornet-stings would kill a man. This may not be the fact: but the young reflected that if it were the fact a much smaller dose might kill them. This gave the hornets a terrible fascination: their beauty and power increased this to awe.

Soon after I first explored the church, in my excitement of thought about the past, I began to tell myself a story about two of the priests in the College. This went on in my mind for years, and was at one time partly written down.

The books in my new home, as I have said, were

of much importance to me. Suddenly I found myself free to examine a great many books that I had hardly glanced at. In one room downstairs there were many bound volumes of monthly magazines. In another room were other bound volumes dealing mostly with antiquities. In another there were hundreds of books of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Upstairs, in what was called the School Room, were many more that had once instructed or amused my grandfather's children. Some of the shelves in each room were out of my reach even when I stood on a chair: those could wait: plenty were in easy range; and I was ever a greedy reader.

It must not be thought that the books were the only delight in that old house. They were the delight that made a great difference to me, as a storyteller. At the time, other things in the house seemed as important; for one thing a cupboard in a wall, in which we soon discovered an inner-cupboard, leading further into the wall, but locked, and the key not there. As we were still in the Romantic Movement, we supposed that this might be, or might once have been, the Secret Room. Perhaps, even now, we thought, some skeleton might be sitting there, just as he had died, either by murder, or by slow starvation when the panel failed to work or the faithful friend could no longer bring him food. He might have a paper before him, written in his blood, saying: "I give up hope, now. The Round-heads must have killed Humphrey. The King's jewels that His Majesty trusted to me are buried in the Little Croft, seven feet from the Holy Spring." That was the kind of thing one might expect; we therefore asked that the door might be opened, and the secrets revealed. We were told that that was all nonsense, that the door had been opened, and that there was nothing there at all but a little recess too dark to be of use to anyone. This settled the matter of exploration, but did not make the place any easier to pass after dark. Indeed, after dark, all the old part of the house was very full of terrors.

In the room allotted to us as a nursery, there was a wall-cupboard, kept locked; it was said to contain some things belonging to an uncle, who would presently come for them. He did not come for some time.

5

STORIES of some kind were going on in my head whenever I was alone; three or four main stories (none about myself) going from incident to incident and climate to climate. I could at all times imagine varieties of landscape, not then known to me, deserts, forests, crags, volcanoes, snowy peaks, cataracts and sand-storms, cities, camps and harbors with the peoples suited to the scenes. Now in my readings in the books of the new home, I began to know what the past had looked like, according to

the artists of old time, and something of what had stirred men in the world only a few years before. Four stories delighted me very much in my early searchings among the shelves. One was about a betting man, who was (providentially) ruined by backing a loser, and then took to geology, (which was a science I myself affected, in that land full of fossils). Another was about two gipsies, man and woman, who were hanged in public for some crime. What they had done I cannot now remember, but I know that I thought it monstrous that they should be hanged for it. The fear of the gallows was always being driven into children, then. If a child retorted "I don't care," the elder then always replied: "Don't Care came to the gallows"; which was supposed to end the discussion.

In the lives of many then still living, Don't Care and Do Care had come to the gallows for very very little. The fear of the gallows was real, and the memory of the gibbet still clear. I well remember the stump of the upright of a gibbet, under which people harder than myself used to grub for bits of old highwayman. This tale of what the gallows meant caused me a dreadful joy.

The third tale was Thomas Day's *Sandford and Merton*, that most children enjoy, in spite of the mocks of elders. The fourth was Samuel Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*, that gave me, for the first time, a pleasure in balance and arrangement, in the clever use of suspense and the startling use of surprise.

All these four, however delightful, were as nothing whatever to a discovery that I made in a bound volume of Chambers's *Journal*; that gave me for the first time an ecstasy in writing. I cannot date the discovery very closely. I know that it took place when I was about eight years old, on a fine Sunday evening in the summer or early autumn.

Though I was compelled to go to church on Sunday mornings, I was not yet allowed to go to the Evening Service; I stayed at home, while the elders went. This gave me the house pretty much to myself, with a certain privilege of going to bed a little later than usual, and also permission to read some illustrated archaeological books not allowed on week-days.

There was always a satisfaction about Sunday evenings. The "lin-lan-lone" of the three-bell chime (used to call people to Evening Service) always inclined children to sentiment. Then, the elders were out of the way, and one knew that in a few hours it would be heavenly Monday again. Children did not love the Victorian Sunday.

On this Sunday, a memorable day for me, I took out a bound volume of Chambers's *Journal*, and settled into a chair to read. From the window near me I noted the beauty of the evening, and the elders loitering up the path on their way to church.

On two or three occasions, I had tried to read the serial stories in bound magazines, (I had tried thus a

Trollope novel) but I had never had any luck with them, except that in the last page of one there had been a sentimental end that seemed to me to be beautiful. On this wonderful Sunday, I found the opening of a serial story called *The War Trail*, by Captain Mayne Reid. I did not know what a war trail might be; I looked at the beginning: and then suddenly found that I was in a world of beauty and romance, a world that I understood from of old, where the landscape led on and on, and men rode with comrades seeking, and villainy tried to thwart, and savagery tried to scalp, but how could either triumph over comrades and beauty? I was in an extraordinary world that would be mine forever. I had not then seen the agave and the maguey nor the sweet land of Anahuac: but at once I saw them and knew them and became a wanderer in them, as I have been, ever since.

6

THE story caught me up into the heart of romance: it opened a new world and revealed the Red Indian. When I read that book for the first time, some Indians still went upon the war trail, and sometimes lifted scalps. How could any boy, then, fail to be stirred by the thought of the dusky creature, smeared with war-paint, stealing noiselessly through grass, creeping disguised as a boar, a bear, or a deer, or riding naked upon a mustang, uttering terrible war-cries, taking the scalp or the bride of the paleface, and then galloping over the prairie, setting fire to it as he passed, to the fastness where none could follow or read the sign?

Under that first incentive, I rummaged all the bound magazines in the house for tales or articles about Red Indians. I found a good many, among them three or four more serials by Mayne Reid, all of which I read, but none with quite the rapture that *The War Trail* gave me: joys so intense cannot well be repeated. I was to know no such joy from books for ten years, when, suddenly, in an American town, I became aware of poetry.

Soon after I read *The War Trail*, someone, who had been in the Far West, showed me what he said was an Indian Brave's robe. It had on its selvage certain tufts of hair that I thought might be scalps. They were nothing of the kind, but when I touched them, I was sure that they *were* scalps, for they were moist, and I had lately read a Red Indian weather-proverb: "When the scalps are moist on the door of the scalp-house, it will rain."

The Red Indian reading gave me a zest for hiding-places, or "fastnesses," where I could be hidden and unsuspected. There were many such in the shrubberies. I had two in the house that were never known to be haunts of mine. One, the bigger of the two, I called "the tepee"; the other, being snigger, I called "the wigwam." There was a third, that I called "the arroyo," but in some game of hide-and-

seek I was caught in the arroyo and never went there again. It had not the Indian requirement, a way of swift escape.

I soon found that the Christmas Numbers of most of the bound magazines contained Ghost Stories, some of them very exciting. Any tale even resembling a ghost story I read with zest and full belief; at any rate till nearly sunset. Until the sun declined I had no qualms about them; as the eastern half of the house darkened, I began always to wish that I had not been quite so rash: by the time the lights were lit, I was in a state of terror, which continued, more or less, till I fell asleep. In the morning, with fresh courage and folly revived I sought again in the inexhaustible mines.

Most of my grandfather's books were in a strange dark study, packed on its western wall with shelves of old books, and having on the south wall presses of bound modern illustrated magazines. No one ever interrupted my reading there.

Long afterwards, I learned that my grandfather had written a little book, and had known, as a young man, one who sometimes met Lamb, Hazlitt, and John Keats. I like to think that perhaps on some occasion my grandfather went with this man to one or other of these three.

Most of the books on the west wall of the study were of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Most of those within easy reach were small volumes bound in calf: the novels of Fielding, the *Fables* of Gay, many of the works of Goldsmith, and strange old books about the wonders of the world, showing the said wonders in copper engravings that my grandfather in childhood had enlivened with water color. Among the bigger books that I read often, but never read through, was a copy of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son*. There were some spirited contemporaneous accounts of the Peninsular War, and some shocking old tales of Arctic exploration and disaster to whalers. There was a dreadful account of the finding of a derelict in the far Arctic. All hands on board had been frozen to death; one of them was found on his knees, dead in a vain attempt to light the cabin stove. As I was searching for stories with moving incident, I welcomed this; and one other, shockingly illustrated, of a ship assailed by a giant squid, who held the ship fast with three arms, and picked off the crew with the others.

7

IT WAS thought that I was too much given to reading. Surely anything that takes a child's mind from the horrors of daily life to horrors that are over, or only imagined, cannot be altogether wrong. In my case, stories were necessary; to me, most other studies seemed tame or foolish, or a part of the madness of grown-ups.

During the season of discovery among books, my

uncle came to unlock his cupboard in the nursery and remove from it the few things that he wished to take. I was present, when he removed these, saying that the rest was only rubbish and might be burned.

"The rest" were piles of old unbound magazines that had been there for years.

Those elders who were present, fastened upon these magazines, pulled some of the upper ones onto a table, and examined them, with expressions of contempt for things so old-fashioned. While they were busy, I looked deeper into the piles, and saw, deep down, well-covered, the serial issues of a story with the most frightful illustrations.

"Here, undoubtedly," I thought, "is a treasure, and now, if I am not very careful, it will be seen and removed."

I knew, from the habits of elders, that if they saw even one of the illustrations, the whole collection would be confiscated at once, as "quite unsuitable for children," or "degrading": but I was never quite sure that the elders would not read the things themselves. I judged that I had better leave the things covered, and hope for luck; so I did this; and joined the elders at the table, where they were mocking at what seemed to me a very promising illustration of a ghostly light. My heart beat, while they mocked and examined: but they were not interested in what they saw, nor even moved to look further. Presently, they left the room.

As soon as my tense ears told me that it was safe, I had all those numbers of the dreadful serial out of the cupboard, and away to my tepee, that I well knew to be the safest place in the house.

It was in a spare bed-room, where the bed lay in a kind of alcove. The bed had a valance that reached to the floor. Any little boy who got under the bed was hidden by the valance; if he only straightened the edge of the valance after hiding, and then kept still, the chances of his being looked for or caught there were remote. The hiding-place was improved by having three ways of escape to one who could be swift and silent. It had another good point: the foot of the bed was towards a window, so that in daytime a boy could see to read while hidden underneath it. Daytime was my only reading time: and this serial story was not designed for evening reading: far from it. There was another good point about the tepee. I had loosened the carpet under the bed, and turned back a flap of it, so as to make a hiding-place within the hiding-place. Under the flap of carpet I covered the pile of serials, and then returned to see what other treasures might still be in the cupboard.

The cupboard contained old magazines, the titles of which I did not notice and cannot now know. I suppose that they dated from between 1860 and 1875. I only saw them for half an hour, on that long distant morning, yet something of them has been in my memory ever since.

Being an eager, swift, gluttonous reader, with

not much time, I worked into a serial story that was something as follows: —

The chief characters, a man and a woman, came, I know not how, to an American town that had been deserted. No one was there: the houses had been left with their contents. These were of a rough kind, yet enough to give necessities and even comforts to the new-comers. This image, of a town without inhabitants, moved my imagination for many years. Alas, during and after the first war, I was to see the reality, too often.

Reading on, I learned, as the two visitors learned, that the town had sprung up round an oil-well, a kind of pond or big container of oil. Then, the oil dried up, or ceased to flow in sufficient quantity, and the inhabitants went off elsewhere with what they could easily carry.

Hurriedly reading on, skipping whole issues, and not understanding much of what I read, I discovered that the oil-well started to run again, in fact, filled up, and somehow the old inhabitants heard of this and began to come back, to crowd back, with others, so that the two visitors were (in some way) puzzled or incommoded, or given the problem, whether it was desirable that. . . . Alas, I do not know what the motives were, but as far as I could make out, they went out to the oil-well, or lake, or pond, or cistern, lit a torch, and flung it as it blazed (perhaps the author had a hint of this from Tennyson's *Death of Arthur*) far out into the oil, so that the oil caught fire. That was as far as I read (or could understand), and whether they were burned by the oil, lynched by the citizens, or lived happily ever afterwards, I cannot know; for the elders returned and my reading ended.

I have never met anyone who knew the story: I have never been able to find it: though I searched in some likely files many years ago in the British Museum. I read it with romantic excitement on a day of discovery, and had only the one brief reading, for the elders removed the old magazines, and doubtless kindled fires with them as long as they lasted. However, I had saved the grisly treasure: that was safe in my lair, and with that I chilled my young blood for many a dreadful hour, in many days to come.

How this grisly tale had ever come to be in the cupboard I cannot imagine. It had lain there, perhaps, since my uncle's boyhood. No doubt it had been a forbidden joy to him, as it would have been to me. As writing, it was deplorable stuff, compared with the tale of the oil-well, but for terrifying horror, at the age of eight, it was all, and more than all, the heart's desire.

I will not say what it was. Each issue was shocking: and each was headed by a coarse and vigorous illustration of a horror beyond my dreams, beyond my nightmares.

I enjoyed creeping to my tepee and tasting these horrors. I could not always manage this, nor could

I face that story on all days, nor at all times of day. I could not even go into that room after dusk, from dread of what lay below the bed; and no tale made me suffer more from terror, in that old house, so full of strange noises, and so near the churchyard. It fed my childish fantasy with its shapes of dread, till suddenly someone discovered and removed it. I know not who discovered it: probably one of the maids, who may have thought that it had lain there for years. Simple discretion bade me not to inquire who had found it. I can only hope that the finder did not read it. It cannot have been found by "authority," for if it had been, I should have been called to account, and my habit of tepee-going would have been bowsed down for a full due.

8

I HAVE often tried to remember what I then wished to do with my life. From the first, I had a love of stories and a wish to write them, yet thinking it all over carefully, I am sure that I had an even stronger wish to paint them in colors, as the glorious Randolph Caldecott had done. With great labor, having no aptitude for drawing, I painted the story of a day in a horse's life. He was a thrilling horse, who won a steeple-chase and the Derby, and took part in a battle, all on the same day. I later painted another story in a series of water-color panels.

I longed also to be able to cut stories, or lively incidents, in stone, like those that I saw in the church.

Putting discreet questions, here and there, I learned that painting and carving were only done by people with talent "for that kind of thing," and that that kind of thing was not at all the kind of thing: it might be all right for the people with the talent: but not a thing to be encouraged in anyone: and those who had the talent were, too often, men of excess, free thinkers, wild livers, "as was only too well-known."

It was not well-known to me, nor have I found it so in life; art needs a steady head and hand. Greatly daring, I asked if I might be allowed to learn to draw. As Mark Twain writes of a famous occasion: "this warn't good judgment."

I cannot remember what other crafts or professions I wished to follow. Writing must always have been the chief of these: but this was always made to seem hopeless to me; indeed worse than hopeless, wicked; first, because it was agreed that I had no talent; next, for its too certain effect for evil upon human character. I was already far too much given to idle reading, so I was assured, when other boys would be doing other things. For writing, as for drawing, the outlook was not rosy, and soon became blacker. However, I hope to write about the blackness elsewhere; my concern here is with the influences that helped me to be a story-maker. The next happy influence was this: —

In September, 1891, I was sent as a new chum to be trained on board H.M.S. *Conway* in the Mersey.

There in the second Half of my training I was placed in the Class of the Seamanship-Instructor, Wallace Blair. The Seamanship Classes, or Instructions, were held below decks several times a week in afternoons when we were not at sail or spar drill. They varied, as the student progressed. Those in their second half year had already learned the elemental knots and whippings; they now began upon more complex workings, made of the strands of ropes unlaid, and then re-laid into knots, often of great beauty. They also did such things as eye- and short-splices, block-stropping, and the turning-in of dead-eyes.

Wallace Blair, who taught me these things, was one of the last of the Merchant Service Seamen to have served an apprenticeship of seven years and passed an examination as Able Seaman. He had been a smart seaman with a fondness for sailing in clipper-ships, some of them, in their day, very famous. He was proud of this, yet critical of the clipper-ships, as being usually "very wet forward," being sharp and mercilessly driven, and never profitable as carriers because of the fineness of their lines. As a boatswain in one of these, he had been heard (so it was said) shouting orders in Liverpool Docks; and had so deeply impressed his hearers, sea-captains on the *Conway's* Committee, that they had tempted him to join the *Conway* as an Instructor. This was the story told and believed by us; it may well be true. Certainly, one who knew him long before I did has borne witness to his wonderful voice. Another (also much senior to me) has told me that when he shouted an order on the *Conway* he could be plainly heard on Rock Ferry slip. However, when I knew him, the voice had lost all carrying power.

His chief occupation on board was the care of the ship's lamps: and this was no small task, for the ship was then lighted by oil lamps, mostly swinging from the beams; in the darker months a great number had to burn all night long on all three decks. Besides this, he had care of the ship's oil, was often aloft with us in drills, and away with us, in charge, with some of our boat's crews. All this, in addition to the Instruction of the second-half men.

Some, judging by his name, have claimed that he was a Scot: perhaps he was of Scotch parents settled in Liverpool. He was much liked by all on board. He was known to us as "Wally," and, more privately, as "Wally with the Stiff Neck."

He told us, that he himself as an apprentice had learned the ropes, their leads, their uses, and the knots, bends and splices in daily exercise, by being deprived of supper till the particular allotted task was known or done. This method (which has much to recommend it) was not practiced on board the *Conway*, where each man was expected to have too much zeal to need pressure.

Wally was critical of the teaching method in use among us. He had once persuaded a former Captain of the ship to allow his Class to be taught by rigging models. He claimed that this had been a great success, that the men had worked as never before, had made most wonderful models, (all of a simple single-masted kind, such as cutters, ancient or modern) some of which had been shown in Liverpool and had won praise there. There is a proverb among sailors, "other mates, other ways of long-splicing." The ship's Captain left: the new Captain did not care for the little, niggling work of model-rigging, but wished the men to learn what they would so soon have to practice in the rigging of sea-going ships.

9

WALLY was a good Instructor to anyone who wished to learn. He was, moreover, a most gifted story-teller, a yarn-spinner of the old dog-watch kind, famous for it throughout the ship, and in all the seas of the world where Old *Conways* sailed. He had been at sea (perhaps for thirty years) in famous ships, at a time of the world when sailors were a race apart, away from land for months at a time, and from home, perhaps, for years. In those days, sailors had to invent their amusements or go without. They either sang, or yarned. As they knew little of life ashore, they yarned usually of life at sea, which they knew thoroughly. In thirty years, Wally had known a good deal and had heard a great deal more, some of it of the nature of folklore, most of it of stirring event, as told by men who had seen or borne a hand in what was told. The tales were not only interesting, they were amazing.

We all knew that Wally had this talent, and at every Class one or other of us tried to persuade him to indulge it. He was much too honest and shrewd to be caught in that way: we were there to learn knots and splices, and these we had to learn.

But, often and often, some ship towing or sailing or coming to an anchor near us would light up some memory, and then an extraordinary tale would follow, of things well- or ill-done, of ships fated or lucky in the fortune of the sea. I have only once met a sailor with a greater range of interesting fable who could tell a story better by word of mouth.

In one Class, something reminded him of a thing that he had seen. He told us this story. He was in a clipper-ship, coming home, running free, under a press of sail, with studding-sails out, making a passage, and no dry spot forward of the gangway. Suddenly a hand fell overboard from the weather main-rigging, and was seen by the Captain as the ship tore past him. The Captain instantly flung overboard his white hat *to mark the sea* (it was before the days of white life-buoys); he then rushed to the wheel, hove the helm hard down and flung the ship up into the wind. She went up into the wind with a bang, as you may imagine, and while she

was there (or going) the Captain dropped his quarterboat and picked up man and hat.

So far, all was very fine, but one cannot do that kind of thing at that speed without making what R. H. Dana calls "a complete HURRAH'S NEST." Wally was very precise about the cost of the deed. He said that in split sails, sprung booms, snapped ropes and broken blocks "it cost three hundred and fifteen pounds." He told us other safer and very much cheaper devices that might have been used, yet to generous youth it seemed grand to have taken such risk to save life. We almost longed to hear that he had taken all the masts out of her; and that even so the underwriters had rewarded him.

He told us many other tales, most of them showing what could be or had been done at sea in an emergency, and what might, and did, happen, if one tried too much or did too little. He made me feel that in a ship the spinning of yarns was almost a part of the craft. The sea creates stories. Even in my first half year I had seen it create stories. Now, here was Wally, a living store of stories. Every week or so, some men came back to us from the other side of the Horn, with a strange or marvelous tale of a thing seen and shared.

I loved listening to Wally: I liked learning to knot, splice and mat-make: but I had once hoped for another way of life, and that, now, seemed shut away, in a world that I could never approach. I had hoped to be a writer, that is, if you can call wild dreams of some day being able to write, a hope. Unformed dreams of the sort had sometimes been in me, had been perceived in me, and had been mocked, with energy and with system: "What? You a writer? How can you be a writer? Only clever people are writers: and terrible lives they lead, both in this world and the next."

Well, if I could not be a writer (and the door to that garden seemed finally slammed) could I be a teller of stories? Here was Wally, a born storyteller, delighting all hearers with his stories: why should not I be content to be such another, a yarn-spinner, a solace in the second dog-watch?

I asked myself this, having no other to ask, and the answer came flooding back, that to be a storyteller was only a part of my want. I had hoped to know a great many books, to know a great deal of

knowledge, and to tell all sorts of stories in all sorts of ways. I had longed to know all of my country's past, and all her ways of writing; yet now I was in a world of few books, where only one kind of knowledge mattered, though that was a precious kind and very dear to me, then and now.

Somehow, these longings and wants of mine could not seem absurd to me: yet I was sorely perplexed, because they seemed absurd even to people in whose wisdom I had some belief. Every one, of the few who perceived my inclination, told me to put "this writing-rubbish" (that was the chosen phrase) right out of my head.

Some of these spoke with a wish to screen me from a later disappointment, or from the feeling that the moods of boys change and vanish. Some spoke from their fixed conviction that all writers, painters and musicians, with the possible exception of Lord Tennyson, were children of the devil of hell. Some, perhaps, did not put it quite like that, but felt that every child was naturally a little devil from hell, and that any prompting or urge within the mind of a child was put there by the devil for his and the world's damnation. To all such, (then as now,) any prompting to do anything was suspect, and to be thwarted, upon social or religious grounds: so the word passed: "Put this writing-rubbish right out of your head."

But, then, it was not in my head alone, it was in myself; and sometimes, even after a black month, after a black season, something of my very self would glimmer a little: not very much: but something.

The old faculty of story-telling, that had once filled my mind with happiness, seemed dead within me: it was dark there, where once there had been light.

In my last Summer Half on board, I won what was called The McIver Prize for an English Essay. This gave me a gleam of hope, soon to be dashed. One kind friend in whose judgment I trusted, said "You must not let this be fatal to you. You must get this writing-rubbish out of your head."

Some years later, when it was too clear that this task had been beyond my power, or moral sense, or something, he said "Of course, that Prize was fatal to you: fatal."

(To be concluded)



ETHEL WATERS is a great American artist, but few who saw the triumph that she scored as Hagar in *Mamba's Daughters* realized how closely that play touched on her own life. Ethel had been married, separated, and was on her own at thirteen. At seventeen she made her first professional appearance as a blues singer; in 1933 she starred in Irving Berlin's *As Thousands Cheer*; in 1938 her song recital filled *Carnegie Hall*; and a year later she made her unforgettable hit on the legitimate stage. Her autobiography, of which this is a part, she has told with CHARLES SAMUELS, an ex-police reporter, magazine writer, and novelist; entitled *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, it is published by Doubleday and is a *Book-of-the-Month Club* selection for March.

MAMBA'S DAUGHTER

by ETHEL WATERS with CHARLES SAMUELS

I

MY THEATRICAL career started when I was seventeen. I sang "St. Louis Blues" in a vaudeville act at the Lincoln Theater in Baltimore. For twenty years I was a blues singer. I'd never played in a straight drama. I'd had offers — including one from the Theatre Guild to appear in *Porgy* — but I'd turned them all down. Those plays never seemed quite true to life to me. The characters in them had been created either by white men or by Negro writers who had stopped thinking colored.

But in 1937 the most exciting prospect of my entire career came up — the play *Mamba's Daughters*, in which I was to prove I was an actress as well as a blues singer. It took two whole years to locate first money, second money, and the other moneys needed to put on that show.

That is a long time to wait for a role. Yet it was not too long to wait for Hagar, my Hagar, the part that made my reputation on the American legitimate stage.

Georgette Harvey, who had a good part in *Porgy and Bess*, had invited me to a big party she was giving for Rouben Mamoulian, the director of that famous Negro folk opera. A white couple were just arriving before the apartment house as I got out of my car. We went up in the elevator together, and the three of us sat down side by side on Georgette's couch.

The white lady asked if I remembered her. "Yes, I do," I said. She'd been a guest at a society tea where I'd sung some years before. Afterward she'd come up and complimented me on one of my songs, a take-off number on "Porgy" that Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh had written. I could even recall her exact words: "Miss Waters, it's

wonderful how you manage to convey the whole meaning of 'Porgy' in that one little song."

The white lady seemed pleased that I remembered her so clearly. "And what do you think of *Porgy and Bess*, Miss Waters?" she asked.

Like the play *Porgy*, the folk opera had been based on the novel *Porgy*. I told her I preferred it to the straight drama. "I wouldn't say," I explained, "that it wasn't good acting that Frank Wilson did as Porgy in the play. But I knew the original Porgy in real life, and he was a short, stocky man with no legs and enormous strength in his hands and arms. Frank Wilson just hasn't got Porgy's build or physical strength. So I couldn't believe in him when he kills a man with his bare hands.

"But I do believe in Todd Duncan, who plays the same part in the musical version. And there was one other thing about the straight play I didn't like. The characters in *Porgy* kept apologizing for being themselves. Like everyone else, I've known a great many bitches and whores in real life. They never apologize for being what they are.

"Watching that play was like seeing some society woman playing a slut on the stage. She hopes you'll think she's wonderful. But at the same time she is worried that you might think she is also a slut in real life. So she tries to tell you in her acting, 'Remember, I'm a society woman off the stage. I'm not really like this in private life. I'm just acting here tonight.'

"However, in *Porgy and Bess* the performers express themselves much more honestly and freely. They don't give a damn what you think they are like off the stage. All they want is you to believe in them. They're good actors, so you do."

"But this is very interesting, Miss Waters," said this lady. "DuBose and I —"

For the first time I realized I must be talking to Dorothy Heyward, who had dramatized *Porgy* with her husband from his book. And also that he was the man seated next to her.

"There was a book I read some years ago . . ." And I went on to tell her how and why *Mamba's Daughters* had held me spellbound. Yet I didn't know that DuBose Heyward had also written that novel as I explained that Mamba's family was just like my own, with Mamba herself almost the image of Sally Anderson, my grandmother; her daughter Hagar like Louise, my mother; and Hagar's daughter Lissa being a girl like myself, illegitimate and going out into the world to become a successful singer. "To everyone else Mamba is the main character in the story," I told Dorothy Heyward, "but not to me. Hagar is the main one. Hagar dies in the middle of the book, but for me she lived right on through the last page, and ever afterward."

Hagar had held me spellbound. In Hagar was all my mother's shock, bewilderment, and insane rage at being hurt and her fierce, primitive religion. But Hagar, fighting on in a world that had wounded her so deeply, was more than my mother to me. She was all Negro women lost and lonely in the white man's antagonistic world.

Dorothy Heyward listened as I talked all about this. "If we ever decide to dramatize *Mamba's Daughters*," she said, "we'll see you."

Then I realized that her husband had written the book. But it was quite a long time before the Heywards did make a play of it and sent me the script.

I was thrilled and I was scared as I read that play. I had visualized Hagar as quite a small part. But even if it had been only a walk-on role I would have given anything to play Hagar. However, the Heywards had thrown away the other plots that had been in the book. The play was Hagar's, and she had the dominating role throughout. *Mamba's Daughters* now was a straight and simple melodramatic story, the story of Hagar, a lumbering, half-crazy colored woman with a single passion: seeing that her beautiful Lissa has a better life than she's known. The climax of the play comes when Hagar strangles Gilly Bluton, a sporting man who has raped Lissa and plans to blackmail her.

It was easy for me to visualize the staggering emotional impact *Mamba's Daughters*, written by a Southern white man and his wife, would deliver in the theater. In the theater it is the knockout that counts, and *Mamba's Daughters* was all knockout.

But even more exciting was its being a play ripped out of the life I'd always known and was still living. Even when I read it for the first time I understood instinctively that there could be no greater triumph in my professional career than playing Hagar. All my life I'd burned to tell the story of my mother's despair and long defeat, of

Momweeze, as I called her, being hurt so by a world that then paid her no mind. It was a tragedy and a story of courage, with Hagar, like Momweeze, meeting it all with her heart up, never once doubting her God, and furiously intent on staying a person no matter how tricked and buffeted and besmirched and bruised.

Now always the Heywards, Dorothy and DuBose, were fine people. They played straight and above the board with me. When the big theatrical firms, including the Theatre Guild (which had cleaned up on their *Porgy* and their *Porgy and Bess*), turned down *Mamba's Daughters*, they told me about each rejection. For my part I had promised to steer clear of all long-term commitments so I could come to New York and start rehearsing whenever they sent for me. I just went on barnstorming with my unit and Eddie Mallory's band, barnstorming endlessly for buttons.

One main reason the moneybags men refused to put up the financing for *Mamba's Daughters* was because the Heywards insisted I play Hagar. "Ethel Waters, are you kidding?" was what they got whichever way they turned. "Ethel is a good singer, but no actress."

Mr. Gumm, my lawyer, was handling my bookings, and he didn't like my turning down all the big movie-house offers. "That is where the big money is for you, Ethel," he said. I told him he was right, but I still had to play Hagar if I ever got the chance.

2

IT BEGAN to look as if I'd never get the chance. A year passed, then a year and a half, and I started to get discouraged. I couldn't see how the Heywards would ever find their much needed bank roll. Several \$2500 a week offers had come in from England, and I was considering taking them.

Then the big break came. This was a wire from New York telling me to come in and start rehearsing for *Mamba's Daughters*, as the money man had been found. The wire came from Liebling and Wood, very reliable Broadway casting agents.

On my way East I stopped off, as usual, at Columbus to see my friend Ruth Thompson, a medium who had mysterious powers. "It's interesting that you should come to see me right at this time, Ethel," she told me. "I've just been thinking a lot about you. Go upstairs and get relaxed. You never let me give you any readings. But today, when you come downstairs, I'm going to tell you something important."

When I had freshened up and relaxed I came down and she said, "Don't take those offers from England, Ethel. I know you've been toying with that idea. You have been unsettled in your domestic affairs and think that might be the best way to pull up stakes.

"And that deal in New York you are going to see

about won't come through. But there is another deal you don't know about yet that is definitely going through. It is now May, yet your show won't go on until December. The man who will produce it has to go across the water first. He has to put on two other plays before yours. This man has two names in one. He's an auburn man, has a mustache, and he is quick and energetic."

I was taken aback, of course, but I put no stock in her mystic predictions. On reporting to New York I found they were already casting. And who should our money man turn out to be but Maury Greenwald, who had put on the *Plantation Revue* in Chicago and wanted me to take it to its final death rattles in London.

It was May when I checked in. During the first week of June, Bill Liebling called up to say I had to go to a meeting at the Barbizon-Plaza. Everybody involved in the production, including DuBose, was there when I arrived. They started hinting around, saying, "Now let me tell you this," and so on, without saying one damn thing.

I looked around and remembered Ruth Thompson's prophecy. "You are trying to tell me," I said, "that Mr. Greenwald can't finance *Mamba's Daughters*."

They were thunderstruck because they had hardly got started beating around the bush. I explained nonchalantly I had got the bad news in advance from a medium-friend and gave Ruth's description of the producer and how the play would go on in December.

DuBose Heyward — and he has since passed on, much to the sorrow of all who knew him — was a man of charm, great talent, absolute integrity, and deep-hearted sympathy for all Negroes. Baffled that he couldn't get his play on, he next took it to an old friend, Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's husband and director. If there was anything wrong with the play, DuBose thought that shrewd, smart showman would surely see what it was. "Please read it, Guthrie," he said, "and give me your honest opinion. Don't spare my feelings."

The next day when DuBose again went to see him, McClintic had read *Mamba's Daughters*. "It's too long, DuBose," he said, "but what really worries me is, what actress could give life to that stoic creature, Hagar?"

"I already have the Hagar," said DuBose Heyward. "That woman has given me her word not to make any commitments. Because of that she has been taking a terrible beating for a year and a half. She passed up one big-paying job after another so she'd be free whenever we called her. The actress is Ethel Waters."

"Ethel Waters!" said McClintic. "She could do it if any actress in the world could. All she'd have to do is give it the same underplaying and timing, the same repressed emotion she puts in her songs. I'd like to meet her."

DuBose arranged an appointment, and I went down with him and had a talk with McClintic.

After that meeting Mr. McClintic told him, "DuBose, I'm going to do your play. But I won't be able to put it on for some time."

He explained he was leaving for London to direct a play there and when he came back he would have to stage his wife's new show. It was still June, and he said we'd have to wait until that winter to rehearse. "We'll open on New Year's Eve."

On hearing the good news, we told McClintic of Ruth's amazing prophecy. She had batted 1000 per cent in describing Guthrie McClintic as an auburn man with a mustache, and quick and energetic. She had also said he'd be going over the water, would put on two plays before mine, and *Mamba's Daughters* would not get on the stage until December. She even said he would have two names in one, which he had — Mc and Clintic.

3

GUTHRIE MCCLINTIC didn't know much about colored actors and never minded my suggestions. I was able to get many of the performers who were good friends of mine into the show. And he got together a brilliant cast — Georgette Harvey as Mamba, José Ferrer as Saint, J. Rosamond Johnson as the Reverend Quintus Whaley, and lovely-looking little Fredi Washington as Lissa. Not to forget Ethel Waters as Hagar. I also got my accompanist, Reggie Beane, in the show as Slim.

But Mac didn't know who in the world to get for the vital role of Gilly Bluton, a cutie and a bastard if there ever was one. He said, "Now about this Gilly Bluton, Ethel?" and I said I knew the perfect actor, telling him: "This person is not like Gilly, but he is cocky, egotistical, clever, and with all his faults he's a likable and lovable chap. I'm talking of a man named Willie Bryant."

I knew Willie wanted to get in the play because he'd asked me to speak for him. I also knew he would be right. Guthrie McClintic asked where he could see this ideal Gilly Bluton of mine. I said Willie Bryant was working just then in Philadelphia as master of ceremonies on a vaudeville bill which Bill Robinson was headlining. Mac told me he would go down there to catch him.

When Mac got back to New York he told me he had asked Willie to call at his New York office. "He's wonderful, that Willie Bryant," he said. "I love him for the part."

Nobody could have played Gilly Bluton — low-down, mean, and nasty — better. But all through the rehearsals I worried about the big fight scene in which I was supposed to choke Willie Bryant to death. We had rehearsed everything else to Mac's satisfaction. But each time we got to that scene I'd say: "We'll just walk through this one."

Remember, I am a big woman, and a powerhouse, physically. I could tear down, brick by brick, the walls of a theater. And I was afraid I might kill Willie Bryant when we rehearsed that scene. I was not Ethel Waters, blues singer. I wasn't even Ethel Waters, actress. I had become Hagar. And Willie Bryant had become Gilly Bluton, the blackhearted sonofabitch who had seduced my daughter and was planning to blackmail and ruin her completely.

So I didn't trust myself. I didn't think I'd be able to control my hands once they closed around his throat. But naturally, I couldn't explain that to Guthrie McClintic, though he was the most sympathetic of stage directors. Even though Mac, having been an actor himself, breathed and sweated and suffered with me through every hour of rehearsal.

When he demanded I end my stalling, Willie and I went through the motions. "Oh no, *no!*" said Mac. "This has to be convincing. The whole play stands or falls on this one climactic, gripping scene. It has to be convincing, Hagar." As he talked he jumped up on the stage and walked over to me. "Now, Hagar, you choke me. I want to make sure you'll put everything you've got into this scene."

"Oh no, boss," I said, "I couldn't choke *you*."

But Guthrie kept telling me I had to. In the end he got me so nervous and excited that I grabbed him and shook the living hell out of him. I knocked the boss down. He was gasping and shaking when he got up, but he choked out: "That's what I want you to do to Gilly."

Willie Bryant had watched us, his eyes big as basketballs. "You mean I gotta go through *that* every night!"

"Yep," said Mac. "She damn near choked me to death."

"Let me open," whispered Willie. "Just let me open in this show. That's all I ask."

Mr. McClintic, with a grim smile, made us rehearse that scene. After watching us do our knockdown-drag-out fight just once, he said the one rehearsal of the scene would be quite enough.

Playing opposite Willie was tense and exciting. Sometimes when I knocked him down Willie would get so mad he'd forget himself. He'd get up and keep coming at me.

Willie often said that when he looked into my eyes during that scene he would get paralyzed and unable to move. Out of terror. My eyes have pin-point pupils. Willie told me my eyes, full of hatred and rage, held him in such a trance he had to look at my forehead to avoid being hypnotized.

Mamba's Daughters had its preview opening on New Year's Eve and its regular opening on January 3, 1939, which I still remember as the most thrilling and important experience of my life as a performer. And my whole life, too, except for when I found God.

I was the first colored woman, the first actress of my race, ever to be starred on Broadway in a dramatic play. And we opened at the Empire Theatre, which has the richest theatrical history of any showhouse in America. And the Empire's star dressing room was mine on that opening night. While the carriage trade was arriving outside, I sat at the dressing table where all the great actresses, past and present, had sat as they made up their faces and wondered what the first-night verdict would be — Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, and all the others who had brought the glitter of talent and beauty and grace to that old stage.

Yes, there I was, the Ethel who had never been coddled or kissed as a child, the Ethel who was too big to fit, but big enough to be scullion and laundress and bus girl while still a kid. And I could have looked back over my shoulder and blown a kiss to all my yesterdays in show business. I had been pushed on the stage and prodded into becoming Sweet Mama Stringbean and the refined singer of risqué songs in Edmond's Cellar, and on and up to best-selling records, Broadway musicals, and being the best-paid woman in all show business.

That was *the* night of my professional life, sitting there in that old-fashioned dressing room that was a bower of flowers. The night I'd been born for, and God was in the room with me. I talked to God, shivered and cried until the callboy came to say: "Five minutes, Miss Waters."

Five minutes more to get ready to be Hagar and tell the story of my mother in front of the carriage trade. I asked God, "Oh, stay with me! Lord, keep Your hand on my shoulder! Please, God!"

Then I got up and started off on that terrifying last mile a performer has to walk every opening night. Into the wings, a pause there for a moment waiting for the cue — and then on, Ethel Waters, to glory or . . .

I was Hagar that night. Hagar and Momweeze and all of us.

Seventeen curtain calls that opening night for me alone. I couldn't stand it. Half collapsing with joy and humility, I pushed through the kissing mouths and the slaps on the back to my dressing room, where Elida Webb, my secretary, was waiting.

"How do you feel now, Miss Waters?" she said. "And what are you thinking?"

"Elida, if I died here and now," I told her, "it would be all right. For this is the pinnacle, and there will never be anything better or higher or bigger for me. I have fulfillment, Elida. At last, I have fulfillment."

And I burst into sobbing as I humbly thanked my God. Because even if no one else knew it, I had been no actress that night. I had only been remembering and all I had done was carry out His orders. And I had shown them all what it is to be a colored woman, dumb, ignorant, all boxed up

and feeling everything with such intenseness that she is half crazy.

Amidst all the opening-night to-do I had felt sorry for one little feller: Willie Bryant. After doing a great job, he stepped up to take his bow — only to be hailed by hisses and boos. The bewildered Willie almost burst into tears.

"They only hissed you, Willie," I told him, "because you're such a good actor. You convinced them you *are* Gilly Bluton."

"That good?" asked Willie doubtfully.

"It's terrific. You made them hate you."

I had to work on Willie Bryant a long time before I convinced him that those fruity catcalls and unseemly Bronx cheers he got at every performance were a supreme tribute.

Poor Willie told me that he felt in constant danger whenever he was up in his own Harlem. Lifelong buddies of his would tell him, "Willie, stay away from me! You are a no-good bastard. If I didn't know you, I'd cut your throat for what you are doing to Hagar."

In the end, however, Willie Bryant came to understand that he had established himself as a rat of distinction, and he could take great pride and gloat over that.

The reaction of the women who saw the play was also amazing. In their mind's eye I was transformed into Hagar. Each night they'd come back to my dressing room and tell me of the similar troubles they'd had with their own men. Always I had to stay in my stage clothes until after they were gone. They had come to visit Hagar and would have resented finding Ethel Waters in her place.

After seeing the play friends would ask, "How can you do it, Ethel? How long can you continue to give out with all that pent-up emotion night after night?"

I could not convince them that the role gave me the sort of release I'd long needed. Being Hagar softened me, and I was able to make more allowance for the shortcomings of others. Before that I'd always been cursing outside and crying inside. Playing in *Mamba's Daughters* enabled me to rid myself of the terrible inward pressure, the flood of tears I'd been storing up ever since my childhood.

4

AFTER a solid run on Broadway we took *Mamba's Daughters* out on tour.

Down through the years I'd been visiting my mother regularly. I had rented a little house for her on Catherine Street in Philadelphia, and she lived there with her sister Vi. But her nervousness kept getting worse.

One night during the week we played Indianapolis I saw a man in a gray uniform crouching behind a counter on the stage. I got angry, thinking he was a stagehand who'd been caught on stage

when the curtain went up. But when I walked out he'd disappeared. Later, when I described the apparition to the backstage crew fellers, they told me that my description fitted exactly a man who had fallen to his death from the flies about a year before. He had not died immediately. He was an atheist, that man, and he lay on the stage cursing God as he died.

I knew that seeing that apparition was a bad omen. And soon I got word that on that very same evening, almost at the same hour, my mother had got into bad trouble. Some newcomers to the neighborhood had sat on her stoop. When she ordered them away they just laughed at her. Momweeze then threw some hot coffee on them. The people went to the station house and signed an arrest paper.

When we moved to Detroit I was worried sick about Momweeze. And I had another omen there. During my stage fight with Willie I fell down in a dead faint. He had to shake me to make me come to. At that very moment in Philadelphia the authorities were taking Momweeze to the hospital. I tried to get a plane to take me there the moment I heard about this. It was Christmas week, and a bad, bitter night. All passenger flights had been canceled, but I managed to get in a mail plane to New York and went on to Philadelphia by train.

The story I got from Genevieve, my half sister, shocked me. My mother had been handled very roughly by the ambulance people. She wasn't crazy, just eccentric. Yet they had forced her to go out with them — without even giving her a chance to get her coat — out into the cold and the biting wind. Vi had gone along in the ambulance to the Philadelphia General Hospital.

"Not the General!" I said. For what good was the money I was making if Momweeze could be hustled off like that, without a coat, to be thrown into some dirty, overcrowded ward?

I hurried to the hospital, where a nurse took me to the ward. It was the snake pit. Women who seemed no longer human leered and grinned and chattered all about us. Young women, old women, grimacing and making obscene gestures, women so far gone into mental decay they could no longer keep themselves clean or decently clothed.

And there sat my mother. She was in a corner, at a window, and looking out, her back straight as a rod and her head up.

"Louise," said the nurse, "here is your daughter."

Slowly Momweeze looked around at me. Her expression didn't change. "Ethel," she said. "Who am I, Ethel?"

"My mother," I said, my heart bursting.

Momweeze looked triumphantly at that nurse and said, "I told you my daughter would come and get me out of here."

I couldn't take my eyes off Momweeze. I'd

never seen her looking so thin and undernourished. I learned the reason for that later on. It had been the work of Vi, my always mischievous and troublemaking aunt. She had stayed on with Momweeze in the ward. When their first meal came Vi whispered to my mother, "Don't eat nothin', Louise. The food is all doped. It puts you to sleep. If you eat any of it you'll never get out of here."

Vi had been eating all the food brought for both of them. After devouring her own portion, she gobbled up Momweeze's. Unable to reason with my mother, the hospital authorities had been feeding her intravenously.

I had the nurse take me to the doctor in charge of the ward. He proved to be a courteous and friendly man. "Why was my mother taken here?" I asked. "You people must know she isn't mad. Her conduct may seem a little eccentric at times, but she's far from crazy."

"That's true," he agreed, "your mother is not demented. But she is very nervous, very high-strung. I'm very sorry to have to tell you that there was no other place we could take her."

"I take good care of my mother, Doctor —"

"We know that, Miss Waters," he said. "We investigated and learned you send her three hundred dollars each month. In fact, we discovered that three hundred dollars — two semimonthly money orders for one hundred and fifty dollars each — are waiting for her right now. Nevertheless, we will have to send her to Norristown tomorrow."

"Norristown! Norristown!" Norristown is the state's mental institution. I tried to be calm. I tried not to cry. But the savage irony burned into my soul. Each night for a year many hundreds of white men and women had been acclaiming me for portraying my mother on the stage. These white people had sobbed and suffered with Hagar, who to me was the replica of my mother. I had broken their hearts and so blinded them to reality that I had stopped being Ethel Waters to them. And there was the original of my stage portrait, thin, wasted, unfed. Tomorrow they'd put her in a wagon and cart her off to the state crazy house.

"Your mother had some terrible shock early in life," the doctor was saying.

"Me!" I thought. "The shock came when she brought *me* into the world." As a child my mother was religious and at all times had Christian learning. She was always where there was a church meeting, and wanted to be an evangelist. She went to church instead of with the boys. She shut out of her mind everything worldly.

One of the boys who would come around to our rickety home in an alley was John Waters, my father. One day he forced my mother to submit to him. She tried to fight him, but he raped her, holding a knife to her throat. She was only twelve and didn't know what it was all about, but she had to give in to him. And that is how I was conceived.

My mother always hated and resented my father and never afterward would have anything to do with him. It was just that one time with them.

Nobody suspicioned anything was wrong at the time. And my mother wouldn't tell, she being so hurt and bitter and hardly understanding herself what was happening inside her body. It was Sally, my grandmother, who finally noticed the bulge that was beginning to show under her dress.

"As a young woman," the doctor was saying, "your mother withdrew from all normal living. She's always suffered from complete frustration. She's an introvert."

"I understand that, Doctor," I told him. "But you yourself say she is not crazy. I've investigated and I found that in the whole great state of Pennsylvania there is not one place I can send my mother as a patient. For one reason only: my mother is a colored woman."

"Can't I please take her home? You know she doesn't belong here, or in Norristown, or in any other institution like that. Genevieve, my half sister, would take good care of her, Doctor."

Thoughtfully he said, "I can do that, but only on one condition: someone must be with her at all times, night and day."

"That is something I can guarantee," I promised him. Then I went back into that ward.

"Are you going to get me out of here, Ethel?" my mother asked.

"Yes, but only when you can walk out on your own two feet. To do that, you must eat. You must forget what Vi told you about the food here being poisoned. It's not true, Momweeze."

My mother promised to eat the hospital's food. She was not sent to Norristown the next day, or ever, in that locked-up wagon. Within a week I was able to get her out of the snake pit.

Some people around Philadelphia who knew my mother said she was crazy. But they were wrong. Whatever they thought, they never knew that when they saw Momweeze they were looking at a woman who had endured torment, long sustained, that few human beings could have survived.

Momweeze was always as unhappy as Hagar, and as lonely. Playing that role gave me new insight into the depthless nature of her loneliness, and also the loneliness I've known ever since I was born.

Somehow or other, the things my mother wanted to do, the release in evangelism that she sought with such frenzy, were transferred to me. I think that through my plays and my pictures I have been able to get across the message she never had the chance to deliver.

That was her destiny — and my own. Our destiny, shared, lay in everything that my mother thought and felt about God in her heart being said — but not by her from a pulpit, but from me on stage and screen; me, her unwanted one, conceived in terror and violence, and against her will.

Infantry

From the battle reports coming back from Korea, civilians have drawn the picture of American firepower sometimes wielded by a few men widely spaced and opposed to huge, massed attacks. The nature of war has changed, and how profound is that change is demonstrated in this article by FLETCHER PRATT, military expert and author of histories dealing with the two World Wars. The technician who pulls the trigger today is much more of a professional than the regular infantryman of 1918. It is a matter of training; but training takes time.

THE MAN WHO PULLS THE TRIGGER

by FLETCHER PRATT

1

THE dispatches from Korea, especially since the participation of the Chinese Communists became overt, have made one thing rather dismayingly evident. The nature of warfare has changed; and the long-range effect of the change is to eliminate not only the minute man but the twelve-month man as a useful soldier.

This change has nothing to do with the atomic bomb. The events at White Sands, Hiroshima, and Bikini, in fact, merely masked another and more fundamental alteration. War whose basic weapon is the penetrating missile has given place to the war of attack by means of explosions.

The penetrating missile became the decisive element in battle at Halidon Hill in 1333, when English longbowmen shot to pieces the squares of Scottish pikes and effectively put an end to the long dominance of the weapon whose striking range is equal to the length of the bearer's arm. From that time forward until day before yesterday the major developments in ordnance were concerned with finding a better projectile and giving it greater range, accuracy, and striking power. But meanwhile there was developed, there is still developing, the new war of explosives, in which the emphasis is on providing a more violent and widespread disruptive shock when the projectile arrives within the region of — not necessarily directly on — its target.

Of course a bullet will still get rid of a man if it hits him. But the discovery of the new war has been that, except under certain specialized conditions, a group of men armed only with bullet-projecting guns is about as useful on the modern battlefield as the Yeomen of the Guard. The North Koreans at the beginning of the war, and later the Chinese, achieved those specialized conditions: a numerical superiority of the order of 10 to 1, a high command willing to accept losses in this ratio, and troops with an indoctrination that enables them to withstand such losses and remain in action.

This is clearly not the general case, nor are the conditions such as we shall ever achieve for ourselves. And even the Chinese and North Koreans found it necessary to accompany the attacks of their bullet-armed infantry by intensive use of explosion weapons — mortars.

I do not maintain that the gun is obsolete, either as the rifle of the individual soldier or as a piece of artillery. Hardly any weapon has ever wholly vanished from human combat; even the pike is still with us in the form of the bayonet, and some troops involved in night attacks in Korea have found a use for knives. But weapons do sink to a level of secondary importance, like the cannon of very long range in the presence of the airplane; or they become tools of special opportunity, like the longbows with which some of the British Commandos were equipped, 1941–1944.

The main point is that the infantryman of today's war is no longer a soldier with a handgun and knowledge of how to use it. He may be a member of a 3.5 rocket-launcher squad; of a squad handling the light 60 mm. mortar or the heavy 81 mm. mortar; he may be a heavy or a light machine gunner; a part of a team operating a 57 mm. recoilless cannon or the 75 mm. recoilless; or a member of the regimental company that uses the 4.2 "chemical" mortar. He may be in a tank; he may even be an antiaircraft gunner.

All these specialists are not merely attached to the modern infantry unit, as a flame thrower or demolition team might be, for work against an opponent dug into caves or pillboxes. They are the infantry, an integral part of the normal foot-soldier formation, accompanying it at all times. It is to be noted that all these men except the machine gunners use weapons which produce their effect by means of a bursting charge. Finally, most of these weapons are essentially new, at least in their close connection with the infantry.

The idea of making tanks an integral part of the

infantry formation has been played around with since World War I and has caused some curious controversies, including one period when the cavalry were forced to call their tanks "combat cars" because Congress passed a law declaring the tank exclusively an infantry weapon. But in World War II, tanks normally operated as part of the separate armored divisions. At present tanks have been pulled into the infantry structure and assigned to that arm in numbers — 17 to each infantry regiment. The 60 and 81 mm. mortars were with us all through World War II, but the 4.2 chemical came late and then as a special weapon, assigned for a single operation, like the flame thrower. It is now a normal part of infantry equipment. The recoilless guns got tryouts during MacArthur's Philippine campaign, but tryouts only. The 3.5 rocket is a post-war development which has come along so fast that a modern infantry division has more of them than of any other weapon except rifles and pistols.

2

THERE is still a good deal to be learned about these new weapons and their use in combination. The service history of any weapon is something like this: after experiment in maneuvers, and adoption, it passes through a period during which it achieves some sensational successes in war, balanced by equally striking and unforeseen failures. Then the men in the field find out by experience exactly what the weapon will do and what it will not do, and it settles down to a place in the general complex of armament. The 4.2, for example, was originally developed to launch containers of poison gas. It took time to discover that there was no other weapon quite so useful for laying a smoke barrage or for firing white phosphorus shells. Korea has been the first opportunity to run shooting-war tests on the new complex of infantry weapons, and it could be that some of them will be eliminated because of functional duplication.

It is possible, for instance, that the 75 mm. recoilless can replace the 4.2 when smoke and phosphorus shells are developed for the 75 — which they have not been as yet. But the chances are against it. The whole history of ordnance shows that a new weapon, instead of driving out an old one, is added to this complex of constantly growing intricacy. Furthermore, the recoilless gun gives away its position through the back-blast every time the weapon is fired. In a moving situation this makes it impossible to get off more than one or two shells before the piece must be moved to avoid counterfire. This in turn renders it impossible to lay down the rapid, steady barrage which saturates an area with smoke or white phosphorus.

Similarly, it would be more difficult than it looks to eliminate either the 60 mm. mortar or the 81 in favor of a single type. The 60 is the company com-

mander's weapon, light enough to be used along the outpost line against targets in sight of that officer. The 81 is organized in the battalion, because it has the range to cover an entire battalion front, and the explosive charge of the shell is large enough to compensate for the fact that it is often used against targets on the map, invisible to the man pulling the trigger. Nothing but a 3.5 rocket launcher will be much help when a modern tank is approaching, but its often inaccurate projectile is nowhere near as good as a recoilless for taking care of a machine gun in position. When a formation is advancing, the cover of the armor-protected rapid-firing gun of a tank is well-nigh indispensable. Nor do the high-trajectory weapons, the mortars, in any way serve the same purpose as those that fire along a straight line at high velocities — the rockets, the recoilless, and the guns of the tanks.

In short, most of the new weapons seem at present to be necessary — unless we are willing to take Chinese casualties and do the work by hand. But their addition to the rifle, pistol, machine gun, and grenade has changed the face of war by substituting group tactics and group reliances for the employment of the individual, no matter how well equipped or capable. It is a matter of degree, of course; the general tendency has been there for a long time. But in the older war, a group of infantry relied upon another group similarly equipped or sought the help of its own artillery. Now it uses the support of its own special weapons. At the beginning of the Korean war, the forces of the Republic were rather better equipped than a similar number of our own infantry of 1918, but they were blown away like chaff because they lacked anything that would stop a tank or anything that could deal with the enemy's heavy mortars.

The simplest statement about the change is that it has given a modern company of infantry more firepower than was possessed by a battery of field artillery in World War I. The possession of this firepower to a degree emancipates the infantry formation, particularly when it has air cover, from the necessity of staying under cover of its own artillery. The use of air supply has further added to the infantry's power of movement. Sooner or later, in any serious fighting, the infantry will need ground supply and artillery support, but the man on the ground can move around much faster, and can attack even well-defended positions with his own resources.

The complex of new and powerful weapons has meanwhile produced a secondary effect of considerable social importance, by enormously increasing the police power of the modern armed state with relation to its own particles, and the strength of the large industrial state with relation to its neighbors. In the turbulent early days of the nineteenth century, the citizens of Paris had only to set up a few barricades and produce a few concealed fire-

arms and they had a revolution going. But even if the hand weapons were brought up to date, they would be so many slings and arrows against a modern repressive force that could throw into the scale tanks, mortars, and recoilless artillery. Similarly, at Bunker Hill and Kings Mountain the colonists of the Revolution gave impressive demonstrations of what could be accomplished against regular troops by untrained men who knew how to shoot. But they did not have to fight against regular troops armed with the many and intricate weapons that can be turned out only by machine tools in a large industrial plant. The new tools of war have rendered revolution, in its classic form, all but impossible.

3

WHAT the ultimate political effect of this industrialization of war will be is a topic worth a little speculation. In the meanwhile some of the direct military results are apparent. The most obvious of these is that the pendulum which started to swing in the direction of more open order of battle when the arrows came down from Halidon Hill has now reached full range. With the front line containing so many weapons that produce a burst effect, the slightest concentration of manpower can and does bring down the kind of fire capable of wiping out a whole group. The Communist tactics in Korea — infiltration, night movements and attacks — are simply methods of avoiding bursts and trying to reach a situation where hand weapons will be effective.

The use of such tactics, together with the fact that the fire of infantry weapons can now be placed on targets farther away than a man can see, has enormously increased the area of battle. The danger from above, in the form of bombs, rockets — and probably, in the near future, guided missiles — works in the same direction.

Between World War I and World War II the amount of front assigned to an infantry battalion just about doubled, both because improved weapons made it possible to cover more ground with the fire of the same number of men, and because the greater volume of fire on the battlefield made it necessary to spread the men out more. Since World War II the battalion area has doubled again, but this time in the other direction, from front to rear. At the same time the number of men in the squad led by a corporal has dropped from 12 to 9. It was found that on the open battlefield of the new war, one man could keep track of only so many others.

Parenthetically, this has produced a problem. The corporals and sergeants, leaders of squads and platoons, must not only be more numerous in respect to the number of men led than under the old dispensation; they must also carry a greater weight of individual responsibility, since they are less

closely in touch with the officers. One of the greatest difficulties presented by these conditions is that of finding adequate leadership in the lower ranks.

There are also leadership problems at higher levels. As a result of the extension of the battlefield, battalion, regimental, and even division command posts (the last of which, at least, used to enjoy a high degree of immunity) have been favorite objects of attack in Korea. In this new war any place at all within the zone of the armies may be the scene of fighting, and requires the attention of trained infantry soldiers.

At this point we have touched a key fact. Modern war, by placing enormous firepower in the hands of the infantryman, and at the same time forcing him to scatter and seek cover, has made extremely heavy demands upon the training, intelligence, and combativeness of the individual. Russia lays the emphasis upon combativeness, and so do the Communist countries generally. They know they can obtain that quality and that, with the prodigious numbers they can put into line, it is no bad substitute for multiplicity and precision of weapons. The major tactic of the Reds in Korea consisted of this: throw in another 10,000 men; enough of them will survive to infiltrate and break the line.

There are a variety of reasons why we would find this a poor system to imitate, but if we do not imitate it, we must replace it with something. That something can hardly be anything else than completely professional training in the use of the complex of weapons, and completely professional willingness to use them — toughness. General Mark Clark put his finger on the source of our main difficulties in Korea when he remarked that most of our men had been trained for occupation duty in Japan — as policemen, not as soldiers. This was the regular army, the best men we have — but they had not been trained long enough or hard enough.

This points to the fact that modern war makes much higher demands for professionalism than anything in the past, because the infantryman on the relatively lonely modern battlefield is thrown more on his own resources, has less personal contact with his fellows, than any fighting man of previous history. Since we can hardly change the whole educational system and ideological background of our country to give our troops the kind of indoctrination the Communists give theirs, it would seem that the desired result can only be obtained by training.

The heart of the matter, the net basic effect of the change-over from missile to explosive warfare, lies in the acute demand it makes for carefully selected and highly trained infantrymen. The demand also stems from the need for finding and developing more leadership in the lower ranks, and it is just as apparent from the strictly technological angle. It would clearly never do to send a man into the field as a specialist in the 81 mm. mortar, yet

leave him so ignorant of the recoilless cannon that he could not take over that weapon in case its operator became disabled.

As things are set up now, the special weapons man is required to know everything about his main piece — how to take it apart and repair anything that has gone wrong, even in the dark — and at least how to operate all the other infantry weapons. But in the course of feeding all this knowledge into the special weapons man, it has been necessary to cut the time spent on the basic infantry hand weapons — rifle, carbine, pistol, and grenade — from fourteen weeks to six.

The total basic infantry training period now stands at seventeen weeks. This means that for about four months of his enlistment the soldier is doing nothing but learning his tools, without ever having been a member of such a major infantry unit as a division in the field, and without obtaining any knowledge of the intricate problems of official relationship and personal conduct that arise from such a situation. In the same speech in which he mentioned the training of the soldiers in Korea, General Clark said that it would take seven months to fit National Guard units for Federal duty.

Be it remembered that these are men who have already learned a good deal about weapons in the armory. A writer in the *Infantry Journal* (March, 1948) computed (and nobody contradicted him) that the time necessary to make a good infantry soldier out of the average citizen would be two years. Even the seven months figure for National Guardsmen would have appeared fantastic to a soldier of World War I, when divisions like the 26th and 42nd went into the line of battle seven months after being summoned to Federal service, and when the newly enlisted 3rd Division was engaged in one of the most desperate combats of the war only six months after the unorganized men gathered in a training camp.

Is this need for elaborate technical and tactical training true everywhere? In France, they seem to have decided that it is. The new organization plan for the army there calls for an eighteen-month conscription period instead of the previous twelve, for the specifically stated reason that the shorter term was insufficient to train the men adequately. Military people attacked the plan on the ground that even eighteen months was not enough.

There is some evidence that the Communist countries do not see it quite the same way. Although the total firepower of their divisions is at least equal to ours, they do not use so many different weapons as ours, and those they do use are of rather simpler types. Most of the training period is devoted to tactical matters, physical conditioning, and indoctrination. But this is partly because they have adopted the system, so impossible for us, of treating infantry as thoroughly expendable. Partly also it is because the human material of which their armies

are made up lacks the mechanical aptitudes, the childhood acquaintance with a jalopy, so common among Americans. The Russians also have all the training time in the world; their soldiers are in for long terms. They are professionals, though of a kind different from what we need. Today there is hardly any civilian skill whatever that is of the slightest use to the type of soldier who must bear the brunt of World War III; and vice versa, the infantryman will find in civilian life no demand for what he has learned in the service. The new war has thoroughly professionalized the military business.

At the same time it makes another demand, perhaps the most onerous of all. Not only is a better-trained soldier needed, but a more intelligent one. He must be completely familiar with the workings of several intricate machines and be capable of overcoming that moral prejudice against war which has been a part of our educational system since the twenties; and he will increasingly find himself in situations where he is required to make decisions without reference to higher authority. For instance, he is the leader of a recoilless gun crew of three and has been stationed in a position well concealed but out of verbal contact with a lieutenant or even a sergeant. The moment the gun fires, the concealment will vanish with the back-blast. A tank is approaching; shall he open fire? He knows he cannot penetrate the armor, but he may knock off a tread. Or shall he wait for a more attractive target?

Infantry officers have a lively sense of this demand for intelligence. One of their bitterest complaints all through the late war was that the other services, particularly the line of communication people and the air corps, insisted on taking all the high I.Q. men, and what was left over went to the infantry. As soon as the war was over, the mental requirement for enlistment was hiked up to a figure of 95 in the General Classification Test. Korea brought it back down to 70, but there are a good many who insist that keeping it so low simply means longer and longer training, until conditioned reflexes will do some of the work normally asked of intelligence and judgment.

Obviously there are not enough of the higher ratings to fill up an army of the size we need. It is a question of employing the human material we have, and that seems to look toward a basic two-year training period, accompanied by professionalization to a point where it is necessary to offer inducements that will keep men in the service up to twenty years.

It is a perplexing problem — a quagmire of perplexing problems, in which solid ground can be reached only by recognizing that the new face of war has eliminated one of the cherished American dogmas. Defense can no longer be achieved by a small standing army around which citizen soldiers can rally in an emergency. That method will yield only amateur soldiers, about as competent in their field as amateur doctors.

Education

Why do so many educated Europeans cling to misconceptions and outworn stereotypes about the United States? What do they really think of us? PERRY MILLER, Professor of American Literature at Harvard, struggled to answer these questions during his recent tour of duty in the university world of Western Europe. Visiting Lecturer at the University of Leiden, Mr. Miller also became acquainted with a number of other institutions in Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Again and again, he found a fundamental misunderstanding of this country.

WHAT DROVE ME CRAZY IN EUROPE

by PERRY MILLER

I

IN EVERY session where Americans and Western Europeans meet — ECA conference, North Atlantic Pact, Fulbright board — the American representatives sit opposite a row of university-trained Europeans. The American delegate may be — he generally is — a man who, as we say, “happened to go” to college, although he won’t give that fact much thought. His fatal error — I have seen it frequently — is to assume that his opposite number is the same sort of fellow.

The European didn’t just “happen” to go to the university. He is a man with a status. He is aware of it. When you get to the basic patterns of thinking — beneath specific opinions or arguments — you find that he reasons, or still more feels, as a man conscious at every moment of status. Furthermore, he knows little or nothing of American scholarship. There are exceptions, but in general his fundamental structure of mind has not been altered, although he may have been much grieved, by what has happened in Europe in the last generation.

Those who make the decisions in Europe also make the opinion, and these determiners, in politics or in business, are a corps of university graduates. Unless the structure of European society is to be violently altered, we shall have to deal, in all our interchanges, with this corps. There may be here and there a party leader or a manufacturer who has come up without attending a university, but the undersecretaries and the experts, the *fonctionnaires*, the bank presidents and industrialists, the burgo-masters and most of the councillors, carry an academic dignity. They are divided into parties and interests, but when it comes to larger points of view and to inarticulate premises, these people are, throughout Europe, astonishingly alike. Whether Dutch, French, German, or Swiss, when they have to meet the American mentality, they exhibit the same features. Each university does cling proudly and even fiercely to its distinguishing “tradition” — and yet education on the Continent, from the

North Sea to the Mediterranean, is standardized.

This may seem an odd charge to come from an American, and I must stress that I am trying to speak only of certain qualities which we encounter in negotiating with Europe in general. One difficulty is that this uniformity manifests itself not in the many areas of which Europeans are conscious — and they are extremely self-conscious — but in those of which they are unconscious. Consciously, they make much of their disagreements; the American must stay in Europe long enough to read between, or behind, the words before he appreciates their similarities.

Precisely in this area of the unarticulated major premise resides the deep and ubiquitous anti-Americanism that the visitor gradually senses behind the most charming cordiality and hospitality. Or rather, “anti” is too strong: it is much more a settled and frozen image of America which is so deeply embedded in the educated mind that it does not need to be brought out, least of all in the presence of the American. Because it is seldom explicitly uttered, and still more seldom examined, it becomes a conditioning factor in all instruction, whether in law, theology, or even in medicine.

Many Europeans — my colleagues and friends — will stoutly deny this charge of academic standardization. They will cite the great variety of national traditions, and then the inveterate individuality of even the most provincial academy. I can only insist that to the American eye the pattern demonstrates its uniformity by showing everywhere just those deficiencies of knowledge, or of insight, which now are most desperately needed for the success of our communion. Whether the European comes from Toulouse or Utrecht, Zürich or Paris — whether he be conservative or socialist, Christian or freethinker — he says the same things about America and he asks the same questions. By the insistence of their repetitions, Europeans demonstrate how much they apprehend all things

within the rubrics of their training — how, even with the best will in the world, they can comprehend America only within those rubrics.

Let me say at once, I am not trying to exalt America against Europe. We must not forget that amid the European schools, often working under heartbreaking difficulties, there are very great scholars; neither can we forget the tremendous assistance American science received in the last decades from the immigrants we were so fortunate as to have to receive. But I am compelled to ask, however reluctantly, whether the European educational system, rather than the American, has not become set in a rigorous and intransigent mold. I am forced to declare that there are respects in which the Continental method has become a hindrance to the Continent's survival. It is, in short, fossilized.

2

RECOGNIZING, then, that this is dangerous ground, where discussion too easily degenerates into insult, I can collect my observations under two heads: the lack in European schools of anything resembling the "college," and the absence in the pedagogy of anything resembling the point of view Americans have imbibed, willingly or unwillingly, from the "social sciences."

By the experience of the college I do not mean sports. Most European students are adequately athletic, although they do not have massed cheering sections or proper field houses. What I do mean is that the serious student, after a high school that consists of intensive drill in memorization and very little else, enters the university at about eighteen (for the European, as compared with the American, still a very tender age), is confined to a single "faculty," and never, intellectually speaking, gets outside it. Then and there he is committed for life to theology, law, or medicine; the pressures of society do not permit him to gamble with his career by wasting academic effort on anything but professional training. He cultivates his tastes for the arts or indulges curiosity about other subjects on his own. Many of the students come from households with libraries, or from circles in which there is a premium upon the evidences of what we may call, in the restricted sense, "culture"; these will have in their rooms a collection of paper-backed books, and they do read them. The room may be of a tawdriness that would horrify the janitor of an American dormitory, but the books represent a wider range of reading than most of our undergraduates can show even under the compulsion of a variegated "course program." But the university itself takes no responsibility for these concerns; it is a professional training ground, and it imparts standard and formal disciplines. In the university, the professor tells the student, and on examinations the student repeats what the professor has told him.

If you think I am exaggerating, try to expound the conception of the college to European academic groups, especially its relation to the graduate school. I have tried it, to persons whose eagerness to comprehend and whose perplexity were written on their faces; even when they hear the words, they cannot grasp the fact. That a man should spend four years in a College of Arts and Sciences, pursuing simultaneously a miscellany of courses — which he will never "use" in his profession — seems in Europe an extravagance comparable only to the legends about Americans throwing into the garbage half-eaten steaks. I could bring any conversation to a dead stop by asserting that yes, I positively do believe a year spent studying a little something (even if only a little) about, let us say, Renaissance Florence, Racine, elementary physics, and a queer business called anthropology — that I do believe this is "education." In that sense, the word simply has no meaning in Europe.

To put it another way, few Americans can really understand how profound a manifestation of the European malaise is the vogue of existentialism. Especially the cry of humanity it raises against the identification of the person with his profession, of the postman with the function, above all of the professor with the professorship. One comprehends the depth of this protest only when he learns with what solemnity the professor does take himself (although there are exceptions), and how the society encourages him never to forget that he is Professor Doctor. There are pompous and pedantic professors in America who also fail to hear the rough and spontaneous speech of men, but let us thank heaven for all the pinpricks this society administers to their complacency. I am proud of my calling, but I come back from Europe treasuring as an indispensable portion of the national heritage the American disposition to think the professor slightly ridiculous.

Out of the European universities come, indubitably, cultured persons. The ordinary student is more at home with literature, painting, and music than the average senior over here. What becomes confusing is that these amenities are cultivated, not because they are real knowledge, but as badges of class and status. They are graces and accomplishments, like needle point among Victorian women. This was all very well in the last century, when the Buddenbrooks of Europe were playing a basic role, and so could pardonably embellish it; in the changing society, when these classes employ their culture as a means of marking themselves off from their inferiors, the emphasis becomes sinister. Since the acquisition is unrelated to the lecture room, the university does nothing about bringing these interests into vital relation with any body of knowledge. Hence the careful student of Europe today discovers, with a horror of which Henry James felt the preliminary tremors only as late as 1914, that the so-called culture of Europe does not

go very deep. The American often leaves his campus still vulgar and uninformed, but we do have the opportunity, more by good luck than good management, of impressing upon him the glimmers of a notion that learning is not something apart from life.

3

THE universities of Europe were fixed in their present structures by the time of the Renaissance. Then, when winds of doctrine were blowing in gales, the universities spread their canvas to catch every gust. To settle the doctrine of the enclitic *De* was to rally the forces of society. To cope with the departments of knowledge, the universities were organized into "faculties," usually the basic five that corresponded to the areas then discernible — theology, letters, law, medicine, and natural science. The last two still are feasible organs for administering the increased learning (hence the good work done in them, particularly on the higher levels of theory), but the other three are totally inadequate to the twentieth century. There is a constant and pathetic effort to pour new wines into old and insufficient bottles. Hence the burgeoning of "institutes," of little projects for teaching and research in fields that do not quite fit into the hierarchy of the faculties. These are generally organized around some great (or ambitious) professor, and may survive him; in effect they atomize the life of the university, sequester books in disparate collections, become vested interests, and make the whole conception of scholarship something tucked away in corners. The "departmental system" forces many distractions upon the American university, and rubrics multiply; but even if it leads to the offering of useless courses, it does allow scope for a healthy experimentation, all under a moderately efficient management. (Not that I hold a brief for *all* administrators.) Here again we have to thank not our prescience but the brute fact that American universities grew up this way because of the pressures of American society. They were never permitted the utter isolation of the self-righteous.

By the same token, the visitor is quickly struck by, and remains to the end puzzled by, the deliberate isolation of the European students from the society around them. Gradually he becomes aware that this is organically connected with the architectonic nature of the instruction itself. Of course, Americans sometimes think of college as the best years of their life, and commencement orators speak of going out into the world, but these matters are relative. Compared with the Europeans, American students live in the center of the world. Our orators talk nonsense: the numbers of students who earn at least a part of their way (European professors and students *always* ask about this practice, with a dreadful fascination), the undergraduate political clubs, our mores of relations between the sexes, and

a thousand other things make it impossible for a youth in America to be quarantined against business, politics, and the radio. In Europe the "tradition" — baneful word! — is that the student at the university, acquiring title to the status he will enter about the age of twenty-five or thirty, dwells within a parenthesis in time. He is out of society and a privileged character. In the Dutch universities, where the tradition is most resolutely maintained, this immunization is dramatized by having all student functions — evenings at the Corps, dances, festival dinners — begin at midnight, so that in the morning the student, in full evening dress, is conspicuously going home just as solid burghers go to work. He, of course, will be a burgher later on, but for the time being he is existentially another kind of being, with his peculiar capers. For that society of burghers the Dutch students have a revealing word, *killemaatschappe* — the chilly outside world. If the world is outside, and is chilly — and if the ultimate doom is implacable — then the period of study becomes a licensed interval, and learning is rigorously separated from living. It took a little time, but soon I began to understand why student after student flatly informed me that in America all education was of course utilitarian, "while we are theoretical." He carries that conviction with him for the rest of his life, let us remember, even when he is negotiating a trade agreement.

In this happy period the student's only task — in a vacuum, how could it be otherwise? — is to learn what the professor says. Especially in the study of law, in which the majority are engaged and out of which come the businessmen and cabinet ministers, where the law is not an accumulation of precedents but the bound book of the code, learning consists of what is in the book. In theology and literature the attitude is much the same. I struggled in vain to drive my own students to the original sources, or to persuade them to check what I was saying against their own interpretation of the documents. "Critical" reading, in that sense, I found an almost unknown conception. At an oral examination — significantly enough, the professor does not give an examination, he "takes" it from the student! — I wearily tried to expound the conception to one of my better students, and received the candid answer, "Yes, but this way is much easier."

I should be grossly unfair, however, if I did not also say that this state of affairs is not satisfactory to many of the students. Those I found the more alert, or the more rebellious, would confide to me expressions of complete dissent — possibly in part because I rather encouraged them. Some of my colleagues will bitterly object to my saying this, yet I found (I think it is a common experience for the American) that as between the world of the professors and that of my student friends, I led an utterly schizophrenic existence. On matters of history and scholarship I could communicate easily

with my colleagues. But I had served in World War II, and my subject was the literature of America — which happens to be much concerned, at least in my conception, with “powerful uneducated persons,” whalers, Gatsby, and Jennie Gerhardt. Of course European writers deal with “people” — François le Champi and Germinie Lacerteux — but the effect was not the same when the European Professor of Literature held forth on “la vie et les œuvres” of Sand or the Goncourts.

So, it became something of a sacred trust, and a problem for sleepless nights, when a Dutch student who had escaped in 1940 and spent four hard years in the Navy confided to me that his contemporaries, by accepting their isolation from the chilly world, were merely postponing decisions which he knew could not be postponed, and that few of them knew what he was talking about. Likewise, when the candidate for the *agrégé* in Strasbourg confessed that, although Whitman was a required topic this year — an official post-liberation gesture! — nobody would dare to write upon him as I had lectured upon him and still expect to pass an examination set by the Sorbonne. Or when the president of the theological students at Leiden declared that many of the first-year boys were suffering genuine nervous crises in the cruel transition from domesticity and the routine of the high school to the “freedom” — the highly conventionalized freedom — of the university. He felt that nobody in the community — there is, of course, no “hygiene department” or anything like it — would recognize that these were in truth crises, and he was trying to be of help by reading, entirely on his own, Freud and Jung. So, as I say, I talked one kind of language with my colleagues, which was rich and satisfactory, but I could not carry the terms of their discourse over into that of the students. Neither could I, no matter how much I tried, explain my predicament to my colleagues since they naturally assumed that they knew their own students better than I did.

For my sins, I have often attacked the influence of John Dewey upon the American schools. I believe that those operating in his name have often debased the intellectual coinage. No one familiar with the American situation can fail to sympathize with the many recent efforts to resist the ultra-pragmatic drift — although he may not go all the way with Robert Maynard Hutchins. But all this becomes a tempest in an American teacup when viewed from Europe, where there never has been any John Dewey in the first place. It is one thing to have faced his challenge, to have learned everything from it, and then to resist; it is quite another thing never to have heard it.

Repeatedly I found that these dissident students were reaching out — generally by buying from slender resources such casual volumes as appeared in the booksellers’ — for works of psychology, anthropology, sociology, social psychology, eco-

nomics, and what we call generically political science. I was constantly bombarded by eager questions about these subjects, which according to rumor were widely taught in America. It is a fantastic situation when one thinks of European names like Weber, Mannheim, Gunnar Myrdal — not to mention Marx. The explanation is simple: great theorists of the social sciences exist in their little “institutes,” but the student in law or theology has too much to memorize against the moment when the examination in his subject is to be taken from him to do more than cursory reading in anything else. And he certainly has no one to give the faintest intimation that these disciplines have any bearing on the corpus of his specialty.

The force of these considerations is, indeed, making some headway in a few academies. Particularly, as one might imagine, in urban centers. At Amsterdam, for instance, there has been newly established a separate “faculty” to teach essentially the social sciences. But again, old bottles are being strained to receive modern wine; the professors being organized into a faculty, only students specifically enrolled in it receive the instruction, and those in law or literature — who most need it — do not. There is Professor Tinbergen at the Rotterdam School of Economics, but what the student in the faculty of law at Leiden or Utrecht gets in the way of economics is less than the dullest Freshman “Ec. 1” in America. It is not a Tinbergen, who is at home in American scientific circles, who shapes the European image of America: it is the graduate of the faculty of law entrenched in a secretaryship or a bank, the graduate of the faculty of theology in his pulpit. These know vaguely and with distaste that in America the mysterious sciences of which they are initiate are vulgarized and diluted.

The most hopeless task I confronted in lecturing upon modern literature in Continental universities was to explain the power of the recent revolt, inside English and American institutions, against the “history of literature” — the crusades of T. S. Eliot, of Leavis, of the “new criticism,” to make possible the reading of a poem for the poem’s sake. With some great exceptions, instruction in the Continental faculty of letters struck me as so serenely barricaded behind philology and the morphology of types that the sociological concept was not even there to be revolted against!

It is somewhere in this gulf then, the gulf between the university and the society, that the European image of America emerges and hardens. The student listens with interest to the assertion that in every department American scholarship has been obliged to reconsider the content of learning because the social sciences have connected the most codified learning with conditions and circumstances, but he listens incredulously. Inwardly, he says to himself once more that the Americans

are mechanics. He goes into the chilly outside world in the full possession of his stereotype. A charming first-year man at Leiden came to ask me about the possibility of his going to America. I invited him to lunch, whereupon he fell over himself with amazement. He came, and for half an hour descanted on this marvel, that a professor should condescend to find time to talk about a student's personal problem, and give him lunch into the bargain. Then, getting down to business, in the most matter-of-fact tone, he blandly asked me, "Do you think I would be happy in America, where-all-the-people-are-so-superficial-and-materialistic?" I wager that this young man has a career before him in Holland!

It may be a reckless divination, but I am convinced that the connection between the insularity of the university and the universal apathy of European students toward the problem of the future of Western culture is direct and fundamental. The apathy is certainly there; by the end of my sojourn, it haunted me. The cry that we must all stand together for the preservation of "values" excites little enthusiasm among European students. Or where there are stirrings, they never lead to the idea that these are a common concern of Europe and America. There is no conception of America which permits it to figure as a champion of culture. The widely spreading doctrine of Europe as a "third force" is founded upon an image in which America appears as an entirely different, and repulsive, force. The conduct of our liberating armies and of our tourists helps create the image, no doubt; but deeper than these irritations lies the fact that the student has no idea of the meanings the term education has acquired in America, or of the struggle to find those meanings. Frequently I would get a charmingly oblique manifestation of the hidden conviction that invariably fell into the same pattern: Europeans really cannot be impressed with American art or scholarship, the student would say; we can hardly be expected to admire what you do in imitation of us, but show us your skyscrapers or your mass production and we marvel. They say again and again that they are helpless between the two materialistic giants of America and Russia, that Europeans can no longer influence the one great decision of war or peace, and that they can only abide. If you then ask them why they continue studying at the university, they answer that they are becoming qualified for the special position which will be theirs by right of the university degree.

I am the last one to want Europe "Americanized." But in an industrial and mechanized century, some things in Europe must change; a continental economy cannot be managed through such minute entities as France and Italy, let alone Holland and Belgium. America has no choice but to

urge the union. No wonder there is deep resentment. A typical European character — who has been in America and ought to know better — took pleasure in assuring me that America is an "episode" in history, which is now coming to a close, whereafter history will resume its march along the great European path. This gentleman, I need not add, holds a degree from a faculty of law.

Whatever other kinds of communication we attempt, the real effort must commence on the university level. There are forces, even if only resentment, making for the inclusion of American subjects — history, literature, economics, social sciences — in the curricula of instruction. There are Europeans who know that the ancient faculties have become strait jackets. My invitation to Leiden came from a committee of graduates who were not an official governing body, some of whom dwell in the chilly outside world. The students are eager to listen. There are immense difficulties in conveying American meanings, but the least of these is the linguistic. The great problem, I can assure you, is one of semantics.

The Fulbright program, which sends teachers and students to Europe, is a splendid enterprise — although there are defects in its administration. I have found that the really effective agents, however, are not so much the Americans in Europe as the European students who have been in America. At Leiden two young men, one of whom had a year at Kansas and the other at Union, were worth twenty times the visiting professor in making comprehensible American ways of thought. Their parents may lament, and their professors not listen — since professors seldom listen to students anyway — but their comrades will. No dollar spent in bringing a student to America is wasted — considering what we waste, this is an advisedly sweeping statement. It is not necessary that they be brought here to be indoctrinated: it is just necessary that they be brought.

One of my most astute Dutch students said to me in so many words that his education gave him no clues as to how to apply his knowledge to a new situation. The American colleges do not impart this knack ready-made, but circumstances have forced upon us the realization that it is a handy thing to have. Even while aware of how much we have yet to do, one can take some pride in what our schools have achieved. Yet this very degree of accomplishment — or the extent to which we have fallen short — stands as a main barrier between the mentality of Europe and of America. On either side there are those who keep the barrier up — out of a lack of imagination and sympathy on this side, out of the inertia of "tradition" on the other. If there is to be anything more than a rickety military alliance — which will fall apart under the first blow — this barrier must be razed.



In his book Gamesmanship or, The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating, STEPHEN POTTER scored one of the most laughable triumphs in dead-pan writing. The Editor of the Atlantic was one of the many who urged the author on to further research, and as a result Mr. Potter wrote Lifemanship or, How To Get Away With It Without Being An Absolute Plonk, which Holt will publish next month. In his conversational way, he reveals those methods by which the awkward amateur can take the field successfully against the highly placed expert.

WEEK-ENDMANSHIP

by STEPHEN POTTER

AN appearance of geniality is most important on the week-end party. Let me, to start with, transcribe here a few notes on the typical Week-endman.

I remember Cogg-Willoughby's first action, coming down to supper — a late cold meal, on the first night — the Friday night. The F. Meynells, his hosts, of Suffolk live in a charmingly appointed cottage but suffer, with one exception, from an almost complete absence of staff. Immediately the meal was over, Cogg-Willoughby would take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, clear the table in a trice, and do all the washing-up, if not part of the drying-up as well, expertly and thoroughly, with a quick swish round even of one or two saucepans, and clean a cup used at some previous meal with which he had no connection. No need to add that, having planted this good impression in the mind of his hostess, "Cogg" for the rest of the week-end would lift not one finger in the kitchen or the garden, nor bring in so much as a single log of firewood from the shed.

Cogg-Willoughby and Anti-Game Play

Cogg was in his element, as we all remember, at week-end parties where there were plenty of games to be played and plenty of people to play them. Incapable of any kind of sport, it was here that Cogg established his mastery.

While the rest of the guests were feebly organizing bowls, ping-pong, or cricket, Cogg would look on encouragingly. Soon he would produce an enormous pair of field glasses. "Well, I'm going off for *my* game. See you all later." Sometimes it was bird-watching, sometimes butterflies, occasionally wild flowers. Cogg, of course, was almost entirely ignorant of all these pursuits, but it was 99 to 1 the rest of the guests would know still less. Cogg would suddenly stand stock-still. "Listen," he

would say. Some feeble quack would be heard from the willow beyond the pond. "That's an easy one to tell. The frog-pippit." Then he would add, for a safety measure, "as I believe they call it in these parts."

By the Sunday most of the women guests would be following him round, standing stock-still, in a trance, listening or looking at some bit of rubbish, while Cogg explained.

What I liked about Cogg was the cleanness and openness of his play. Only in one gambit did he seem to me to show a trace of unpleasantness, but I must say I was glad to see him employ it against that confirmed hostess-nobbler, P. de Sint.

De Sint's first action at a summer week-end was always to strip to the waist and sun-bathe. Unlike Cogg (who remains white and sluglike) and myself (who quickly turn beetroot), de Sint will develop a rich honey bronze straightaway.

Cogg was at his best in this situation. I have never more admired the easy coolness with which he dealt with a crisis. Late on the Sunday afternoon, it might be, he would look de Sint up and down. He would speak thoughtfully.

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: By Jove, you brown easily.

DE SINT: Do I?

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: Yes. You're one of the lucky ones.

DE SINT: Oh, I don't know.

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: They always say that the Southern types brown more easily.

DE SINT: Well, I don't know, I'm not particularly . . .

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: Oh, I don't know . . . Mediterranean . . .

Cogg-Willoughby was able to speak this phrase with an intonation which suggested that de Sint was of Italian blood at least, with, quite probably, a touch of the tarbrush in his ancestry as well. On

three or four occasions, after this attack, I have noticed that de Sint spent the rest of the week-end trying to cover up every exposed inch of his body.

The Odoreida Diagnosis

For basic week-end I should perhaps acknowledge, for once, the work of Odoreida. Odoreida is usually incapable of pioneer work, but one must admire his occasional flashes, such as this (Odoreida in play against Redruth's Decline Gambit).

G. F. C. Redruth was basically a poor week-end-man. With his tweedy skin, podgy legs, and boringly healthy cheeks, he looked like a fine Game Birdsman. But the fact is, he was an appallingly bad shot, and it was necessary for him to keep this fact concealed. In the old days, at the Blessinghams' when the Saturday morning shoot was being planned, "Count me out of this," he would say.

"Why?" Lady Blessingham asked.

"Not my cup of tea. Stupid old conscience at work. Don't like birds, but feel I wasn't created to take pot shots at them. Besides, I think the creatures are rather beautiful."

Odoreida, who always loathed Redruth, couldn't make much headway by murmuring, "I suppose you miss them on purpose," and when, in the evening, he said, "I see you don't mind *eating* the beautiful creatures," he was again put out by Redruth's technique of vaguely quoting the Bible.

"Let he who casts the first stone . . ." said Redruth, and all this went down more than well with the Blessinghams.

But later, with General and Constance Ould, Redruth realized that Conscience-ship was out of the question. Here, in order to conceal his feebleness with guns, Redruth used to suggest that, healthy though he looked superficially, it was dangerous for him to stand about even for a minute. The slightest hint of moving air on the skin, he was able to convey, might cause the old T.B. centers to become active again. It was good byplay on his part to be always wearing a hat, even indoors, if there was the faintest draft.

Odoreida, unable to stand this, countered by a method which none of us could have used, though we can admire it. He was able to suggest, and indeed actually say, out of Redruth's hearing, of course, that the complaint Redruth actually suffered from was ringworm.

Important Person Play

There is no doubt that basic week-endmanship should contain some reference to Important Person Play. It must appear that it is *you* who in midweek life are the most important man. I always like to quote here the plucky plying of poor Geoffrey Field. On the Friday evening he always seemed pretty done in. No question of having to entertain Field, or, indeed, of Field entertaining. He was there for a rest — had to be, got to be, if he was

going to get through next week's work. He would lie back, legs out, eyes relaxed, arms hanging straight down on the sides of the chair — content. "Sh — they won't ring me up because (not a word) nobody knows where I am. Except Bales."

No one knew who Bales was, and only I knew that he didn't exist, and that in fact Field had been out of a job for nine months. Yet there was a general tendency among the guests actually to wait on Field — tend him. At Liverpool Street on Monday morning Field used to say, "Taxi? No thanks. The Ministry is sending or is alleged to be sending a car for me."

When everybody had gone, Field would take a fourpenny tube to Ealing Broadway, and play squash on the public courts, or knock up by himself.

It is extremely important to know if and when — and why — a Lifeman may put his feet up at the week-end party. It suggests that you are important, it suggests that you are relaxed and at home in the house — a favored guest. It suggests that you are tired. And it suggests another thing, too — that you are young.

Older men who wish to appear younger and have not been trained by us sometimes make the mistake of assuming a smart, energetic step, and generally bustling about. How wrong this is. To appear young, be slow and loose-limbed in your movements and put your feet up if possible over the *back* of the couch on which you are sitting. J. C. Jagger used to continue to do this even when well over fifty-eight and in agonies from neuritis.

It has been often asked: Did Jagger overdo this evolution? We believe, No: but overgambiting, at week-ends, can be a real danger.

Child Play, for instance (Beinggoodwithchildren-ship), is, of course, of the utmost importance at many week-end parties, where your position as Top Man may depend on how you go down with your hostess's offspring.

We were never quite satisfied with the work of E. J. Workman, the author, in this field. The Workman gambit is well known enough. "I talk to the child absolutely ordinarily," he was constantly repeating, "absolutely ordinarily, as if he was one of us. Absolutely ordinarily in the morning. Absolutely ordinarily at mealtimes," said E.J.

It was before mealtimes, unfortunately, that Workman occasionally took one or two too many appetizers. I remember his turning to little Albert Groundhill, then aged five, and saying: "Don't you agree? This endless physical exercise is a fetish?" Of course, Albert made no reply. Nor did small Judy Homer, aged six and a half, when after four rum and oranges E.J. asked her whether she didn't think, in some parts of England, people in villages were a good deal more immoral than people in towns — whoopee! This last was an unsuitable question for a child of six. Gambits are for use, not for overuse.



British philosopher and mathematician who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950, BERTRAND RUSSELL, in the paper that follows, calmly examines three foreseeable possibilities for the human race. In 1920 he paid a brief visit to Russia; he talked with Lenin and with other leaders, and what he saw of the government did not impress him favorably. He has been a frequent visitor to the United States and, while sometimes critical of us, he admits some hope for our way of doing things. This paper is drawn from his forthcoming book Unpopular Essays, to be published by Simon and Schuster.

THE FUTURE OF MAN

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

1

BEFORE the end of the present century, unless something quite unforeseeable occurs, one of three possibilities will have been realized. These three are:—

1. The end of human life, perhaps of all life on our planet.

2. A reversion to barbarism after a catastrophic diminution of the population of the globe.

3. A unification of the world under a single government, possessing a monopoly of all the major weapons of war.

I do not pretend to know which of these will happen, or even which is the most likely. What I do contend is that the kind of system to which we have been accustomed cannot possibly continue.

The first possibility, the extinction of the human race, is not to be expected in the next world war, unless that war is postponed for a longer time than now seems probable. But if the next world war is indecisive, or if the victors are unwise, and if organized states survive it, a period of feverish technical development may be expected to follow its conclusion. With vastly more powerful means of utilizing atomic energy than those now available, it is thought by many sober men of science that radioactive clouds, drifting round the world, may disintegrate living tissue everywhere. Although the last survivor may proclaim himself universal Emperor, his reign will be brief and his subjects will all be corpses. With his death the uneasy episode of life will end, and the peaceful rocks will revolve unchanged until the sun explodes.

Perhaps a disinterested spectator would consider this the most desirable consummation, in view of man's long record of folly and cruelty. But we who are actors in the drama, who are entangled in the net of private affections and public hopes, can hardly take this attitude with any sincerity. True,

I have heard men say that they would prefer the end of man to submission to the Soviet government, and doubtless in Russia there are those who would say the same about submission to Western capitalism. But this is rhetoric with a bogus air of heroism. Although it must be regarded as unimaginative humbug, it is dangerous, because it makes men less energetic in seeking ways of avoiding the catastrophe that they pretend not to dread.

The second possibility, that of a reversion to barbarism, would leave open the likelihood of a gradual return to civilization, as after the fall of Rome. The sudden transition will, if it occurs, be infinitely painful to those who experience it, and for some centuries afterwards life will be hard and drab. But at any rate there will still be a future for mankind, and the possibility of rational hope.

I think such an outcome of a really scientific world war is by no means improbable. Imagine each side in a position to destroy the chief cities and centers of industry of the enemy; imagine an almost complete obliteration of laboratories and libraries, accompanied by a heavy casualty rate among men of science; imagine famine due to radioactive spray, and pestilence caused by bacteriological warfare: would social cohesion survive such strains? Would not prophets tell the maddened populations that their ills were wholly due to science, and that the extermination of all educated men would bring the millennium? Extreme hopes are born of extreme misery, and in such a world hopes could only be irrational. I think the great states to which we are accustomed would break up, and the sparse survivors would revert to a primitive village economy.

The third possibility, that of the establishment of a single government for the whole world, might be realized in various ways: by the victory of the United States in the next world war, or by the

victory of the U.S.S.R., or, theoretically, by agreement. Or — and I think this is the most hopeful of the issues that are in any degree probable — by an alliance of the nations that desire an international government, becoming, in the end, so strong that Russia would no longer dare to stand out. This might conceivably be achieved without another world war, but it would require courageous and imaginative statesmanship in a number of countries.

There are various arguments that are used against the project of a single government of the whole world. The commonest is that the project is utopian and impossible. Those who use this argument, like most of those who advocate a world government, are thinking of a world government brought about by agreement. I think it is plain that the mutual suspicions between Russia and the West make it futile to hope, in any near future, for any genuine agreement. Any pretended universal authority to which both sides can agree, as things stand, is bound to be a sham, like UN. Consider the difficulties that have been encountered in the much more modest project of an international control over atomic energy, to which Russia will consent only if inspection is subject to the veto, and therefore a farce. I think we should admit that a world government will have to be imposed by force.

But — many people will say — why all this talk about a world government? Wars have occurred ever since men were organized into units larger than the family, but the human race has survived. Why should it not continue to survive even if wars go on occurring from time to time? Moreover, people like war, and will feel frustrated without it. And without war there will be no adequate opportunity for heroism or self-sacrifice.

This point of view — which is that of innumerable elderly gentlemen, including the rulers of Soviet Russia — fails to take account of modern technical possibilities. I think civilization could probably survive one more world war, provided it occurs fairly soon and does not last long. But if there is no slowing up in the rate of discovery and invention, and if great wars continue to recur, the destruction to be expected, even if it fails to exterminate the human race, is pretty certain to produce the kind of reversion to a primitive social system that I spoke of a moment ago. And this will entail such an enormous diminution of population, not only by war, but by subsequent starvation and disease, that the survivors are bound to be fierce and, at least for a considerable time, destitute of the qualities required for rebuilding civilization.

Nor is it reasonable to hope that, if nothing drastic is done, wars will nevertheless not occur. They always have occurred from time to time, and obviously will break out again sooner or later unless mankind adopts some system that makes them impossible. But the only such system is a single government with a monopoly of armed force.

If things are allowed to drift, it is obvious that the bickering between Russia and the Western democracies will continue until Russia has a considerable store of atomic bombs, and that when that time comes there will be an atomic war. In such a war, even if the worst consequences are avoided, Western Europe, including Great Britain, will be virtually exterminated. If America and the U.S.S.R. survive as organized states, they will presently fight again. If one side is victorious, it will rule the world, and a unitary government of mankind will have come into existence; if not, either mankind or, at least, civilization will perish. This is what must happen if nations and their rulers are lacking in constructive vision.

When I speak of “constructive vision,” I do not mean merely the theoretical realization that a world government is desirable. More than half the American nation, according to the Gallup poll, holds this opinion. But most of its advocates think of it as something to be established by friendly negotiation, and shrink from any suggestion of the use of force. In this I think they are mistaken. I am sure that force, or the threat of force, will be necessary. I hope the threat of force may suffice, but, if not, actual force should be employed.

Assuming a monopoly of armed force established by the victory of one side in a war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., what sort of world will result?

In either case, it will be a world in which successful rebellion will be impossible. Although, of course, sporadic assassination will still be liable to occur, the concentration of all important weapons in the hands of the victors will make them irresistible, and there will therefore be secure peace. Even if the dominant nation is completely devoid of altruism, its leading inhabitants, at least, will achieve a very high level of material comfort, and will be freed from the tyranny of fear. They are likely, therefore, to become gradually more good-natured and less inclined to persecute. Like the Romans, they will, in the course of time, extend citizenship to the vanquished. There will then be a true world state, and it will be possible to forget that it will have owed its origin to conquest. Which of us, during the reign of Lloyd George, felt humiliated by the contrast with the days of Edward I?

A world empire of either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. is therefore preferable to the results of a continuation of the present international anarchy.

2

THERE are, however, important reasons for preferring a victory of America. I am not contending that capitalism is better than communism; I think it not impossible that, if America were communist and Russia were capitalist, I should still be on the side of America. My reason for siding with America is that there is in that country more respect than in

Russia for the things that I value in a civilized way of life. The things I have in mind are such as: freedom of thought, freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion, and humane feeling. What a victory of Russia would mean is easily to be seen in Poland. There were flourishing universities in Poland, containing men of great intellectual eminence. Some of these men, fortunately, escaped; the rest disappeared. Education is now reduced to learning the formulae of Stalinist orthodoxy; it is only open (beyond the elementary stage) to young people whose parents are politically irreproachable, and it does not aim at producing any mental faculty except that of glib repetition of correct shibboleths and quick apprehension of the side that is winning official favor. From such an educational system nothing of intellectual value can result.

Meanwhile the middle class was annihilated by mass deportations, first in 1940, and again after the expulsion of the Germans. Politicians of majority parties were liquidated, imprisoned, or compelled to fly. Betraying friends to the police, or perjury when they are brought to trial, is often the only means of survival for those who have incurred governmental suspicions.

I do not doubt that, if this regime continues for a generation, it will succeed in its objects. Polish hostility to Russia will die out and be replaced by communist orthodoxy. Science and philosophy, art and literature, will become sycophantic adjuncts of government, jejune, narrow, and stupid. No individual will think, or even feel, for himself, but each will be contentedly a mere unit in the mass. A victory of Russia would, in time, make such a mentality world-wide. No doubt the complacency induced by success would ultimately lead to a relaxation of control, but the process would be slow and the revival of respect for the individual would be doubtful. For such reasons I should view a Russian victory as an appalling disaster.

A victory by the United States would have far less drastic consequences. In the first place, it would not be a victory of the United States in isolation, but of an alliance in which the other members would be able to insist upon retaining a large part of their traditional independence. One can hardly imagine the American army seizing the dons at Oxford and Cambridge and sending them to hard labor in Alaska. Nor do I think that they would accuse Mr. Attlee of plotting and compel him to fly to Moscow. Yet these are strict analogues of the things the Russians have done in Poland. After a victory of an alliance led by the United States there would still be British culture, French culture, Italian culture, and (I hope) German culture; there would not, therefore, be the same dead uniformity as would result from Soviet domination.

There is another important difference, and that is that Moscow's orthodoxy is much more pervasive than that of Washington. In America, if you

are a geneticist, you may hold whatever view of Mendelism the evidence makes you regard as the most probable; in Russia, if you are a geneticist who disagrees with Lysenko, you are liable to disappear mysteriously. In America, you may write a book debunking Lincoln if you feel so disposed; in Russia, if you should write a book debunking Lenin, it would not be published and you would be liquidated. If you are an American economist, you may hold, or not hold, that America is heading for a slump; in Russia, no economist dare question that an American slump is imminent. In America, if you are a professor of philosophy, you may be an idealist, a materialist, a pragmatist, a logical positivist, or whatever else may take your fancy; at congresses you can argue with men whose opinions differ from yours, and listeners can form a judgment as to who has the best of it. In Russia, you must be a dialectical materialist, but at one time the element of materialism outweighs the element of dialectic, and at other times it is the other way round. If you fail to follow the developments of official metaphysics with sufficient nimbleness, it will be the worse for you. Stalin at all times knows the truth about metaphysics, but you must not suppose that the truth this year is the same as it was last year. In such a world, intellect must stagnate, and even technological progress must soon come to an end.

Liberty, of the sort that communists despise, is important not only to intellectuals or to the more fortunate sections of society. Owing to its absence in Russia, the Soviet government has been able to establish a greater degree of economic inequality than exists in Great Britain or even in America. An oligarchy which controls all the means of publicity can perpetrate injustices and cruelties which would be scarcely possible if they were widely known. Only democracy and free publicity can prevent the holders of power from establishing a servile state, with luxury for the few and overworked poverty for the many. This is what is being done by the Soviet government wherever it is in secure control. There are, of course, economic inequalities everywhere, but in a democratic regime they tend to diminish, whereas under an oligarchy they tend to increase. And wherever an oligarchy has power, economic inequalities threaten to become permanent owing to the modern impossibility of successful rebellion.

3

I COME now to the question, What should be our policy, in view of the various dangers to which mankind is exposed? To summarize the above arguments: we have to guard against three dangers — the extinction of the human race, a reversion to barbarism, and the establishment of a universal slave state involving misery for the vast

majority and the disappearance of all progress in knowledge and thought. Either the first or second of these disasters is almost certain unless great wars can soon be brought to an end. Great wars can be brought to an end only by the concentration of armed force under a single authority. Such a concentration cannot be brought about by agreement, because of the opposition of Soviet Russia, but it must be brought about somehow.

The first step — and it is one which is now not very difficult — is to persuade the United States and the British Commonwealth of the absolute necessity for a military unification of the world. The governments of the English-speaking nations should then offer to all other nations the option of entering into a firm alliance, involving a pooling of military resources and mutual defense against aggression. In the case of hesitant nations, such as Italy, great inducements, economic and military, should be held out to produce their coöperation.

At a certain stage, when the alliance had acquired sufficient strength, any great power still refusing to join should be threatened with outlawry and, if recalcitrant, should be regarded as a public enemy. The resulting war, if it occurred fairly soon, would probably leave the economic and political structure of the United States intact, and would enable the victorious alliance to establish a monopoly of armed force, and therefore to make peace secure. But perhaps, if the alliance were sufficiently powerful, war would not be necessary, and the reluctant powers would prefer to enter it as equals rather than, after a terrible war, submit to it as vanquished enemies. If this were to happen, the world might emerge from its present dangers without another great war. I do not see any hope of such a happy issue by any other method. But whether Russia would yield when threatened with war is a question as to which I do not venture an opinion.

I have been dealing mainly with the gloomy aspects of the present situation of mankind. It is necessary to do so, in order to persuade the world to adopt measures running counter to traditional habits of thought and ingrained prejudices. But beyond the difficulties and probable tragedies of the near future there is the possibility of immeasurable good, and of greater well-being than has ever before fallen to the lot of man. This is not merely a possibility, but, if the Western democracies are firm and prompt, a probability. From the breakup of the Roman Empire to the present day, states have almost continuously increased in size. There are now only two fully independent states, America and Russia. The next step in this

long historical process should reduce the two to one, and thus put an end to the period of organized wars, which began in Egypt some six thousand years ago. If war can be prevented without the establishment of a grinding tyranny, a weight will be lifted from the human spirit, deep collective fears will be exorcised, and as fear diminishes we may hope that cruelty also will grow less.

The uses to which men have put their increased control over natural forces are curious. In the nineteenth century they devoted themselves chiefly to increasing the numbers of *Homo sapiens*, particularly of the white variety. In the twentieth century they have, so far, pursued the exactly opposite aim. Owing to the increased productivity of labor, it has become possible to devote a larger percentage of the population to war. If atomic energy were to make production easier, the only effect, as things are, would be to make wars worse, since fewer people would be needed for producing necessities. Unless we can cope with the problem of abolishing war, there is no reason whatever to rejoice in laborsaving technique, but quite the reverse. On the other hand, if the danger of war were removed, scientific technique could at last be used to promote human happiness. There is no longer any technical reason for the persistence of poverty, even in such densely populated countries as India and China. If war no longer occupied men's thoughts and energies, we could, within a generation, put an end to all serious poverty throughout the world.

I have spoken of liberty as a good, but it is not an absolute good. We all recognize the need to restrain murderers, and it is even more important to restrain murderous states. Liberty must be limited by law, and its most valuable forms can only exist within a framework of law. What the world most needs is effective laws to control international relations. The first and most difficult step in the creation of such law is the establishment of adequate sanctions, and this is possible only through the creation of a single armed force in control of the whole world. But such an armed force, like a municipal police force, is not an end in itself; it is a means to the growth of a social system governed by law, where force is not the prerogative of private individuals or nations, but is exercised only by a neutral authority in accordance with rules laid down in advance. There is hope that law, rather than private force, may come to govern the relations of nations within the present century. If this hope is not realized we face utter disaster; if it is realized, the world will be far better than at any previous period in the history of man.



An Atlantic Story



A native Texan now thriving as a corporation lawyer in Houston, DILLON ANDERSON had been talking short stories about Texas long before he was persuaded to put them down on paper. With his first story, "The Revival," which appeared in the Atlantic for June, 1949, he embarked upon a series about two meandering Texans who live by their wits but don't always win. Clint Hightower and his "assistant" Claudie have attracted favorable attention as far west as Hollywood.

THE RECEIVER

by DILLON ANDERSON

CLAUDIE," I said, "I never have run down the zodiac on you, but you must have been born under a worry star." We were just finishing the breakfast that Opal herself had served us at Opal's Texas Star Cafe in the West end of Beaumont, and I'd been noticing that Claudie was so bothered about something that it nearly took the edge off of his appetite.

"I can't help it, Clint," he answered. "Ever since Jules Rabinowitz told us the law was looking for us in New Orleans I've been aworrying. Reckon we ought to go back and give up?"

"Give up?" I asked. "What for? I can't remember doing anything in New Orleans that I'm downright ashamed of, Claudie. Another thing: we're in pretty good company in Texas. We've moved in a fine old Southern groove. According to what my grandma used to tell me, there were family Bibles all over Alabama and Louisiana where the records of births and deaths were never completed. A lot of family lines ended back there with G.T."

"What's that mean?" Claudie wanted to know.

"That stands for 'gone to Texas'; it also stands for 'got in trouble,' and Grandma used to say that it often meant both. But out here a lot of those same names are carved on statues in public parks and courthouse lawns."

"Well," Claudie said — and I could tell he hadn't been following me at all — "I don't know why the law would be looking for us if we hadn't done nothing wrong."

After breakfast we drove down to Anahuac, where I got Claudie a job in the oil fields. People in that vicinity were all talking about the fine murder

case being tried in Liberty, so I arranged to be there every day until it was over. Nights I'd go back to Anahuac and tell Claudie all about it. Claudie said he'd always liked murder trials, and I told him this was a good one.

The fellow that was tried got ninety-nine years, and I figured he deserved every one of them. After the jury brought in the verdict, the sheriff took the prisoner away, and in a few minutes the courtroom was nearly empty. The judge stayed on the bench, though, looking wise and tired; and the clerk sat at his desk, moving papers back and forth as he studied them through his thick glasses. The bailiff stood over to one side, and I never let my eye get far off of him since he had a big silver star on his chest and a hog leg pistol that hung all the way down to his knee. He was working on a quid of tobacco, and from time to time he'd lean over to spit into a tall brass goboos there by the water cooler; then he'd turn and look back toward the courtroom as proud and relieved as if he had cast some kind of evil spirit out of his system.

I waited to see what would happen next, and then up stepped two strange lawyers that had been hanging around the courtroom all day looking mad at each other. One of them, a spry, spare little man with bushy gray hair and a batwing collar, got up and told the judge that he wanted to make a civil motion. I eased up to the front row so I could hear better as the judge ordered the clerk to fetch him up the civil docket.

The judge said, "All right, Counsel, proceed. Case of Schultz versus Schultz. State your motion, Mr. Childress."

The little lawyer with the bushy hair got up and said: "Your Honor, this is a motion in which we pray for the appointment of a receiver. I represent Ferd Schultz, the plaintiff. You know Ferd; he's been living north of town in the Trinity River bottoms all his life."

"I ought to know the place, Counsel," the judge said. "I've had a fishing camp on the river below it ever since the year of the big drouth."

"All right," the lawyer went on, "you probably know, too, Your Honor, that Ferd and his brother Ab Schultz have been partners in the hog business all this time."

"I suppose I do," the judge pointed out; "that's where I get my spareribs and backbone every year at hog-killing time. But tell me about the case, Mr. Childress."

"Well, Judge, it's this way," the lawyer said. "Ferd and Ab never did get along together too well, but —"

"Mr. Childress," the judge cut in on him, "you are taking up the court's time with things the court knows better than you do. I've seen Ferd and Ab walking back and forth to town for years with Ferd about a hundred yards ahead. Everybody knows they've hardly spoken to each other since they grew up — what's the case about?"

"Your Honor," Mr. Childress said, "I was just coming to that. As long as Ferd and Ab were both single, things went along passably. But now Ab has gone and gotten married."

"You don't say," the judge allowed and leaned forward in his big black chair. "Married who?"

"That turkey woman that used to live by herself a little way up the river from the hog ranch; woman by the name of Gossett, who came to Liberty County from somewhere up in North Texas. You may not know of her."

The judge said he did not recollect that he did, and the lawyer went on: "Now here's what's happened. Since Ab married the turkey woman he wants to start raising turkeys on the hog ranch. Matter of fact, he's already gone and bought some with money that belongs to the partnership. Ferd will have no truck with turkeys on the place, but he finds that he now owns a half interest in some. But that's not all. Under the Community Law of Texas, Ab's wife is a partner with Ab in the profits of the business. Since Ab and Ferd are partners, that sort of makes Ab's wife a partner with Ferd as well as with Ab. Now Ferd doesn't want any part of her or the turkeys."

"Where are Ferd and Ab?" the judge asked. "Bring them in the courtroom. Maybe we can straighten this thing out."

At this, the other lawyer — a much younger man with a heavy frown built into his face — got up and said, "Your Honor, I represent Ab Schultz. Ab wouldn't come and neither would Ferd. It would be dangerous for them both to be in the court-

room at one time. That's the one point where Mr. Childress agrees with me."

"Well, Mr. Willard, what is your reply to Mr. Childress's prayer for the appointment of a receiver?" the judge wanted to know from Ab's lawyer.

"It's this, Your Honor," Mr. Willard stated. "It is true that Ferd and Ab are partners. Ferd wants to raise hogs, and that's fine with Ab. Now Ab wants to raise turkeys, and he wants turkeys as much as Ferd wants hogs. Ab says, why can't they both raise hogs and turkeys? That's where they're stuck."

The judge said he didn't see any way out of the mess except the appointment of a receiver for the partnership, as provided in the Act of 1887, and unless he heard a good reason stated by Ab's lawyer, he was ready to grant Mr. Childress's prayer for relief. Mr. Willard stood there in front of the judge stammering and fidgeting and shuffling papers for a few minutes; then the judge banged his gavel and said: "Motion granted."

2

MR. WILLARD sat down and Mr. Childress got up. "Your Honor," he said, "just one more thing; the receiver's job is going to be a little ticklish, I'm afraid."

"Any suggestions as to a receiver by either counsel?" the judge asked, but neither lawyer spoke. Finally Mr. Willard got to his feet, frowned, and said he didn't believe there was a man in Liberty County that would try it. It got very quiet in the courtroom; then I spoke up and said, "Judge, if you are looking for a receiver, I'll take the job."

They all three turned and looked at me the way an old maid aunt of mine used to look at the younger members of the household. The bailiff looked too, and I looked right back at him.

The judge said, "Order in the court," and I spoke up again and said, "I want to be the receiver."

The judge said, "Stand up when you address the court. What are your qualifications?"

I stood up and said, "My name is Clint Hightower, and I know a lot about hogs and turkeys. I know something about people, too. Is that enough?"

It wasn't, but after I'd answered a lot more questions the judge said it seemed like a good appointment; he wrote it in an order that said I was to run the business and report to him. "If you last until I hold court again here this fall, you can report to me in person; until then, just file your reports with the clerk here," the judge told me. I looked at the clerk, and he looked at me — very serious looks.

I figured since Mr. Childress was Ferd Schultz's lawyer and they had asked for the receiver, I ought to be able to get along with him and Ferd sort of automatically. Hell, I was the answer to the

prayer in their motion. So I went over to Ab's lawyer, Mr. Willard, and said in a low voice, "I always sort of liked turkeys myself."

"That's good," Mr. Willard said; "of all the parties to this lawsuit, the turkeys might be the easiest to get along with. Those Schultzes are both meaner than river-bottom hogs."

"I'll go up tomorrow to take over," I said. "What I want you to do, Mr. Willard, is write Ab a nice letter and tell him I love turkeys and he should work with me."

"He can't read," Mr. Willard said.

"How about his wife?" I asked. I was really boiling over with ideas.

"Matter of fact," he said, "she can read — and write too." Then he wrote the letter, addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ab Schultz, and gave it to me.

After Mr. Willard left the courtroom, I went over to Mr. Childress and told him how glad I was he had won himself a receiver. I added: "You could beat the bushes from one end of Texas to the other and you'd never find a better receiver, when it comes to getting along with hogs."

When I got back to our room at Anahuac about sundown, Claudie was sitting on the bed reading a tomato can. First thing, he wanted to know about the jury's verdict in the murder case, and when I told him, he said he thought ninety-nine years was too long.

"Claudie," I said, "I've got some real news. We've got us a new job. You can quit the oil company first thing in the morning."

"What's that?" he asked. It was going a little too fast for him.

"Yes," I answered, "you are an assistant receiver, Claudie. We take over tomorrow."

"How'd you get the job?" he wanted to know.

"The judge at Liberty appointed me receiver, and I am appointing you assistant receiver right now."

3

NEXT morning early I and Claudie drove up to Liberty and started for the Schultz place. The road was fine for a little way; then it got worse and worse until the car got stuck in the mud just before we made the last turn that led into the worst stretch of all, down in the river bottom. From there we went on foot, following a boggy lane cut through big water oaks that had Spanish moss hanging all over them like dirty whiskers.

We hadn't gone far beyond the turn when we were met by a pack of big brown and black hound-dogs that came at us barking and snarling and showing their teeth. They looked lean and hungry and mad. It wasn't until Claudie picked up an old wagon endgate from the side of the road and batted one of the dogs into the ditch that they all went away and left us alone. Then we came to the house. We could tell it was Ab's from the sign on

the mailbox. Ferd Schultz lived about a quarter of a mile beyond Ab, they'd told us in Liberty.

Ab Schultz's house was half of a dogrun house. You could see where it had been cut in two, leaving only one side and half of the breezeway that had once run down the middle. Later we found that Ferd's house was the other half. The yard was full of turkeys — a big old bronze gobbler with fiery red wattles strutting around the place; several hens feeding in the grass; and twenty or thirty poults that peep-peeped and darted around after crickets and grasshoppers in the Jimson weeds.

I told Claudie to let me handle the talking; then I went up and knocked on the door and yelled "Hello." The woman that came around the corner of the house didn't look at all like the turkey woman I had in my mind, but when I told her we were looking for Mr. and Mrs. Ab Schultz, she said in a nice, mannerly voice, "I am Mrs. Ab Schultz." I handed her the letter Mr. Willard had written about me and turkeys.

In spite of the mud on the boots she wore, she had a sweet, clean look about her. She was not a little woman, but I noticed as she read the letter that her wrists were small, and so were her hands. From the little wrinkles around her eyes, her iron-gray hair, and the blue pattern of veins on her hands, I judged her to be around forty-five or fifty.

She handed me back the letter and said, "Thank you, Mr. Hightower, that's a nice letter. You haven't introduced the other gentleman."

"Excuse me, ma'am," I said. "That's my assistant, Claudie Hughes. He is my hog specialist. I am a turkey man myself."

She looked up at Claudie and said, "How do you do, Mr. Hughes." Claudie fidgeted, looked down at the ground, scratched the back of his neck, and said, "Howdy do, ma'am." Mrs. Schultz's parlor-type manners were too much for him, and they were about to get me a little off balance myself.

She asked us if we were thirsty, and we were, though I hadn't noticed it before. She drew a nice cool bucket of water from the well beside the house, and we drank our fill from a clean gourd dipper. Then she told us Ab had gone to the hogpen down in the pasture and showed us where the trail to the pasture began. "The pen is not over three quarters of a mile. Just follow the blazes on the trees," she told us.

"Before we go, ma'am," I said, "I want to be sure your husband will believe me when I tell him how much I love turkeys. It's in Mr. Willard's letter, but Mr. Willard says your husband can't read."

"That is true, gentlemen," she answered. "He is not able to read. But Ab is a good man, and if you tell him the truth, I am sure he will believe you."

"He is a lover of turkeys, too, ain't he, ma'am?" I asked. I figured it was as good a time as any to

spar for an opening. She nodded and smiled and said, "He always told me he was, and I am sure he is a truthful man."

"Thank you, ma'am," I told her; "we're going to get along fine, since I'm so fond of them too."

She gave me a funny look, and said, "Mr. Hightower, it seems to me that you are going out of your way to impress me with your sentiments about turkeys. Have you had this weakness long?"

"All my life, lady," I answered. I was coasting, I felt. "Some people like children, some like chickens, others like dogs and cats, but me, I like turkeys. Don't you?"

She put a long, even look on me and said, "Mr. Hightower, they are an abomination to me; I wouldn't care if I never saw another turkey in all my life."

This rocked me some. All I could think to say was, "You've sure got a passel of them around here, ma'am." She nodded and said that was true. Then she went ahead to say that she had had to deal with turkeys ever since she inherited the turkey ranch up the river and gave up her job in the Dallas library to go run it. She sold the ranch, she said, turkeys and all — and she sold it cheap — before she married Ab; but when he brought her home with him after the wedding, she found she had the place all littered up with another set of turkeys. Worse than all the other turkeys though, she went on, was old Clarence, the gobbler. Clarence was familiar; he was impudent, and he was nosy. His bill was in everything about the place — the churn, the lard, the meat in the smokehouse, and the victuals on the table if anyone left the kitchen door unlatched. He had never learned to keep his place. "See what I mean?" she asked. "Look at Clarence now." The old gobbler was standing there on one foot beside Claudie taking in everything that had been going on.

All during the courting days, she said, Ab had told her how much he liked turkeys around a place, and she wanted him to be happy. "I love Ab," she finished, "and that's the only reason I am willing to tolerate these terrible turkeys in the yard. That goes particularly for old Clarence there."

"Mrs. Schultz," I said, "did it ever strike you that that was only courtin' talk on Ab's part? He may be putting up with these turkeys just because he thinks you like them."

"I hardly think so," she said. "Ab is a very genuine person. He wouldn't deceive me, I am sure."

I and Claudie thanked her and took off down the muddy trail. I told him to go along ahead and watch out for the blazes, since I wanted to walk along behind and think, without anything to take my mind off of my job.

We walked a long time before we came to a clearing in the woods ahead, and there we saw our man. Before he saw us, we watched him as he rode an

old rusty-gray saddle mule back and forth along a barbed-wire fence that led from an empty pigpen down toward a muddy slough. He had a Long Tom single-barrel shotgun thrown across the saddle in front of him.

"I'll do the talking here too, Claudie," I said as we walked up to the man.

"Mr. Schultz?" I said.

"That's me," he answered as he swung down off the mule, bringing the gun along with him. He was a stocky-built man of fifty or so with a square face and suspicious eyes. His boots were muddy, and his jumper and overalls were faded and dirty. He looked us over and said — not in a very kind way, either — "What do you want?"

"My name is Clint Hightower, and this is my assistant, Claudie Hughes," I said.

Mr. Schultz said, "What do you want?"

"Mr. Schultz," I said, "your lawyer, Mr. Willard, sent you a letter. I showed it to Mrs. Schultz. It says that I am the receiver appointed by the judge, but I'm very partial to the turkey side of the lawsuit. You see, I'm a great lover of turkeys myself."

"Turkeys, huh? I'm glad to know that," he said.

"I thought you'd be," I told him; then I and Claudie both moved up closer to where Mr. Schultz was standing.

"How the hell did you get here?" he asked us, and he almost seemed to be out of sorts with us.

"We followed the trail Mrs. Schultz showed us," I explained.

"You must have took the wrong fork," he said. "I'm Ferd Schultz. I'm the hog side of the lawsuit."

4

IT WAS easier to look at Claudie than it was to look at Mr. Schultz, so I looked at Claudie. He looked awful — worse, I figured, than he would look again until some time after he died. Then I turned to Mr. Schultz and said, "Mr. Schultz, you've got a mighty fine lawyer in Mr. Childress. He had the judge eating out of his hand."

Ferd Schultz did not say anything. He just stood there looking at us until I began to feel about the way Claudie looked. The air got so tight and heavy all around us that it almost seemed like a nice break when Ferd Schultz finally said, "When are you bastards gonna get out of here?"

Claudie turned to leave, but I said, "Hold it, Claudie; we have not finished our business with Mr. Schultz yet." Then Mr. Schultz said, "Oh yes, by God, you have."

I couldn't see how anything I could do was going to make things any worse, so I said, "It's not exactly my fault that we took the wrong fork, Mr. Schultz. My assistant, here, led the way and he must have geed somewhere back there when he should have hawed."

Ferd looked up at Claudie; then he looked back at me and said, "Get out before I use this gun."

"Mr. Schultz," I said, and I knew it was my last stab at staying, "I'm the receiver appointed by the court. I may not be a very good one, but I'm the only one there is. I've got to know one more thing before we go. Where are the hogs?"

The color started seeping up in Ferd's face until he was as red as a seed catalogue tomato around the eyes. He tightened his grip on the gun and said, "Ab's got most of them locked up."

"Where at?" I asked him.

"He fixed up an old pen over behind his house," Ferd said, and I saw the muscles around his jaw tighten up as he went on: "Sometime last night he drove all the hogs he could find over there and penned them up. I've rid this fence here by the old pen all day to stop any strays that head Ab's way."

"Where do the hogs belong?" I asked as fast as I could, to keep his mind off of the turkeys.

"Right in this here partnership pen," Ferd answered. "That's where we've allus kept the hogs."

"How far away from here is Ab's new pen?" I asked.

"Not over a quarter of a mile, I reckon," he said.

"No distance for a real hog caller, Mr. Schultz," I told him. "The assistant receiver here in charge of hogs is a bass singer from the part of Alabama where they learn to sing by calling hogs."

"But I told you Ab's got the hogs penned up," Ferd Schultz pointed out. He was still mad, but I could see that I was taking a tuck in his dander.

"No trick at all for a real hog caller," I said. "If that pen's in no better shape than the partnership pen here, Claudie can call 'em right out of it. They'll break out for a good enough hog caller." Then I turned to Claudie and said, "Claudie, kindly call them hogs back where they belong."

Claudie looked like a new man. After balling us up the way he had when he took the wrong fork of the trail, he was ready to call those hogs through a barbed-wire fence if he had to. He unbuttoned his collar, hitched up his britches, took a deep breath, and started with the slow, soft "soo-soo-soo," like a river steamboat in the fog a long way off. It wasn't loud, but it was enough to take a hog's mind off of other things and set him wondering whether the call was meant for him. Knowing hogs as well as I did and having called a fair amount of them myself, I imagined I could see them stir and rustle about in the early restlessness of being called by an expert.

Then as Claudie went on, the higher notes started to roll out — the "whoo, whoo-oo-oo pig, whoo pig," in full tones like a brass bugle that cuts through the muggy air and cleans out all other noises. Claudie's voice urged, it persuaded, it begged, and it demanded the hogs to come on.

Faster and louder and stronger it got until I knew no hog could hold out any longer.

After that Claudie tapered off. He held the last call — a long, sweet, mellow one — until it was hardly like a call at all; it was more like a song of thanks for listening. When he was through, Claudie sat down on a cypress stump, limp as a dishrag. His eyes were glassy and dry and his nose was bleeding. I turned to Ferd and said, "Mr. Schultz, there is a man that can call hogs."

Then they came; must have been fifty or sixty hogs, counting the runts in the litters and all. Ferd opened the gap that led to the partnership pen, and after they all went in Claudie helped him close it. Ferd got back on his horse, and though he still had hold of his gun, I knew he wasn't fixing any more to use it. For the first time that day he looked to me like a man that could smile. He glanced up at the sun and said it was about time for some chuck; wouldn't we like to come to his house and eat with him? He lived all alone, and he didn't have much, he went on, but he wanted us to have potluck with him. We took him right up.

When we got to Ferd's house, he went down to a little bayou close by to run a trot line and brought back several nice big catfish, the biggest about the size of one of Claudie's feet. Then he gave us some warm corn whiskey and a bucket of cool water to wash it down with. That made Ferd's fried catfish, beans, and turnips taste a whole lot better; and when we'd eaten all he'd cooked up, he found us an apple apiece. Claudie was still so hungry that he ate the core and all.

Afterwards, we sat on a bench in the shady part of the yard and talked with Ferd. In a little while I picked my time and said, "Mr. Schultz, I believe we've got the hog part of this lawsuit in pretty good shape. All we've got left is the turkey part."

"It's that woman Ab married," Ferd said, and the color rose up in his face again. "If it wasn't for her, Ab wouldn't have gone and bought them damn turkeys."

"You mean he don't like them?" I asked.

"Hell, no," Ferd said as he lit a cigarette he'd made. "That old gobbler, Clarence, is about to run him crazy. He'd get shut of 'em all if he wasn't trying to please that woman he married."

Claudie started to say something, but I cut him off with a sharp look and thought hard for a minute or two while everything was quiet except for the raspy song of a locust close by. Then I leaned over to Ferd Schultz and said, looking him right in the eye, "Where do Ab's turkeys roost, Ferd?"

His face brightened up all over. I doubt if Elisha put any nicer look on them ravens that fed him than Ferd put on us. He stood up and stomped his cigarette out on the ground; then he said, "Let me get you fellers another little drink," and went into the house.

While he was gone I turned to Claudie and said,

"That whole passel of turkeys ought to bring forty or fifty dollars on the market in Beaumont."

"How's that gonna do us any good?" he wanted to know. "They ain't ours."

"Leave that to the receiver," I told him.

When Ferd came back with the jug, the three of us took good stiff swigs of the corn; and after we'd all had a second one, I was feeling right brotherly toward Ferd, so I set about to explain some of the law I'd learned when I got appointed receiver.

"Ferd," I said, "I heard Mr. Childress tell the judge the turkeys Ab bought belonged to the partnership. The judge agreed."

"No, by God, they —" Ferd started.

"Wait a minute," I cut in, "let me finish. You are a partner, too. If a partner can buy turkeys, a partner can sell them — or he can give them away." Then I quit talking so as to let that last part sink in.

"I was hoping you'd steal them turkeys from the roost," he said.

"Ferd," I stated, shaming him with a straight look, "you would not want me to do that. It wouldn't be right to steal them turkeys, but if one of the partners told me to take them, it might be some time tonight before I and Claudie could get by there to pick them off of the roost. You see, our car is stuck out on the Liberty road, and we've got to get some help to get it out."

"You've got help," he told us and he got up from the bench. "I'll hitch up a team of mules, and we'll go pull it out."

"We're in no hurry, Ferd," I said. "I think we might even have time for another swig of that corn. I and Claudie haven't got any more work to do until after dark. But you haven't told me yet where them turkeys roost."

"In Ab's barn," he answered. "It's a good hundred yards from the house."

"That's a nice, safe distance, Ferd," I said.

Late that afternoon when we left Ferd Schultz's house with him in the wagon the sun was slanting through the trees at a little cooler angle, or at least it seemed cooler on top of the rest of Ferd's jug of corn. We were not drunk, but we were not exactly sober either, and I kept noticing that the Spanish moss on the trees looked cleaner and prettier than it had that morning. When we passed Ab's house on the way to get our car unstuck, I put a close look on the place to size up the location of the barn, since I didn't remember seeing it at all that morning. Ferd told us you couldn't see it from where we were, but it was easy to reach from the road, if you turned off at a place where there was an old endgate propped against the fence.

"That must be the endgate I used on them dogs this morning," Claudie said; then I realized there was a big gap in my program. Those dogs were tough enough in broad open daylight; they could be fierce at night.

"What are we going to do about the dogs?" I asked out loud.

Ferd handed me a brown paper sack and said, "Feed 'em. Here's some bones and scraps that ought to do. I brought 'em along for Ab's dogs so they wouldn't make you no trouble."

There wasn't any moon that night, and by the time we'd got our car unstuck, it was pitch-dark. As Ferd Schultz drove off down the road in his wagon, I told Claudie I had our legal rights straightened out; all we had to do was exercise them.

"Claudie" I stated, "we will take these turkeys strictly under the civil law. The case of Schultz against Schultz is about over."

We waited until the night got good and quiet, except for the tree frogs and hoot owls; then we drove down the road and turned in toward Ab's barn through a gap in the fence by the old endgate. The dogs met us and I fed them Ferd's scraps before they'd barked much. When Claudie pulled up beside the barn, we could just see the shape of Ab's house through the trees. All the lights were out.

Once we found the turkeys, roosting in a lean-to by the side of the barn, it didn't take us long to get them in the car. A turkey that is half asleep in the dark is no match for a man with his wits about him in a roost, but they did let out some fairly noisy peeping as we piled them into the back of the car.

I was holding the turkeys down with both hands in the car and Claudie was bringing the last two from the roost when a lantern showed up at the back of Ab's house and made for us fast.

"Claudie," I said, "let's get out of here. Here comes Ab Schultz."

"I didn't think —" Claudie started to say, but I cut him off, since it is never very good what Claudie thinks, even when he is right. "Come on," I said, and he piled in the car with the last two turkeys under his arm.

The lantern was right on us when we started, but we got away, with Claudie and the two turkeys in the front seat, and me and the rest in the back. I heard a man and a woman yell as we headed up the wood's road toward the gap. We'd have made it if Claudie's turkeys in the front seat hadn't tried to get out of the car on Claudie's side. I saw wings and tails and feet all around Claudie's head for a minute; then we hit a big oak with an awful jolt. How we held on to all the turkeys in the jumble that followed, I don't know, but we did, and Claudie was backing away to pull on out when the lantern caught up with us. I was ready to hear Ab — as ready as I'd ever be — when the voice came from behind the lantern. But it was Mrs. Schultz, speaking in her nice sweet easy voice. "Gentlemen," she said, "you almost got away without old Clarence. Come on, Ab, give Clarence to the gentlemen."



In his first major speech before the United Nations, SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR., laid down some home truths which will be applauded by Americans everywhere. He rose to answer a two-hour harangue by Andrei Y. Vishinsky. The Soviet Foreign Minister charged that the United States never would agree to a prohibition of the atomic bomb; he accused us of every form of warmongering and added two new ones to his list: that Japanese soldiers were fighting in Korea and that the West was rebuilding fascism in Austria. Senator Lodge spoke briefly, but apparently he found the weak spot in the Soviet delegate's armor, for Vishinsky turned brick red as he listened.

STOP BEING AFRAID

by HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

THIS is the first time that I have ever served as a representative to the United Nations, and I want, first of all, to say how honored I am to be serving here in this assemblage of distinguished men from all over the world. Perhaps because this is my first time, my impressions may be typical of those of the everyday citizen. It is certainly as an everyday citizen and not as an expert that I speak.

Of course, you can understand that during the past years I have read carefully the accounts of previous sessions, and I expected, therefore, when I came here, to hear my country accused of being a capitalist-dominated, crude, and illegal gang of warmongers. But to expect to hear these things and to have read them in print is one thing, and actually to sit here and hear these things said is a very different thing.

I have spent substantially all of my life in the United States. I have traveled some. I have been overseas during the war. But for twenty-five years I have been active in journalism and in American politics, and all I can say is that the things I have heard said here today and during the last few days about the United States are just completely belied by my own experience.

Let me give examples of a few statements which struck me. I heard the representative of the Soviet Union (Mr. Vishinsky) say — this was three or four days ago — that he wants peace and understanding with the United States. But when you think, if only for one minute, of the insults which he saw fit to heap on the United States and the way in which he impugns and questions our motives, you cannot honestly believe that his speech was the speech of a man who really wanted peace. No one who really wants peace with someone else begins by insulting him.

Then he said — and I think I am quoting him

accurately — that “force is the foundation of the American foreign policy.” Yet he knows perfectly well that the United States at the end of hostilities in 1945 not merely demobilized but actually disintegrated its armed forces (and you all know that), thereby, incidentally, facilitating the territorial expansion of the Soviet Union, which is without precedent in all our human history. That is just as clear as the blue in the United Nations flag.

He spoke today of the use of Japanese troops in Korea, which I sincerely believe to be without any foundation whatever. I do not think he can produce proof of it.

Then I heard the representative of the Soviet Union and his colleague from Poland — Mr. Wierblowski — speak with a lump in their collective throats of the horror of the atomic bomb — which is certainly very true and very real — without ever uttering a word about the horrors of being stuck in the stomach with a bayonet or of being shot by a rifle bullet, or by an artillery shell, or of being overrun by a tank. I heard not a word about the horrors of drowning because your ship had been torpedoed by a submarine. Not even a syllable was uttered about the terrors of the concentration camp and the unspeakable slavery of a police state.

I also heard some interesting figures about the United States preparedness effort. We have a saying in the United States that there are lies and lies and statistics, and you can prove almost anything you want to by figures. If you want to take United States appropriations for military purposes as a percentage of the federal budget, you can make it look very big. I think that if you take the percentage which the United States' preparedness effort is of the per capita income of the everyday citizen, which is what he lives by, you will find that that is a much smaller percentage than is the case

in the Soviet Union. I am quoting from memory now, but I think I could prove it accurately and shall be glad to do so later: that about 5 per cent of the per capita income of United States citizens goes into military expenses, and I think the corresponding figure is about 14 per cent in the case of the Soviet Union.

But let us forget about those statistics because they are not what matters when one considers military affairs. What matters, of course, is not the dollars or the rubles: it is the military power. And everyone in this room knows that even if this preparedness effort that the free nations are engaged in attains its maximum potential way beyond what is planned — that even then it could never have any offensive capabilities against the Soviet Union. Every child knows that.

I heard the Soviet Union representative say that the Berlin railway strike of May and June, 1949, was inspired by the United States. I understand that this strike was inspired by nobody other than the 16,000 strikers themselves, who had a legitimate wage grievance. They were workers who lived in the Western sector of Berlin but who were paid in East German marks. This currency was no good to them in West Berlin, and they asked to have their wages paid to them in West Berlin marks. The Berlin railway system, as you know, is controlled from the Soviet sector of the city. From what I am told, the Soviet Union authorities refused this demand of the workers, and the workers went out on strike. I do not suppose it is surprising that those who come from countries which do not permit workers to strike should blame the United States for starting a legitimate wage dispute. The fact is that the strike was eventually settled on the basis of a United States formula which guaranteed the workers payment in West German marks. That is just an illustration of what I mean by accuracy.

Then, I heard both the Soviet Union and the Polish representative speak of America as monopolistic, when actually, one of the great basic economic facts about America — and that is something which you can all verify for yourselves — is that it is a competitive country in which monopoly is actually against the law. If I were to choose one word with which to describe our American economy, I would use “competitive” rather than “capitalistic.” I do not deny that occasionally Americans, like all human beings, seek to prevent competition; but in this country, when you try to prevent competition, you know you are doing something illegal and will be punished if caught.

Now I know that we in the United States are not perfect. Perhaps I can tell the representatives of the Soviet Union and Poland things that are right in the United States and more things that are wrong than they know about. But in this country we are working all the time to improve conditions, and I know we have made progress.

I have cited just a few examples of some of the statements which have been made in this committee. The men who made these statements appear to be normal men who obviously must know that these particular statements to which I have just referred are absurd. It would be easy and perhaps natural, therefore, for me to dismiss these speeches as merely a cynical and insincere collection of deliberate lies. But I do not do that.

The strange thing is that I think the spokesmen of the Soviet Union and Poland and the Ukrainian S.S.R. (Mr. Baranovsky) actually believe parts of that strange grab bag of news clippings about the United States from which they quote so constantly. I saw the Polish representative waving a copy of an American magazine here a few days ago which contained an article which happened to suit the argument that he was making at that time. He did so with an expression of triumph on his face. I think his sensation of triumph was genuine and real, for the simple reason that he does not understand what it is like to live in a country where there is free speech. If that magazine had appeared in his country, I suppose its statements would have had the consent of the government. But in our country the magazine simply represents the editor's opinion, and most Americans take full advantage of the privilege of disagreeing with the editor. In fact, the editor very often disagrees with the owner, and the man who wrote the article disagrees with the editor, and the reader disagrees with the man who wrote the article.

That is the way it is over here. We are a talkative people. We talk all the time. Perhaps we talk too much for our own good. But to pick out something which someone has said in Tampa, Florida, or out in Iowa, or anywhere else, and to say that that represents the United States of America is just fanciful.

I think that some of you representatives from the Soviet Union and Poland and the Ukrainian S.S.R. really believe that we are monopolistic. You believe it because you come from the world's greatest monopoly, and you just cannot imagine anything else. You also have a Politburo in which power is concentrated in just a dozen men, and you just cannot believe that power is so diffused in this country as it actually is. I believe that the ridiculous fairy tales about domination spring from the simple fact that you live in a dominated society and therefore cannot conceive of a society which is not dominated by somebody. You keep looking around all the time to see who is dominating this country. Well, there is no one.

You have made me wonder — and I say this in all sincerity — during the last few days whether you are not really frightened. Maybe you are frightened of us. Maybe you are frightened of the plain people in your own country. But I know that a frightened man can be dangerous. I am sorry there is fright, and I hope and believe that the time will come when

fear will disappear and that that time will not be far off.

I read recently in former Prime Minister Churchill's memoirs that when Mr. Molotov came to stay at Mr. Churchill's official residence during the war he had a pistol beside his bed at all times. Well, there is a certain amount of fear in all countries and in most individuals; but in many nations represented here — notably those nations composed of people who value their freedom — fear is not the prime motive of those who hold responsible positions.

Obviously the policies which you advocate here would be very bad for the world if it should happen to adopt them. But I cannot see how, in the long run, these policies will help the people in your own countries. The people of your countries need friends; every man needs friends. They need friends in the outside world, just as the people of our country and of all countries need friends. Now, I have been here since September 18, and I have talked with many earnest, idealistic, and sincere men and women — some of them in this room — who represent many different countries and who would sincerely like to have an efficient working arrangement with the Russian people. But you have rebuffed them; you have turned them down; you have made it impossible for people who would like to do so to coöperate with you. Your policies are certainly unpredictable, and there may be some tactical advantage in that fact, but I cannot think that the alienation of friends throughout the world is intelligent.

You may be here as members of the United Nations in a purely cynical spirit, so that you can destroy it from within and thus promote your own form of world government. I get the extraordinary impression, however, of a mixture of the conspiratorial and the childish.

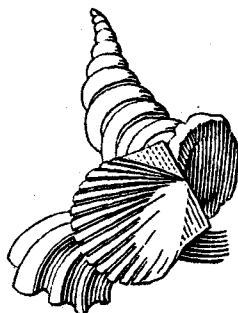
As to whether all this helps your own ruling class, I cannot judge. I believe it is unquestionably bad for the long-range interests of the everyday men, women, and children of the Soviet Union, Poland, and other countries which are now in similar circumstances.

I am confident that the condition which exists in the world is not going to last much longer, because the people of the free world whom you have finally aroused will, in a completely peaceful and orderly way, and within a very few years, create a quiet and peaceful world in which disputes will be settled by negotiation and other peaceful methods set forth in the Charter, rather than by the threat or use of force. I think that time is coming.

We hope the day will come when the oppression of religion in the Soviet Union will stop; when the creative energies of that brilliant and gifted Russian people will be released; when the Russian people will be able to mingle freely with people of other lands; and when the people of the rest of Europe will no longer live in terror of the Red army.

My advice is: Stop being afraid.

There has been some talk here of the great powers versus the small powers. We Americans are not a great power in the sense that we like power or that we have sought it. We are essentially little people whose ancestors came here from countries where they had been oppressed, so that they could get away from power politics and live quiet lives of their own. We are becoming powerful, but we are not going to use that power as some others have used it in the past. We will use it, with the other peace-loving nations, to create permanent peace, and, whether the dictators like it or not, that will be a blessing to all of suffering humanity, both in and out of the free world.





THE FOREST BACENIS

Variations on Themes from Julius Caesar

by ROLFE HUMPHRIES

HERE the barbarians never raid each other.
The forest intervenes
Of infinite magnitude, — thicket, tangle, vines
Reach from the nearer border to the farther.

And no man knows how far that border lies
Beyond his field, his home;
They have no way of reckoning but time
To measure boundaries.

Intrepid, traveling light, the lone explorer
Finds, right or left, the endless corridor,
The native wall, the dark eternal fortress
Against the threat of war.

So they are safe. They do not fear marauders,
The child enslaved, the virgin taken, grain
Burning at night, the cattle raids, the murders.
They call their lives their own.

Still, looking north or south, sometimes they wonder:
It might be good, they almost think, to dare
Beyond familiar limits, face adventure
More boldly, wander more.

That other land might prove
Richer than theirs, hospitable and friendly,
The girls exciting, they imagine fondly,
Adept at making love.

Or, if they were not welcome, they might enter
With an invading pride, be warriors
With something to remember in the winter
Around their warm and comfortable fires.

They lift their gaze, for one brief restless moment
To where, below the shield, the swords hang crossed;
They breathe in deep, as if to blow the dust
Out of the plume of helmet.

But no. One thing they cannot face, the forest,
Dark, dark, through tangle, vine and thicket groping,
The smell of animals, the undergrowth,
The steaming moisture, rank with every horror.

They grow, at last, too tame for insurrection,
Inbreed, content. They cross no boundary line,
They ask no more of any tribe or nation
Than to be left alone.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Born in Berkeley, California, on October 22, 1930, GAY GAER is now in her senior year at Radcliffe. She had never written a word of fiction until last year, when her first short stories, of which this is one, were submitted in a course conducted by Dr. Albert Guérard of Harvard. She is now engaged on a longer piece of work for the course in English composition given by Archibald MacLeish. The Atlantic is delighted to present her as one of its youngest contributors and one who will be heard from regularly in the months ahead.

THE SISTERS

by GAY GAER

ONLY on the second slamming of a door did Laurie look up from her book. The lamp glow misted her eyes for a moment, then she saw the livid face in the hall, severed from the room by the darkness, with the glass-bright eyes which she met, and then her eyes returned to the page. While the heels cut up the stairs and overhead, her eyes fastened to the line, over and over the words "together" and "the"; "together the." With a wrench she looked up from the words, and Alison, across the room, looked up, too, and their eyes reflected the glassiness and went back to their books. Then the heels descended, heavily, and the door slammed, the outside door, and after that they looked up again.

Alison spoke first, as always. "Wonder where she's gone at this hour."

"She just came in."

"You know she can't stop for a moment — never could, except maybe with him. But then she never said how it was with him."

"No, she never did, did she? Her letters never mentioned him much until he died, and she wanted to come."

Alison's eyes sidled across the line before her, and she frowned, flicked the page.

"We don't see her, except like this. I was going to talk to her last night . . . she'll wear herself out."

"She locked her door last night."

"I know."

Laurie, hugging her arms, bent close to the page, where line fused against line into a gray-black. When she looked up, Alison's cigarette was on the

edge of the coffee table, smoke clouding smooth through the holder, leaving a damp shine on the table.

"Alison."

Alison picked up the holder and puffed.

"Alison, shall I cover Sandra? It's getting late."

Alison puffed, her eyes moving along the page.

"You're going to drop ashes all over the floor!"

Laurie moved to the cage where Sandra perched, yellow and lifeless, on the bar. She stuck her finger through the wire and Sandra gave it a weak peck. "Poor old thing."

Then the cover slipped into place, started the cage swinging round and back and round and back, while the fluttering of wings settled inside, and Laurie's eyes followed the less and less of the swing until the clock's chime broke it, and she took the slick magazine from the table near the window and let the pages crackle fast into place, not looking at them. Across the street the houses were blank, and there were no cars between the leafless trees. Laurie slid the window up a crack and the moist air barely ruffled the curtains. Alison ground her cigarette, still reading, until the pale crumbs of tobacco jotted the crystal tray. She flicked a page and started. Her eyes met Laurie's.

"Must be rats."

"I guess so."

Their eyes held a moment, then Alison looked back at the book. "Muggy," she mumbled.

"You're smoking too much!"

"I know, I know. . . ." Then Alison saw Laurie's pursed face. "Oh, my God," she laughed, "here we are acting just like skittery young girls."

Laurie rose on the immediate levity of it, slamming the magazine down onto the seat. "I'm going to get my hot milk," she said. "It's getting late."

Alison shoved her book into place on the shelf and stretched back, yawning. "Guess Hope'll be late again."

"As always."

"Maybe that's why she's always been so thin — not enough sleep."

"She's thinner now."

"Oh, she was a scrawny little kid. You remember how Mother had to force her and coddle her."

"Mother never learned." Laurie's mouth was tight. "I wonder if Hope'll have Sunday breakfast with us this time."

"Probably."

"She could at least tell us."

"Well, I'll set the place anyway."

"I'm going to get my milk." Laurie went through the dining room to the kitchen, and from the kitchen her voice rang sharp, "Alison!" She strode back to where Alison sprawled in the chair. "Look, she forgot them, left them on the sink." She held out the rings to Alison. "They might have gone down the drain!"

"Same Hope." Alison smiled back the twenty years to the time Hope had worn Alison's opal to the party, and had not found it until two years later, in the herb cupboard, of all places. "Same Hope, losing things."

"Really, Alison! She's not a child any more — she's thirty-one."

"I know. Why don't you put them back where you found them? She'll look for them."

"I'll put them in her jewel box." Laurie dropped the rings in the jar on the mantel with all the odds and ends to go upstairs — the safety pins from under the couch, the paper clips, the flowers off a hat from the day of the welcoming tea for Hope, when Hope wore a sweater and skirt and low-heeled shoes and refused to drink any tea.

Alison locked the kitchen windows, while Laurie sipped the tepid drink, her eyes, above the brim of the glass, fastened on the clock, round and round with the second hand, a minute after one; two, three. . . .

Alison said, "Hope fed up with her job yet?"

"She was bored the first week."

"Maybe she'll go back to the city, then."

"She'll probably get married again, but at any rate she won't want to stay here."

"I guess. She wants the excitement of a city, not an office in the daytime and books at night."

Laurie rinsed the glass a number of times, and they moved back to the living room, Alison turning off the lights after Laurie, who said, "Shouldn't we wait a few more minutes? One of us really ought to talk to her . . . and find out if she'll have breakfast."

"She won't be in."

But the outside door slammed, and the inner door, and the heels cut swiftly up the stairs. A car roared out between the trees. There was the running of water upstairs, and a door pulled to.

"I'll start your bath," Alison said. Upstairs there was no light under Hope's door.

2

LAURIE carried the eggs, in their silver tray and herb-sprinkled, into the dining room, mellowed and set for leisure; not the room of quick breakfasts before work, but the rolls steaming and coffee poured round, poured even for the third place, set this way for four Sundays, and each time taken from the table just as it had been put down. Alison's face peered from behind a sheaf of newspapers. She shuttled a batch of the papers across to Laurie, who served with the large silver ladle. Alison's dark head and Laurie's gray poked in and out among the pages until it came time to exchange them again, and Laurie reached for the coffee by the third place and poured it back into the pot. The papers rustled, dropping into piles beside the table. The clock over the sideboard chimed, and the cuckoo came and disappeared, and it chimed again, and almost all the papers were in the piles beside the table, and the sun came in the side window instead of the back. Then brisk heels came down the stairs, and Sandra chirruped as the steps muted on the living-room rug. And Hope whispered: "Disgusting bird . . . ought to have its neck rung." And the heels clacked into the dining room.

"Hi," said Hope. "I just thought I'd say hello before I'm picked up for breakfast. How do you like my new suit?"

"It's very smart," Alison replied. "Won't you have some coffee before you go?"

"No, thanks, Ali. They always have such a big breakfast. It's the couple Don and I often had Sunday breakfast with."

"How is it they're here?"

"Visiting. They thought it would be nice to have Sunday the way we used to, the four of us. They asked about you — asked if you wanted to come, but I thought it'd probably be too late for you . . . and then all our foolishness, singing and all, I suppose we should have grown out of it by now."

"I dare say . . ." Laurie started.

"Well, it's a little late for breakfast," Alison said. "But give them our best."

"Of course."

Hope squeezed between Laurie and the sideboard on her way into the kitchen, heels clacking on the heavy boards, then back to the dining room, where she leaned on the door frame.

"I feel so dizzy. I don't know what it is, but every now and then I feel so dizzy." She went to the chair between them, where her place was set,

and sat limply while Alison pulled down the shade to keep out the glare.

"Have you seen a doctor about these spells?" asked Alison.

"Oh, no, no. They're really nothing. I'm all right." She straightened up. "But I can't figure out where I left my rings. I thought they were on the sink."

"They were," Laurie said. "I found them last night and put them in the jar to take upstairs . . . they're in the jar on the mantel."

"And you didn't even bother to tell me?"

"I'm sorry, I forgot. I intended to take up the jar last night."

"So you didn't tell me, as though they were just a couple of your pins or something!"

Hope went into the living room, and the doorbell clanged, and her voice mingled with a man's—mutter, then laughing, until the door closed, shutting them off.

"I would have taken them up tonight."

"Of course."

"I don't understand her any more, telling us that way we were invited, not even bringing her friend in to meet us. She could at least have asked us."

"I know, she could have."

"And you'd think she wouldn't want to see them like that, not right away."

"Maybe not." Alison rose, piling dishes along one arm, and Laurie, mouth set tight, followed with the silver tray.

Even when Alison, washing, splashed the dishes carelessly in the pan Laurie said nothing. When six came and the cuckoo had vanished, and they cleared again, Laurie said nothing. Then Mrs. Colby, from across the street, came in to see Hope, and left, and they washed the last of the tea things, and went into the living room to read in the easy light. Laurie's hand moved in and out, crocheting, eyes on the magazine in her lap, and then Alison yawned sonorously and put down her book.

"Shall I start your milk?"

"All right. I'll cover Sandra."

The outer door banged, and the inner. Hope stood in the hall, her eyes bright in her white face.

"Hello."

"Did you have a nice time?" Alison asked.

"Yes, wonderful. We sat around the table until just a short while ago."

"What?"

"We always took the whole day . . . singing and the newspapers. Don was a whiz on the cross-word puzzles . . . not just breakfast."

Alison went into the kitchen and returned with

the milk. "Have some hot milk?" she laughed. "It's supposed to be good for your soul."

"Ugh! No, thanks. I'm going to bed." Hope went to the jar on the mantel, spilled the contents on the marble ledge, and took the rings. "Good night," she said.

"Good night."

The heels cut fast up the stairs, and a door closed behind her. Laurie put the pins and flowers back into the jar, and Alison turned off the lights.

Alison was in bed by the time Laurie was ready to hang her stockings up in the bathroom. Hope's underwear was on the sink in wet clots. Laurie took the underwear in a clammy pile and opened Hope's door a crack. Hope sat on the bed smoking, reading a letter by the cockeyed lamp above her, in the midst of the disorder of the bed. She looked up when the creak of Laurie's weight on the sill had broken the privacy of the room. And Laurie was waiting with the wet bundle, her face pursed and her eyes pointing out each article of clutter, Hope's shoes on the bed, and the broken ash tray.

"I wish you wouldn't leave your wet clothes on the sink."

"I'm sorry."

"After all, Hope, at home there were people to pick up after you."

"I understand. You don't have to lecture me."

"I'm not lecturing! I just want you to coöperate a little. You *are* living with two people, you know."

"I won't forget again."

"I know . . . I didn't mean to sound nasty."

"Then leave me alone. You're not my mother."

"No, she'd give in to you."

"She would have the decency to leave a person alone." Hope's eyes were wet and the lashes stuck to her cheeks.

Laurie moved toward her, watching the wetness grow on her cheeks, and the pump of her breathing. "Hope."

"Good night, Laurie."

"Hope, can't I even talk to you?"

"Good night, Laurie. I know I shouldn't have come."

As Laurie tiptoed down the hall, Hope's door banged behind her, and there was the sound of the key in the lock.

"Hope's crying," she told Alison. "I only told her to hang her underwear."

"She'll be all right. It's the pace she goes at."

"But why does she snub us?"

"I don't think it was a snub."

"I guess I should have brought them up. . . ."

"Maybe so."



GEORGE SANTAYANA, now eighty-seven, has concluded his profound, far-reaching work, *Dominations and Powers: Reflections on Liberty, Society, and Government*, a book begun in the thirties and carried on during the war years in his sanctuary, the Convent of the Blue Nuns, in Rome. The book is to be published by Scribner's this spring, and from it the Atlantic has been privileged to draw a series of essays of which this is the second.

ARTS LIBERATE THE SPIRIT

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE intuition of Walter Pater that all the arts aspire towards the condition of music may be clearly illustrated and in a sense corrected by the case of architecture. Architecture is a fundamentally economic art and more dominated than any other by its materials, its costs, and its practical uses. Yet its chief masterpieces have been always temples and palaces, triumphal gates and monumental tombs: edifices that a cynic might pronounce to be scandalously useless. Royal vanity and pious zeal have evidently taken possession of these means of expressing their militant passions and of giving to their social dominations the powerful help of wearing an imposing and bewildering aspect. The Pyramids of Egypt, the Temple at Jerusalem with its vast courts and bastions, the colossal statues and crowded tiers of grotesque sculptures in Indian temples, all show an extreme anxiety to outdo oneself at once in sacrifice and in display, thus turning architecture, like everything else, into something to throw away on one object of consuming passion. What could have happened to the utilitarian craft of house-building that it should be classed in this way among luxuries and treasures?

Useful structures are seldom imposing unless vast; and then, on acquaintance, they become hateful. The liberal element does not enter into economic works at the bidding of patrons or public, but through adaptation and sympathy established between the workman and his task. This adaptation is itself partly economic, smoothing and straightening materials so as to render them manageable and better able to fit together. But the straightening defines and assimilates various forms, and the smoothing gives polish and kindles fresh colors; so that under his hands the artisan's labor mingles constant gratifications with its inevitable difficulties, and the product becomes an object of pleased contemplation and pride.

The eye itself by a native gift is an artist that has

to paint pictures in order to convey facts. Even in science such graphic fictions are misleading; for it is only the dynamic effects of objects that matter economically, and the attribution of aesthetic qualities to them is an illusion, and the first of myths. Yet it is this pictorial accompaniment that endears, from childhood, the world to the spirit.

Never will these appearances catch the eye more quickly, or suggest more variations possible among them, than when they present themselves spontaneously in the artisan's own work. Every detail in construction, like the projection of beam-ends under the eaves, suggests, and is finished off to imitate, the head of a dog or lion; or the jutting eaves themselves, as in China, are curled into a scalloped cornice. In favored climates the walls themselves might discard those dead spaces not essential to their stability and become loggias or arcades; or a farsighted economy might substitute stone piers for inflammable wooden props; the central piers, and ultimately even those at the corners, would become somewhat thicker cylinders; and thereby the basis would be laid for the greatest glories of mature architecture, peristyles and cloisters, traceries and balustrades, and — when the principle of the work had been discovered and applied — vaults and domes.

Meantime in communal works, serving the other chief need of society, safety from raids and sieges, city walls and scattered castles, both in town and country, produced unintentionally the most massive and picturesque of effects. The roughness and forbidding blankness of the walls and towers only heightened, by contrast and breadth of setting, such grated gates or windows as might be indispensable; and these offered splendid occasions for the boasts of heraldry to defy the enemy and reassure the citizen with an ever watchful guard of stone monsters.

A passion for plastic and decorative art was let

loose by these opportunities offered unwittingly by the harsh necessities of existence; and a marriage of war and play, of religion and magnificence, gave imagination freedom while feeding it on vital and tragic themes.

Now does this marriage of the artistic impulse with moral and political powers, while it gives to liberal arts a prominent part in society and in history, run counter to that aspiration towards pure music which Walter Pater divined in them? I think that in that great enrichment there does lie a great temptation. What happens to a hermit when he is made a great abbot or bishop happens to the pure artist when he figures as a wit or a prophet in the popular mind. And when sensitive connoisseurs, reacting against this enslavement and worldliness in official art, look for pure models, they find them only in interludes, or first sketches, or irresponsible play of minor episodes, happy phrases, or intricate arabesques that peep in the corners of the approved academic masterpieces. It is the artist's soul that they find there; and they encourage the young artist to defy the great world and to trust his personal rebellious fancy.

In the history of Gothic architecture we may trace the fortunes of free imagination, aspiring towards the condition of music, conquering and dazzling a militant society and a militant Church, and then suddenly failing, leaving its greatest monuments unfinished or patched and half disguised by a sudden passion for the ruins of classic antiquity and the rational government of all human affairs. In this reaction of the lay world against tradition, reason was not based on solid science but on impatience and ambition in superior persons. The types of art so revived or invented had the variety and brilliancy of fashions. The Middle Ages, as they grew rich and urban, had become increasingly subject to bold fashions in dress, in romantic fiction, in poetry, and in architecture. This was a symptom of a hybrid heritage, racial and political, which bred contrary tastes and rendered many charming Gothic inventions sterile and short-lived. That is a natural characteristic of liberal arts that lack an economic or traditional foundation, and it persisted in the free manners and thoughts of the Renaissance, making its successive phases and styles, down to our times, as inconstant and arbitrary as the more naïve fancies of the Middle Ages had proved before.

Inspiration comes from the heart, and is always initially as blameless and courageous as life itself. This is its inalienable privilege; but it is born in ignorance and cannot count either on permanent youth for itself or on a place for it in the world. A later fashion, essentially perhaps less authentic, could therefore replace it, especially as the society that dismissed it had not only its new tastes but its modern science and politics to back it. The perfect scorn with which the seventeenth century treated everything medieval was an economic scorn; and

the new architecture, with its regularity, symmetry, and quiet dignity, embodied good sense and good order no less than the rational appeal of its human scale and private convenience.

The lesson to be learned from architecture may be applied to the other arts. Consider music itself. The physical vehicle of sound, gross vibrations of the air, is far less swift and subtle than that of light radiating throughout cosmic space; and this circumstance renders vision a much better means of information than the arts of sound, music and language, in that music hardly informs at all, and language, in informing, greatly overloads and distorts the truth. Therefore spirit, although intelligence is one of its chief functions, suffers horribly from the snares of language, while soothed by its music; and in pure music, freed from the sophistry of words, it finds the vital echo of its potential experiences in their emotional urgency and color, without the irrecoverable and distracting detail of their accidental occasions. For the flight of time tends to carry the lessons of time away with it; but the organic tropes of music are rich in recoveries and repetitions, and can themselves be repeated by faithful memory and tradition; not that the spirit cares for the temporal longevity of anything, but that it sees, especially in music, the precipitation of life falling into recognizable cadences and reaching its natural climaxes with the glow of triumph in the peace of eternity.

All the arts, even the economic arts when they become personally liberal, serve the spirit in this way, by instinct, not by intention; for the intention of the artist, even of the musician, is normally directed upon some technical problem, proper to the task assigned and to the phase of art dominant at the time. This predestined service rendered to the spirit has two sides: on the side of the art in its political status, this service is what is now called "creation" — that is, originality acceptable to the public, and capable of being incorporated in the living traditions of the art. On the side of the spirit, which is essentially a witness and not an agent, this service is liberation from the obstacles or the inner confusions that may have been rendering spirit, in some adventure, bound and not free. The spirit is, in each man, a phase of his psychic life, in which love or intelligence has become self-transcendent, disinterested and lost in its ideal object. Will, as Schopenhauer would say, has been eclipsed, and the Idea has come forward and filled the stage. But the Idea here is seen, it is lived; so that there is still a living intuition, perfectly temporal and human, that brings that essence for the moment into the light of day. And this light of day, for the spirit, is pure; it adds no date or place to the eternal form conceived, but sees and loves it for its intrinsic beauty and perfection. In feasting the spirit on this its congenial food, the arts liberate it from what it felt as exile or captivity, and allow it for a moment to be itself.



As a trained geneticist and editor of the Journal of Heredity, ROBERT C. COOK has studied the patterns of human breeding for years. These patterns, he tells us, are ominous. The world's population is increasing by more than 68,000 people each day. And the consequences of this increase he has traced with inescapable logic in his new book, Human Fertility: The Modern Dilemma, which Sloane will publish this spring. As Julian Huxley has written in his introduction to the book, "Human population is probably the gravest problem of our time — certainly more serious in the long perspective than war or peace."

PUERTO RICO: AN EXPLOSION OF PEOPLE

by ROBERT C. COOK

I

THE Caribbean island of Puerto Rico is a condensed object lesson in the population paradox of the twentieth century. Though on a comparatively minor scale, the population crisis there is one which is typical of many other parts of the world and which touches almost every other continent. In China, in India, in Italy, even in tiny El Salvador and in parts of the United States, shrinking natural resources are being called upon to support constantly increasing numbers of people. That is also what is happening in Puerto Rico, a small island where the plight of the people may well stand for the larger situation of more than a billion human beings living in other parts of the world.

The island has another significance. In 1898 it became a ward of the United States. What has happened since that time provides a measure of the failure of a highly advanced, industrialized nation to understand and to cope with a population problem. Moreover, through that failure, the United States has intensified the crisis. For fifty years the life pattern of most Puerto Ricans has been one of deepening despair. A well-intentioned but bungling use of the vital tools of public health, medicine, and sanitation has resulted in increasing misery and privation. Thousands of the beneficiaries of these new and humanitarian techniques are today ill fed, worse clothed, and almost literally with half a roof over their heads.

The situation has begun to alarm thoughtful Americans; the island bears heavily on the national conscience. New Yorkers, confronted with an immigration of thousands of Puerto Ricans into urban slums that cannot safely tolerate their numbers, have begun to wonder what drives these "undesirable" newcomers out of their homes and into a city where they are neither wanted nor needed. Yet there is no general admission that something is

radically wrong with the national policy toward Puerto Rico's problems.

Puerto Rico is shorter and broader than Long Island, with about twice the area — 3435 square miles. Where Long Island is mostly flat, with low hills along the north shore, Puerto Rico has a backbone of high mountains, with many ridges jutting out from it, like ribs, that extend nearly to the sea. Less than half the land area is arable. The principal crop, sugar cane, finds its market in the United States, where it enters tariff-free. Other crops — rice, tropical fruits, vegetables — are consumed mainly on the island. Much of the cultivated land is hilly, even mountainous, and dangerously subject to erosion. The Puerto Ricans have used the destructive milpa agriculture as practiced throughout Latin America. They burned the vegetation, got a quick crop for a year or so, and let the land go back to jungle. As the population increased, the burnings became more frequent, with a speed-up in erosion. The evil cycle thus spun ever faster and the land steadily deteriorated. Today the forests are almost gone; only in the mountainous interior does the traveler ever hear a bird sing.

The Spanish-American War contributed a great discovery to tropical sanitation. In Cuba, Dr. Walter Reed of the Army Medical Corps made his famous experiment with human guinea pigs and yellow-fever-infested mosquitoes. The results left no doubt as to how yellow jack was transmitted. Victory over this deadly disease by elimination of the insect on which it rode from victim to victim marked the greatest forward step in controlling epidemic killers since Pasteur. General Gorgas used the discoveries of Reed, Ross, and others to make Panama safe for white occupancy, clearing the way for the building of the Panama Canal. The United States was in the West Indies to stay.

The Spanish had left the once jewel-like island of Puerto Rico in wreckage. Schools were almost nonexistent, sanitation was worse than primitive, and the population was on the verge of starvation. And as though four centuries of greed and mismanagement were not enough, nature took a hand. To speed the departing tyrants, a tropical hurricane of unusual violence swept in from the sea, flattening much of the island. Clearly something had to be done for Puerto Rico.

Like a child with a bright new toy, the Americans were eager to bring the blessings of the twentieth century to this unhappy land. Schools, colleges, and experiment stations were constructed; a modest health program was instituted. Puerto Rico became an important center for the study of tropical medicine.

The stage was obviously set for success. Tyranny had been defeated and liberty brought to a benighted people, like light into a dark closet. Order had been restored, sanitation introduced, education launched, government established, public health inaugurated. An almost limitless export market awaited the island's principal crop. True, the million Puerto Ricans were still on the verge of starvation, but economics, education, and sanitation would soon better their lot. The United States was applying to Puerto Rico the same tools and techniques that had made the nation great. The triumph of good over evil was virtually assured; it was only a matter of time.

2

TIME passed, but the island's depression continued. Good intentions and very considerable outlays of cash to implement them brought only one major change in Puerto Rico: the techniques of nineteenth-century progress suddenly applied to an alien and tradition-bound culture set off a literal explosion of people. The Puerto Rican death rate dropped by one quarter, then by one half. But the number of births — already very high — increased. The population began to grow, faster and faster. The million arable acres of earth from which these people had to draw their sustenance did not expand to meet these new demands, nor did the fertility of these acres increase. What did happen was that the increasing demand for land that could grow a crop became so acute that the people themselves became an increasingly erosive force. Carelessness and the overuse bred of desperation have by now destroyed many thousands of acres.

The spiral of interacting forces grew tighter. By 1928 the population had grown to 1.5 million; by 1943 it had passed 2 million. Today the population density is some 700 people per square mile. Slightly more than one third of an acre of farm land, much of it deteriorating from overuse, must provide food, clothing, and shelter for each Puerto Rican.

By 1948 the Puerto Rican people reached an all-time high in rate of increase — and one of the highest recorded in human history. The present population of 2.2 million will at this rate double in about twenty-four years. The good intentions of 1898 have now proved their inevitable consequences. By 1948, just fifty years after the battle of San Juan Hill, the symbol of American success in good works was 200,000 families — each averaging five members — many of which were in desperate need of even the most primitive shelter. Today the slums and hovels in which they live bring tears to the eyes of those who have seen them.

The biggest of these slums are on the outskirts of San Juan and are called El Fangueta ("The Little Mire") and La Perla ("The Pearl"). Horrible as they are, they are daily growing worse. Currently the insular government is desperately trying to better this deteriorating situation, but to afford any living quarters at all it has had to extend "The Little Mire" out over the ocean. To furnish conventional sewage and water is prohibitive when so many must be cared for. So El Fangueta, which houses 50,000 people, is unique — a burlesque Venice of the Caribbean.

Along the shores of Puerto Rico the stiltlike mangrove trees put out into the sea, and in shallow bays they gradually win back from the ocean a few swampy acres. Over such a mangrove swamp "The Little Mire" stretches out toward the sea. Piles have been driven down and planks nailed to them to make a rickety framework. Here the people live in one-room hovels. There is no sewerage system — the sea takes care of that, but not by the clean tidal scouring of Venice canals. Caught in the mangrove roots the excrement and garbage of a city make a frightful stench under the tropical sun. For cooking and drinking water, there are hydrants on the shore — a half mile distant.

Like white blood cells around an infection, a social crisis like that in Puerto Rico always draws a flock of commissions and committees to "investigate." The investigations and subsequent reports may salve consciences, but they are a waste of time and effort unless they lead to effective action.

With variations, these reports echo the same tune. All review the elements it would be simpler to hold responsible for this horrifying crisis of excess fertility: hurricanes, political chicanery, imperialism, trade discrimination, lack of industrialization, education, and any other real or imagined factor that can be nominated. But in the end every report comes back to the real — but still untouched — cause of the trouble: too many people. This was the conclusion of the commission appointed by the Puerto Rican Legislature in 1943; of the Planning, Zoning, and Urbanizing Board of Puerto Rico in 1944; of the U.S. Tariff Commission in 1945. Said the last report: —

"Inability of Puerto Rico to find adequate reme-

dies for its economic problems is traceable primarily to the low ratio of its resources and productive capacity to the size of the population. It is doubtful whether there is anywhere in the world another area primarily dependent on agriculture (with the possible exception of a few parts of China, India, and Egypt) which has as high a ratio of population to arable land as Puerto Rico. . . . Unless unforeseen technological developments occur, the maintenance of even the present low standard of living in the island will probably be dependent on continued aid from the outside, irrespective of the political status of the island."

In 1947 the then President of the Puerto Rican Senate, Luis Muñoz Marín (later the first Puerto Rican governor of the island), put his finger on the thing that runaway population does. Even though the dollar economy improves, the per capita income does not. And for a great many people the standard of living declines.

"In no place in the world can 630 persons per square mile subsist, except at very low levels, on an agrarian economy. The present legislature of Puerto Rico . . . is trying to deal with the economic problem of Puerto Rico along the following lines: increased agricultural production and industrialization . . . to keep up with the growing population . . . and to improve the standard of living of the common man to the point where, through education and other factors, the birth rate begins to decrease. (In this connection it should be pointed out that the size of Puerto Rican families is smaller above the 800 dollars a year level of income than below that level. But 70 per cent of Puerto Rican families are far below that level still.) . . . It is along this line that we expect to accomplish the hard task of developing our production to the point where 3 million Puerto Ricans — the probable figure — can by 1960 support themselves without aid other than their own effort, without a lag of chronic unemployment, and at a level, modest but sufficiently decent, to bring about a decrease in the birth rate. . . ."

The difficulties in the way of this program are enormous. Although the island birth rate begins to decline after the family income reaches 800 dollars, it is not until it reaches 1500 dollars per family that births come into approximate parity with deaths. Meanwhile, four out of five Puerto Ricans average less than 10 dollars per week of income. What is required, therefore, is to raise the income of more than 280,000 families at least 500 dollars per annum — a total of 140 million dollars per year.

3

THIS problem of how to shift from an agrarian economy to a more specialized economy while the population is doubling each generation has brought forth some touching examples of wishful thinking. Such thinking reaches its highest point in the writ-

ings of certain liberals, some of whom manage to attribute the predicament of the island entirely to imperialistic exploitation: America has taken all and given nothing; it has left the people to starve.

The alleged "imperialistic milking" of the island occurs mainly through the payment of dividends to foreign investors. Since the income from the sale of sugar and sugar derivatives is used to diversify the Puerto Rican diet, this largest industry of the island is a very important element in the Puerto Rican economy. During the fiscal year 1949 the volume of exports from the island (\$194,903,000) failed to balance imports from the mainland (\$326,295,000) by \$131,392,000. The largest Puerto Rican purchases abroad were for food (\$105,238,000) and they amounted to 83 per cent of the largest export items, sugar, rum, and molasses (\$130,306,000).

The dependence of Puerto Rico on foreign sources of food is astonishing. In the first eight months of 1949 Puerto Rico imported from the United States 292,801 sacks of dry beans, 67,365 cases of fresh eggs, 30,679 cases of codfish, 36,400 sacks of chickpeas, 2,891,400 pounds of garlic, 4,711,000 pounds of fresh meat, 505,740 cases of evaporated milk, 450,227 cases of powdered milk, 206,651 sacks of onions, 1,251,800 pounds of bacon, 719,810 36-pound tins of lard, 5,531,600 pounds of ham, 615,325 sacks of potatoes, 1,799,816 sacks of rice.

A U.S. Tariff Commission Report in 1946 analyzed the dividend payments in this way: In 1942 the dividends taken out of Puerto Rico by U.S. investors totaled 9 million dollars; in 1943, 5 million dollars. Balancing this are tax payments by the federal government to Puerto Rico. In 1942 the U.S. government turned over to the government of Puerto Rico over 14 million dollars in excise taxes alone; and over many years the total government expenditures amount to at least 50 million annually. The Tariff Commission went so far as to raise the question of who was really the "victim" of our "imperialism" — the people of Puerto Rico or the American taxpayer.

In addition, private philanthropies and military establishments have made very large investments in the island. It has been estimated, in a published statement that has not been refuted, that since 1898 the people and government of the United States have expended over a billion dollars on the island.

In the light of these facts it can hardly be said that our good works have consisted merely of lip service, or that we have been niggardly in our efforts. Neither would it appear that imperialism was the kind of crime that pays. Instead, the United States has made a continuing net investment in Puerto Rico for a half century without recovering its capital or earning any interest on it. And now the time has come when, like Br'er Rabbit and Tar Baby, it is very difficult to let go.

There is complete agreement on what is the central core of Puerto Rico's problem. And yet no concerted action of importance is being taken to solve it. Such action involves a technique — or, rather, a series of techniques — which awakens the bitterest kinds of controversy, and unfortunately much of the bitterness is not derived from the teachings of the Christian religion in any of its major sects, but from the instinctive obsession with fertility which is as old as man himself. This obsession is linked with the most powerful human emotions and drives. To very large numbers of people in both the United States and Puerto Rico the subject is not even considered open for discussion. Effective and intelligent action in any area governed by such obsessive emotion is peculiarly difficult.

4

MANY people today clearly see the need for some new approach to the problem of fertility. Too often, however, they let themselves be misled into the fallacious excuse that "religious bigotry" is all that stands in the way of a change of policy: "And you can't change Church policy." History has proved again and again that this contention is not true. The prelates of any church are conservative, but if the church authorities find that they are standing alone in a policy that is obviously injurious, they are not incapable of changing their minds. The crisis in Puerto Rico has been supported by men of prominence in many fields: by public health authorities who still fail to see that tomorrow's health, as well as today's, is in their care; by politicians who fear ecclesiastical disapprobation. The issue in Puerto Rico is not by any means a clear case of religious bigotry.

Even today, many churchmen believe that any attempt to control human fertility is an unpermissible "meddling with life." They do not realize that the very effective "meddling" with death which science and technology have practiced during the past century makes a balancing of births and deaths imperative in the present age. The one program is no more "unnatural" than the other.

In nature a rigid balance of numbers in any species is the rule. When the balance is upset and a rapid multiplication takes place, this growth is usually a prelude to disaster, when natural agencies restore the pre-existing balance by a sharp increase in deaths. The doctrine of "naturalness" could be cited to support the thesis that a high death rate is the "natural" way to prevent runaway population increases. Few liberals or ecclesiastics would be willing to carry the principle of "naturalness" that far.

Lack of biological training makes the conservative attitude of these churchmen not surprising. The Bishop Wilberforces are present in every age, and religion is generally a conservative force so far

as social institutions are concerned. Yet many church leaders and some church doctrines approve in principle the need for fecundity control. The Catholic Church in the United States, whose position is so often misrepresented, approves so-called "natural" methods of fertility control: namely, the use of continence plus the rhythm method. That this technique is theoretically sound but often practically ineffective is unfortunate, for it has forced the Church into a position of opposing measures essential to some of its other goals. The British Royal Commission on Population quotes from a formal statement on the Catholic position with regard to a balance between mouths and resources: —

"The charge must not, however, be brought against Catholic teaching that it is in favor of what the fanatical defenders of birth control call 'avalanches' of babies. This attribution to Catholics of a desire of population growth to an alarming extent and at every hazard is a mere rhetorical flourish. It has neither sense nor meaning. Catholic teaching, if loyally adopted, cannot possibly lead to an excessive and haphazard population, for the Catholic husband is taught, provided the moral law on marital relations is preserved, to exercise self-control in marriage, not to overtax the strength of his wife, not to procreate more children than he can hope to educate and rear healthily, and to make suitable provision for every child he has, so that all his children may become healthy, vigorous, and loyal citizens."

The responsibility of parents to beget only children who have a chance to grow into "healthy, vigorous, and loyal citizens" is the crux of the Puerto Rican crisis. It is a good point of departure in working out a true perspective on the unrealism of the doctrinaire slogans: "Not resources but resourcefulness"; "Right of the unborn to life"; and all the rest. Such evasive mental action has encouraged some churchmen to continue a hopeless struggle that in the end is doomed to failure. The weight of responsibility for a policy so obviously inhuman and futile will break the determination of even a fanatic. No "liberal," however obsessed with the cult of fertility, will be able to survive the onus of his own myth-driven irresponsibility. It is certainly true that no genuine liberal, and no Christian churchman, wants to return to the cruel, wasteful, and futile checks which Malthus prophesied would eventually stop a runaway population: starvation, epidemics, and war.

The policy of drift where fertility is concerned is deeply ingrained in the human subconscious. In 1950, with control of death in infancy and childhood increasingly effective, such a policy ceases to be mere "drift." It becomes a prelude to disaster.

Puerto Rico's crisis grows more acute with each passing month. In 1947, the death rate fell to 12 per thousand, a figure which nearly equaled that of

the continental United States thirty years earlier. During the twenty years from 1927 to 1947 the birth rate rose from 36 to 42, and is now twice that of the United States prior to 1945 (when a temporary increase to 25 occurred). If the present trend continues, by 1970 the population of Puerto Rico will touch the 4-million mark: 1400 people for every square mile of the island, one sixth of an arable acre of land per person. Given a continuation of the existing social and economic situation of the island, there is no possibility by any means now known for such a crowded mass of humanity to achieve a good life in the sense that it is defined in the United States.

All over the world the trend in population is toward a very rapid increase in numbers, but the note is not uniform in every country. To balance the tinder areas like Puerto Rico, India, Italy, and Egypt, there are regions where population growth has leveled off without a crisis. In Ireland, in France, and in Sweden, rapid growth has given place to stabilization or imminent decline. These countries are omens of hope. People do not multiply indefinitely. A century ago, Ireland was playing the part of Puerto Rico; 8 million Irishmen faced starvation on the Emerald Isle. Today, reduced to 3 million, the Irish live much better than their British neighbors, whose catchword "austerity" has been made necessary by a swing of the population pendulum far beyond the limits of subsistence, even in the age of the iron horse and the iron ship.

The Irish, be it noted, are both an island and a Catholic people.

The mad breeding to the limit of subsistence that worried Malthus and today alarms President Muñoz is not inevitable. Human beings are not mice, but men. Given the facts, they can take honest and realistic thought for the future. It is hard to reach people who are blinded by superstitions or badgered by police, but it can be done.

If the experience of Puerto Rico has taught nothing else, it should have made one lesson clear to the most backward scholar and to the most idealistic administrator. Meddling in the life patterns of a human population is tricky business. A complex interplay of many forces is involved, and the stakes are thousands or millions of lives. In Puerto Rico, United States administrators and humanitarians began to use certain vital tools of our age before they were aware of all the rules which applied to the case in hand. They compounded the error by failing to apply the rules as they were revealed by experience and analysis. The unhappy island is paying for this temerity today, and must inevitably go on doing so for decades.

Bad as it is, the plight of Puerto Rico does not have the fate-driven inevitability of a Greek tragedy. The present crisis is the fruit of human action. The action of the people of Puerto Rico can even yet correct the balance. And the United States, which has contributed to their predicament, must help them.



GRANDPA SINGS TO HIMSELF

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Who else has sat so many evenings late
When feet and yells subsided overhead,
Brooding on the briefness of estate
And simple pities that he might have said.
It would be sad if we procrastinate
These openings of heart until we're dead,
But prosody is hard to calibrate
Till everybody else is put to bed.

Then, elderly, distempered, and absurd,
With plentiful anxieties to worry,
He is as lively at the written word
As Pope-on-Thames, or Meredith in Surrey.
CROMPA (as they call him) finds it good,
And would he live it all again? He would.



The director of a museum in the Southwest is charged with responsibilities different from those of his colleagues in the East. He must work with a twofold purpose: to nourish and protect the Indian art and to encourage and exhibit the best sculpture and painting in the region. It is a big and stimulating assignment, as MITCHELL A. WILDER well knows from experience. He has been Director of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center since 1945. This is the fifth in a series on painting and sculpture in which critics, artists, and connoisseurs will take part.

ART IN THE SOUTHWEST

by MITCHELL A. WILDER

A SURVEY of the museums and art activities across such a sweeping expanse as the Southwest requires good transportation and an open mind. You are definitely off "the circuit" so far as art museums are concerned, but your investigation will give you renewed faith in the value of art in this country, provided your basis of evaluation is the suitability of the job to the purpose, and not size or impressive collections. Museums here are still young and must fill a need in the lives of the public. By and large, they lack endowment and must carry themselves or shut up shop.

Two approaches to the problem may be distinguished. Public interest is directed to the local artist, appealing to regional pride as well as fostering the artist's work. For the historically-minded visitor, a new and growing field, native American arts, past and present, has become an essential part of the museum program. The popular appeal of these activities is the story of success in the small museum.

Texas first — both for its present and its future, with Dallas, Houston, and San Antonio rated in that order for their service to the public. Fort Worth is solving the museum problem with a new building which promises something truly progressive in museum design. Elsewhere the task of presenting and interpreting the visual arts rests with academic groups: University of Texas at Austin; Texas Western College at El Paso; Texas Technical College at Lubbock; and at Denton, North Texas State College and Texas State College for Women — to name a few. What matters is that an art exhibition program is finding its way about these vast plains. Fifteen years ago such a plan would have been operating in a vacuum. Today Texas museums provide an object lesson in coöperation and successful public relations. Each year Witte Memorial Museum in San Antonio, the Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, and the Dallas Museum join

forces to provide an all-Texas painting and sculpture show which is of interest to the public (107,000 attended at Dallas during the State Fair).

Texan Jerry Bywaters looks like a rancher rather than the painter and museum director he is. Bywaters and the Dallas Museum are pacing the Southwest with an art school, a children's education program, and an exhibition schedule singularly rich in regional interest and aesthetically well-balanced. In the annual graphics show the emphasis is toward regional participation of the Southwest, while in the three other annuals — crafts, architecture, and painting-sculpture — the entry list is restricted to Texans. Last year Bywaters decided to open two galleries for the permanent display of useful arts and design — a testing ground as well as exhibition, where the citizen may sit in the latest gadget designed to keep him off the floor, read beside the newest in lamps, and decide at no personal cost what the modern home is coming to. It is the Walker Art Center (Minneapolis) idea extended. Texans love it.

Dallas collecting, like the shows, is concentrated on regional artists and contemporary American works. Paintings by the museum school faculty members, Otis Dozier and Russell Vernon Hunter, have recently been added to the collections, while art teachers at the University in Austin have been crowding the accessions ledger: William Lester, Everett Spruce, Dan Wingren, and sculptor Charley Umlauf. DeForrest Judd, teacher at Southern Methodist University, is a new name to be remembered, as is E. M. Schiwetz of Houston.

Like everything else in Texas, the museum is energetic and expansive, desiring no part of a tradition which might limit activity. Bywaters describes his museum as "a little regional outfit trying to behave like a metropolitan organization."

Spinning across the grasslands toward New Mex-

ico, let us consider the peculiar situation of New Mexican museums. Living with the most dramatic natural and human phenomena in America, a fabulous landscape and the atomic age in the flesh, would seem sufficient stimulus to most people; yet the historical wealth and antiquities of the region endow a small population with a great cultural responsibility. In fact the entire state is one huge outdoor exhibit with science, art, nature, and mankind all clamoring for attention. The historian and archaeologist have been on the scene for years, as has the artist who discovered the charm of Santa Fe and Taos in the early 1900s.

The cultural index of the state has risen to tremendous heights in times past, and today among the creative artists who find the New Mexican landscape inspiring are John Sloan, Joe Bakos, Gus Baumann, and Will Schuster. Santa Fe probably has more museums per capita than any other spot in America. Not only are today's artists on view, but so are the remains of several previous civilizations, including the contemporary Indian and Spanish-American. Fortunately, the long administrative snarl among Santa Fe museums has found a solution in Boaz Long, Director of the Museum of New Mexico and former American Minister to various Latin American countries.

To see the full assemblage of New Mexican artists, and they are legion, the Museum of New Mexico is *the* spot. You will find many names you know, and many more that you don't. Theodore Van Soelen, Randall Davey, Dorothy Brett, Emil Bisttram are easy; among others from New Mexico they have recently been shown at the Metropolitan in New York. Lesser names, but deserving attention, are Veronica Helfensteller, Sam Smith of Albuquerque, Agnes Sims, who finds her Indians on the abstract side, and Roderick Mead, wood engraver from Carlsbad. One unique feature: the galleries are available to all comers without fear or favor. A pleasing thing about the Museum on the Plaza is its catholic taste and desire to put the artist across to the public. Most galleries sooner or later lose some of their enthusiasm for the home folks. Not so in Santa Fe; or, if they do, you'll not discover it through a casual visit.

Taos is seventy miles up the Rio Grande from Santa Fe. En route you will pass by the Abiquiu turnoff leading to the Chama Valley, Ghost Ranch, and the magnificent retreat in which Georgia O'Keeffe has isolated herself. Taos has suffered less from modernization than its neighbor — or, at least, the atomic age doesn't seem so imminent here. Nationally prominent as an art colony in bygone years, it has surrendered much of its glory and lives principally upon its past name and a nostalgic but outmoded style of painting. The strongly regional theme, Indian or mesa, is still selling but not showing elsewhere to any great degree. Howard Cook and surrealist Tom Benrino live in Taos and

prove that there are exceptions. There are eight active art galleries in the village — evidence that art is still economically sound.

In Albuquerque a new school, the Rio Grande Workshop, is hoping to open its doors next summer under the leadership of Adja Yunkers, recently at the New School. A foretaste of Yunkers's ability and imagination appeared last autumn in a new portfolio of art and poetry, *Prints in the Desert*. With the existing art organization at the University, under Kenneth Adams and Raymond Jonson (of the airbrush and giddy color), Albuquerque looks to be the center of things in New Mexico so far as the creative end of art is concerned.

A 300-mile drive up the spine of the continent will find us in Denver, Colorado — "culture-crazy Colorado," where music festivals, art schools, and symposia come in bunches like grapes. Three years ago, Denver's municipal election sank the hopes for a new building for the burgeoning Denver Art Museum. Evidently the voters felt a Stock Show Stadium would pay off in more tangible returns than would an art museum. Otto Karl Bach, Director, and a revitalized Board of Trustees made the best of the electorate's apathy, put their pathetically small building fund into rehabilitation of a centrally located garage, and have come up with one of the best exhibition rooms in America, the Schleier Memorial Gallery. As a first step in solving Denver's art dilemma (large collections, no galleries) Schleier Memorial has proved the answer. One year after its opening the museum has \$400,000 in hand for the second step — a three-story wing — all contributed as a result of interest in the new gallery.

At Colorado Springs the Fine Arts Center plays a dual role as a museum offering contemporary art plus a heavy agenda of native arts in the Taylor Museum. The Taylor Museum, named for its founder, Alice Bemis Taylor, is a department of the whole, the Fine Arts Center. To the Taylor Museum goes the honor of possessing one of the great collections of native art in America, the New Mexican *santos*. These are religious figures carved by the Mexican colonists during the frontier years, circa 1775 to 1875. Long passed by as mere "church furniture," *santos* came into their own during the 1930s. Numerous collectors and museums, recognizing the simple aesthetic formula of the devout craftsman for its compelling sincerity and emotional content, scoured the market, to the delight of curio dealers.

The Center, on the other hand, purchases in the contemporary field, and its most important shows, *New Accessions, U.S.A.* and *Artists West of the Mississippi*, point this direction. A rapid exhibition turnover is the rule, to keep the localites interested. This year Colorado Springs is going all out on Northwest Coast Indians, in coöperation with the

Seattle Art Museum and the University of Washington. As planned, the show will be a coming-to-life process for the handsome publication by Robert Bruce Inverarity, *Art of the Northwest Coast Indians* (University of California Press, \$10.00).

During the past twenty years there has been a growing interest in the native arts, especially those of the Western world. Time was when the curios of the aboriginal were to be found only in natural history and anthropology museums. Nearly every art institution, however, has received gifts of native American craftsmanship which were promptly placed in dead storage as having no relationship to the generally accepted definition of art. At least one major institution sent off the native oddments on indefinite loan, glad to free the space for more "important works of art." It was not until the early twenties that any major art museum started planned collecting in this field.

In the mid-1920s two men in the West, Kenneth M. Chapman at Santa Fe and Frederic H. Douglas in Denver, undertook independent studies of the Indian as a creative artist. Chapman worked chiefly on ceramics and textiles of the Southwestern tribes, while Douglas, holding the curatorship of Indian art in the Denver Art Museum, was proving that such a department could exist.

The Denver story is important, for it is the beginning of a change of attitude on the part of American art museums. Frederic Douglas and his Indian oddities set up shop in the basement of a noble Denver brownstone house. Through the years the collection has grown magnificently, and with it the department has produced publications (the well-known Indian Leaflet Series; 10 cents each, over 100 titles in print), design plates, and exhibitions, and — most important of all — has pulled the Indian out of his anthropological pigeonhole and presented him to us as a creative human being.

The climax of this trend came in the great Indian shows at the San Francisco Fair in 1939-1940 and the Museum of Modern Art in 1941. With the guiding genius of René d'Harnoncourt, formerly with the Indian Arts and Crafts Board and presently Director of the Museum of Modern Art, the arts of the Indian from Alaska to Florida were properly shown and interpreted for the first time before the sophisticated art audiences of America. Since that date native arts have become desiderata throughout the land, and the market for examples of unusual interest and quality is forever rising.

The interest in native arts as indicated by exhibitions extends into every corner of America. The Portland Art Museum recently presented the Rasmussen Collection of Northwest Coast Indian materials in an opening show which Director Tom Colt very properly proclaimed a "minor potlatch." (Potlatch is a great ceremonial occasion among

Northwest Indians.) The Taft Museum in Cincinnati has been enjoying a recent show of Central and South American antiquities and the Cleveland Art Museum, the Nelson Galleries in Kansas City, and several Pacific Coast museums have permanent installations of superb native American art.

Philbrook Art Center at Tulsa, Oklahoma, offers an annual American Indian Painting exhibition in April — a *rara avis* in art exhibitions, for it functions within a clear-cut, foreign aesthetic standard, founded in the Indian ethnic background and not in our own artistic tradition. American Indians of any tribal ancestry are eligible, whether they are in Indian school, are alumni of those schools, or are simply the Indian equivalent of our Sunday painters. Last year 153 entries representing 31 tribes were juried by a group of Indians, anthropologists, and artists. Philbrook's new director, Bob Church, reports favorably upon the jurying system and the Indian reaction. Because the show is a sincere attempt at cultural rejuvenation in the natives' terms, they view it as a new hope for the rebirth of creative Indian art.

Should you be inclined to frontier atmosphere, Oklahoma museums will provide you with a rare treat, for in no other state will you run into cowboy and Indian painting in equivalent quality or quantity. There is an interesting disparity in taste indicated here: while some museums have been clearing out canvases dealing with the early West, two in Oklahoma, the Gilchrist Foundation in Tulsa and the Woolaroc Museum at Bartlesville, are frantically picking them up. The former is the proud owner of the Cole Collection of Frederic Remingtons and Charley Russells. The finest examples, numbered by the hundreds, are here, together with fine Indian collections. Woolaroc Museum, a synthetic name compounded by the founders, is the gift of Frank Phillips. Here the pageant of history, especially in the Southwest, is presented through excellent historical and Indian collections aided and abetted by painting. As Director Pat Patterson expresses it, "these are the kind of pictures people want to see": Remington, Russell, Frank T. Johnson, and the flower of the Taos school. Set in a 6000-acre game preserve with wild life roaming at will, visitors find Woolaroc a living chapter of the old West.

The newest addition to Santa Fe is the Museum of International Folk Art, the gift of Chicago's Florence Dibell Bartlett. The new building is going up between the Laboratory of Anthropology and Mary Wheelwright's Museum of Navaho Religion. Robert Bruce Inverarity is the Director. No specific statement of field or program has been forthcoming, but the building won't be ready for several months. In any event, a new folk-art museum serves to emphasize again the growing interest throughout the country in native arts.



1942, served for four years in the Army, and has since taught history, first at Smith College and now at Mount Holyoke. A Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry, he has published two poetry books with Scribner's, *Terror and Decorum* and *Strike Through the Mask*, and two volumes of prose, *Metapolitics* (Knopf) and *Conservatism Revisited* (Scribner's). Parts of this essay are drawn from his study of the mid-century revolt in poetry in the symposium *The Arts in Renewal*, which the University of Pennsylvania Press will publish this spring.

THE EDUCATION OF A POET

by PETER VIERECK

1

THE new readers and writers and students of today are revolting against too much revolt; against the irresponsible cult of obfuscating for the sake of obfuscating and of shocking merely for the sake of shocking, whether in art or ethics or politics. Not that any poet can ever hold a brief for the other extreme either. By other extreme, I mean the original Mr. G. Babbitt of Zenith whose banality threatened art a generation ago, until the crash of 1929 permanently deflated his smugness. But today's threat to art no longer comes only from him. He merely hated art. Today's new-style Philistine, instead of disparaging art, hugs it to death.

This new-style Babbitt has changed his mask; he has gone *avant-garde*. He tries to talk knowingly about Gertrude Stein and never even realizes how old-fashioned such modernity has become. Because he confuses culture with jargon and art with artiness, he considers himself an advanced thinker. He never realizes he is the same old Babbitt, who has merely changed his address to the Left Bank. Philistinism, new-style or old, means sacrificing imagination and originality to fashionable stereotypes. A genuinely sensitive poet rejects equally the old Babbitt, who derides good poetry because it is modern and difficult, and the new Babbitt who praises bad poetry because it is modernistic and obscure.

Since 1913, new esthetic movements have been outmoding each other so fast that nobody can be sure whether he is radical or reactionary. The rapid turnover makes writers both homesick and self-conscious. Thereby it also increases their historical sense. Each new movement classifies and studies historically all the preceding movements, like an orphan hunting for his origins.

Never before has the historical sense been keener, and never before has history moved quicker. Some poets tend to pass through a new literary move-

ment with every new book. For example, the ever fascinating Auden creates a new mode of writing each time his imitators — ever one jump behind — have caught up with his preceding mode. Both he and Yeats, among many others, have at different stages evolved styles so different that in any age but ours these styles could only have been movements a full century apart.

In an old-fashioned London edition of the *Greek Anthology*, the editor describes as follows the three beverages accompanying the three phases of man on the ancient Greek island of Ceos: "Pure youths and maidens, until after marriage, drank only water"; next came wine, in the phase of passion and intoxication; finally, when "naught remained but a dreary vista of grey hairs and burdensome feebleness, the old men and women would assemble together at a banquet, pledging one another in cups of *poisoned* wine." These drinking customs of the sixth century B.C. are for me symbols of the three phases of poetry in the last three centuries. Poetry's phase of clear water was the rationalism and the neoclassicism of the eighteenth century, when (to quote the heroic couplet of a trembling-eared admirer of Pope)

... Phoebus touch'd the Poet's trembling Ear
With one supreme Commandment, *Be thou Clear.*

Poetry's passionate phase of heady wine was the romantic nineteenth century, typified by such lines as Dowson's "I cried for madder music and for stronger wine." Poetry's phase of poison-sipping "ageing eagles" is certainly the last thirty years, in which several hundred volumes of modern verse are summed up in a single line from *The Waste Land*: "My nerves are bad to-night."

If as recently as World War II anyone had asked, "What is the dominant revolt in poetry?" the answer would have been: the many-sided movement beginning around 1913 with the Imagist re-

volt, soon passing under the control of Pound and Eliot, and then overlapping with the New Critics. But in 1950 the answer to the same question would be: today's revolt is the insurrection of younger writers against precisely these schools of Pound, Eliot, and the New Critics. (Not that these schools don't differ among themselves also.) The very word "school" — the fact that today college students talk less of the New Critics than of the "school of New Criticism" — proves that the revolt has already frozen into an established institution, transforming the New Criticism into one more old criticism.

Only time will tell, but perhaps today's conservative revolt is not one more ephemeral fashion of a decade but part of a deeper and longer movement, comparable in extent to the two earlier ground swells of eighteenth-century neoclassicism and nineteenth-century romanticism. The new mid-century ground swell could be called "Manhattan classicism." An urban, machine-age classicism must not be afraid to build its small, quiet perfection right inside the largest, noisiest — but also most vital — industrial center of the world. Better a quixotic attempt at actually living the spirit of Graeco-Roman classicism inside uncouth New York than safely worshipping its dead letter in a charming Old World museum.

Romanticism does harm only in politics. In poetry its emotionalism is a needed ingredient. The struggle between romanticism and rationalist neoclassicism is not always necessary in poetry, as both elements are needed to create beauty. A car needs both brakes and gas; romanticism lacks the former, neoclassicism the latter. The mid-century revolt against revolt combines two kinds of return: (1) a return to classic clarity and communication and ethical responsibility (such modern poetry as Pound's *Pisan Cantos* utterly lacks this); (2) a return to romantic wildness of music and lyrical passion, which modern poetry had lost likewise.

The movement now supreme is destroying itself by forgetting about communication. Its poets are no longer poetic; its ideal poet is neither the writer for the general reader nor the "poet's poet" but that sterile third category, the critic's poet. The New Critics have produced many subtle and most illuminating textual analyses. They have also produced as many pretentious, snobbish, and humorless analyses. The famous "New Critic method of analysis" treats a poem by itself, like a self-created object outside of time and space. By discarding a poem's *irrelevant* historical and psychological (and "moralizing") encrustations, they have splendidly taught us to read the text itself. By also discarding the *relevant* historical and psychological (and ethical) aspects, they are often misreading the text itself. Little they know of poetry who only poetry know.

The New Critics have done much to cultivate in a

select few readers a proper sensibility for a select few poets. They have done equally much to alienate the general educated public from poetry. And think only of the heavy, heavy funlessness of their critic-poet disciples. One is reminded of Roy Campbell's famous quatrain: —

You praise the firm restraint with which they write—
I'm with you there, of course:
They use the snaffle and the curb all right,
But where's the bloody horse?

Consider only the vocabulary of these second-generation imitators of what had once (under its creative first-generation leaders like Eliot and Ransom) been an exciting new movement. The poetry-murdering vocabulary of these sterile second-generation epigones is enshrined forever in the "Glossary of the New Criticism" published by *Poetry* magazine (1948–1949). This "Glossary," with its earnest, pedantic definitions of needlessly pretentious lingo, strikes you at first as a diabolically clever parody. Alas, it is meant in dead earnest.

All I say in criticism of the school of Eliot, Pound, and the New Criticism is said on the assumption that its good, at least among its first generation, has outweighed its harm. If anyone doubts that my assumption is correct, let him reread the dull and sloppy verse of most Georgians of the early 1900s. For ridding us of those banalities, we owe gratitude to the subtleties of Pound and Eliot and to the critical rigors of Richards and Ransom. Therefore, while rejecting undue Eliotism or New Critic domination of English departments and Little Magazines, we must also prevent the healthy mid-century revolt against such mandarinism from going too far and becoming the wrong — the indiscriminate — kind of revolt, like certain demagogic baitings of Pound and obscurity. Extreme pendulum-swings inject bigotry, narrow cultism, and personal rivalries. But art thrives in a tolerant atmosphere where different schools learn and plagiarize vigorously from each other instead of excluding each other fanatically.

When I keep advocating so insistently a return to simplicity in poetry, I mean the hard-won simplicity that resolves spiritual tensions and literary complexities; not the easy simplicity that means the absence of tensions and complexities. The former is best exemplified by Robert Frost, the latter by Edgar Guest. Hard-won simplicity is the tragic communication that follows the dark night of the soul, not the crass and jovial communication that precedes it.

2

FORMALISM, which means form for its own sake, is not the same as form. The mid-century revolt is returning to more exacting forms and more traditional metrics but is not returning to formalism.

The formalism and technical virtuosity of the thirties and early forties stressed poetic form at the expense of content. The content often failed to deal with the anxieties that really matter. The new generation, writing in 1950, were forced — in fact, thrown — by war service into a willy-nilly preoccupation with the content of the realities around them. No wonder that we of this new generation, while returning to form, use it not for its own sake but as a means to enhance the content, including the intellectual and moral values implied by the content and the lucid communication of these values.

To be sure, art suffers when its ideas and its moral center are dulled into explicit sermonizing or schoolma'amish eighteenth-century didacticism. But in such contemporary poets as Christopher Fry, Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, Roy Fuller, Elliot Coleman, and Louis Simpson, the moral fervor is nondidactic and does not conflict with their esthetic merit; no, it enhances that merit and inspires its fire.

It is fitting that the last remnants of the free-verse revolt against forms are now followed by a conservative revolt, returning to forms without New Critic formalism. It is equally fitting that the various revolts, including free verse and the very different New Criticism, have indelibly influenced the new mid-century conservatism by leaving it the heritage of a more precise diction.

If poetry's return to an important content can be matched with a clarity of communication that present poets lack, then it will be possible to end the schism between poets and readers. To the anxieties that really matter, materialism and the most brilliant sciences can give the reader no answer, while religion's answer strikes very many readers as too dogmatic and too future-centered. Here and now, in this present existence, the reader will again find in the arts, and not in the practical world, his ally against inner and outer mechanization. Being both to blame, hermetic poets and lazy readers of the 1950s must make equal efforts to create a *new community of artistic understanding*. Only then will the tragedy of a savage atomic age be understood as all spiritual tragedy must be understood: in terms of its beauty and ugliness and in terms of its human ethics and human dignity and indignity, instead of exclusively in either material utilitarian terms or religious supernatural terms.

What if communication is not restored, if our mid-century revolt against revolt fails in its most urgent aim? In that case, there will still be plenty

of communication going on, but it will not be by the good writers; it will continue to be left to the bad writers, the demagogues of literature. The default of the good poets in communicating their spiritual values to their readers creates a moral vacuum filled by such tawdry pseudospiritual best-sellers as Kahlil Gibran.

The success of such books — and of astrology, Rosicrucianism, and the rest — owes its hard-boiled commercial triumph to its noncommercial idealistic opposite: an unsatisfied nonmaterial thirst in the modern reader. For our unread and uncommunicating serious artists, it is a danger signal that millions are reading such worthless but communicative pseudo poetry as Gibran's *Prophet*. Men not only need moral refreshment but will shop around till they get it. If they cannot get it from their legitimate dealer in intellect, the serious artist, then they will get it adulterated in some bootleg half-pint of soul. Either the true Pierian spring or Southern California.

To sum up: I have tried to show the respective contributions made by various schools to the mid-century synthesis — the Manhattan classicism — of tomorrow. I have also tried to show the dangers of each of these, the stifling of poetry that takes place if any school becomes a dictatorship and turns out epigones. Whatever may be the arguments against free individualism in economics, free individualism — uncollectivized, untotitarian — still remains the most auspicious ism for the world republic of letters. As befits an individualistic democracy, the mid-century poets will learn not by having some new pontificator to replace the old but by freely groping for themselves and, above all, by making mistakes.

And when we have made enough mistakes, and when revolt and counterrevolt and the revolt against counterrevolt are all behind us and turn out to be but different mirror-images of the same homesick, urban, twentieth-century face, then we will learn the honorable humility of these words by the poet William Morris: —

Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat; and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant; and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name.

And when we have not merely recited these words but have lived them, then at last we shall have reached the end of the very first beginning of the education of a poet.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

WHEN I was sixteen, summer meant tennis on the springy clay courts at Bay Head, and your only worry was whether a northeaster would pop the tight stringing of your Slasinger. Summer meant marshmallow roasts with sarsaparilla and root beer, instead of Cokes or the real thing. It meant dances — Hops we called them — at The Bluffs, and Wednesday was our night because the older girls were then not monopolized by the college men with their club hatbands, who came down for the week-ends. Summer meant crewing for Sid Brewster in the Gloucester One Designs, and on Saturday afternoons for Commodore Cattus in his champion sneak box, *Miss Cat*. I was the lightest member of the crew and the sandbags were my job; as we came about I would be down to leeward slinging up those heavy canvas bags from the cockpit. To see Charlie Cattus, big and blond as a Viking, handling the sheet in a two-reef breeze was a strong and lovely sight.

This was the time when you were being taken into the trust of older men: you'd make yourself useful to Harry Buxton on the *Romp*, or you'd help Mr. Metcalf with his drawings for the tournament. Sometimes you were not equal to that trust. I remember one Friday afternoon when the Commodore and I were sailing the *Miss Cat* down to Island Heights for the week-end regatta. Just the two of us. We were running free before a light breeze. I had the tiller and the Commodore, with his Panama over his eyes, was stretched out on the deck with a sandbag for his pillow. So we came to the Seaside Park drawbridge. It was always tricky business entering that vacuum. "You'd better take her," I said. "No, go on," came the grunt from Mr. Cattus. Then just as she got her nose well into the passage the *Miss Cat* began to jibe. "Here she COMES, Commodore!" I cried, and I swerved in as close to the piles as I dared. The Commodore was

quick. He was into the cockpit, ducked the boom as it swung over, and was fast to the sheet. Our mainsail never even touched the bridge although we lost our sandbags in the lurch. He said it could have happened to anyone, but that didn't make me feel any better.

Summer meant the daily swim and the lazy stretch out on the beach with the sun so bright on the water that it pin-pointed your eyes; it meant that feeling of salt on your cool skin as you dressed for lunch. As I remember, there were only three motor vehicles in our whole crowd: two Indian motorcycles — I usually rode the rear saddle on Ed Bonnell's — and the Maxwell, bright red and high-perched, which "Ribs" McAdoo occasionally borrowed from the family. They were the only people in the resort who had more than one car — I think they had three, a Stearns, a Mercer, and the Maxwell. Once as we were leaving the tennis courts, Ribs asked me to crank her up. He put it in gear as she caught, and I found myself, both palms against the little brass radiator, being pushed backwards across the parking space. But the gang came to my rescue, and five of us resisting we shoved the Maxwell right back in its tracks until Ribs laughingly gave up.

That was the summer of 1914, and no one could have been happier or less concerned about the state of the world than we. Sure, there were headlines about some shooting in Europe, but it never fazed us. The only thing that got us down was the approach of Labor Day and the thought of returning to school.

The sixteen-year-olds today

Four years ago when I was fishing on the Northwest Miramichi, I remember chewing the rag one evening with Penny, the youngest member of our party, then aged fifteen. "Pen," I said, "what are you going to do when you get through school?" "We'll be fighting the Russians," he said quietly. Well, I didn't believe him, and still don't. But what hit me was the fatalism with which he said it. It's no way to come of age, with a dread possibility like that in your mind. Yet now there is an army of youngsters who live with it, including my own.

The question is what kind of summer to give them before they go into uniform. They are too restless in mind just to loaf as we did. They need something constructive to do. The Quakers and Unitarians have each worked out the idea of a coeducational camp with rehabilitation work

where it most needs doing. This summer the American Friends Service Committee will operate ten camps in the United States and Mexico. Down in Maine they will be working with the Penobscot Indians, in the Southwest with the Navaho, Hopi, and Papago; a camp in Tennessee is building a rural clinic, pouring cement, laying bricks, seeing it go up; a camp near San Francisco is helping to renovate homes in the shipyard town of North Richmond. The same goes for the Unitarians, who are running coeducational camps for high school age, such as the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee, where a dozen boys and girls are building cabins, studying soil erosion, forestry, the TVA, and farming — both good and bad. In each case the youngsters pay their way, \$135 for an eight-week season.

But if a boy has been away at boarding school all winter, it isn't just sentiment for a family to want him home for at least half the vacation. If home is a farm or even a place with a small truck garden, he can make his contribution picking and weeding (though I must admit that working in my father's vegetable patch was to me the hottest, dullest drudgery I had ever encountered up till then). A much more appealing project for Massachusetts boys is the Junior Sportsmen's Conservation Camp, which will hold four two-week sessions this summer at Swann Lodge in the Beartown State Forest. This camp, which was established by A. Heaton Underhill, Field Secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, and Robert L. Jones of the Department of Conservation, now has accommodations for fifty boys for each period; some of them will be sponsored by sporting clubs throughout the state, others will pay their own way; in each case the cost is \$45 for a fortnight. Age limits, twelve to seventeen, with the community divided into an older group and a younger group.

The purpose of the camp is to teach all phases of conservation, and with it good sportsmanship. The mornings are devoted to talks on soil conservation, fire fighting, use of the axe, visits to fish hatcheries, and demonstrations of rifle firing, fly casting, proper methods of skinning, camp cooking, and so forth. The boys bring with them a love of the woods and a curiosity to know more about how to keep them alive. In the afternoon there may be skeet shooting or canoeing (with instruction in rescue work) or a field trip to the beaver houses. So it goes until 4.30, when everyone knocks off for a swim, and then after supper there are nature films — *Bird Dogs*, *Wild Wings*, *Striped Bass*, *Trees for Tomorrow*, *The River*, were a few titles that caught my eye — until it is time for bed. The sponsoring clubs have worked up enthusiasm from Nantucket to the Berkshires, and the boys are now competing for the scholarships which will take them to the camp next summer: such projects as winter feeding, wood duck boxes, tree and shrub planting, the creation of pond fish shelters and

spawning areas, bring out the youngsters who ought to go there. Interested parents should write to Wildlife Conservation, Inc., 20 Spruce Street, Boston.

Faith in work

Round the Bend (Morrow, \$3.50), which is in many respects the best novel Nevil Shute has written, is a study in temperaments and a very human contrast of man's dedication in the West and in the East. Tom Cutter, the Englishman who tells the story, is a self-made mechanic, a fearless and remarkably precise operator of air transport. At the age of fourteen he ran away from his job in a garage to become the handy boy in Sir Alan Cobham's flying circus. He did everything, including a comedy stunt, an elopement in an old model T which was chased all over the airdrome by a little Moth, bombing the car with bags of flour and toilet paper. Tom's partner in the comedy is a boy of his own age, Connie Shaklin, who looked Asiatic and was. His mother was Russian, his father Chinese. Connie had the gift of tongues as well as the gift of hands; he is a mystic as well as a genius with the wrench. When, after the war, Tom flies his little Fox-Moth down to Bahrein to start a transport and freight service for the oil companies in the Middle East, it is fate which reunites him with Connie, who becomes the head man of his Asiatic crews.

Connie's dedication to the maintenance of aircraft is every bit as intense as Tom's flying and planning. He attracts to the airdrome a large following, mostly Moslems who pray with him at sunset and who worship him as a prophet. The word spreads to whatever airport Connie is assigned, and soon in the vying to be with him there are near-riots which the British Resident tries with infinite stupidity to suppress. At this moment Nadezna, Connie's sister, arrives to be Tom's secretary, and her presence is one more spark.

The book draws its power from the fine portraits of the two men, both ascetics, both committed to a belief and to a way of work even if it carries them "round the bend of sanity." "When a good man employs others," says Connie to Tom, "he becomes a slave to the job, for the job is the guarantee for the security of many men. So when a man speaks candidly in the hangar of the things, the ethics of the work, that he believes in, he may bring others to believe in those things too, and to depend upon his words. Then he, too, is a slave to his own job, because if he relaxes his endeavours to teach men proper ways of work and life, he may destroy the faith he has created in them, and so throw them back into an abyss of doubt and fear and degradation, lost indeed. . . ." This faith in work is the crux of the book.

Where the blues begin

Forty years ago it was the immigrant like Mary Antin, valiant and impressionable, who made the

settled, complacent American realize what the incoming American had to contend with. Today when we are so much more keenly aware of racial tension, it takes a powerful woman and a great artist like **Ethel Waters** to bring home to us the injustice and brutality which have beset even the most talented Negroes in this country and in our time. Her autobiography, *His Eye Is on the Sparrow* (Doubleday, \$3.00), which she wrote with **Charles Samuels**, defies a simple label: it is violent, generous, shocking, candid, compassionate, and, because she has the memory of an elephant, full of graphic detail — in all, a powerful, illuminating document.

As a girl, Ethel Waters had every reason to be a hell-raiser. She was illegitimate, the result of a rape when her mother was twelve. She was brought up mostly by her grandmother in the Bloody Eighth Ward of Philadelphia. She was taught to steal and she was the best child thief in that slum. "I stole because I was always hungry. . . . I was never caught." She had a probing mind, was tall for her age, and could outcurse any sailor; alcohol had no lure for her — she had seen what it did to her aunts. She knew the pickpockets, the pimps, and the ladies of the sporting houses. "There was," she says, "one emotional outlet my people always had when they had the blues. That was singing," and some of the songs she was to make famous later, she remembered from her girlhood. "No performer," she adds, "was ever pulled out of a childhood so dark and cold." "Stormy Weather," which was written for her, might have been the theme song of her life.

This story is as honest as Ethel Waters can make it. She tells it with no illusions about herself and no regard for the reader's sensibilities. Here, particularly in the early chapters, are the brute force of poverty and the branding iron of racial hatred; here also are the songs and the rivalries of the theater; and, most of all, here is the big heart of a woman who has had to be hard as nails and ruthless to men, but who as she mellows in experience and success is proud to show you her scars and tell you how she got them. I think of Sweet Mama Stringbean as she was called when she played the Rinkydinks for \$25 a week; I think of the automobile accident in which she almost lost her leg; I think of the times she revenged herself on the show girls who stole her men; I think of her adoption of little Allegra; I think of her singing "Stormy Weather" and "Tropical Heat Wave" when she was the highest-paid star on Broadway. I think of her tributes to Sam Harris and to her accompanist, Pearl White; I think of her as a big person with a big faith. And I am glad that she found Charles Samuels, a collaborator who preserved her language and her spirit, who has been so skillful in alternating what was brutal and what was funny, and who has kept himself so scrupulously out of the picture.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

English Fiction: Four Flavors

THE LOVED AND ENVIED by *Enid Bagnold*. (Doubleday, \$3.00.) As wise and brittle as age is this novel of the sophisticates in London and Paris, beset by nostalgia and sharp gossip as they approach the sunset of their seventies.

STRAIT AND NARROW by *Geoffrey Catterell*. (Lippincott, \$3.50.) Set in post-war England, with a flashback to a love affair in wartime Holland, this is the story of man's belated discovery of the emotional cost of his "career obsession." A Book Society Choice in Britain, *Strait and Narrow* introduces a gifted new novelist of wide appeal.

MR. BYCULLA by *Eric Linklater*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50.) Horror and wit are effectively mated in Linklater's weird tale of the lethal good works of a too compassionate Englishman, whose peculiar ancestry has bequeathed to him the philosophy of an Indian sect of religious murderers.

MOULDED IN EARTH by *Richard Vaughan*. (Dutton, \$3.00.) The course of young love is obstructed by family feuding in this lyrically written novel, as Welsh in flavor as the author's mailing address — Beilyglas, Llanddeusant, Llangadock.

Americana

THE GREAT AUDIENCE by *Gilbert Seldes*. (Viking, \$3.75.) A critical evaluation of motion pictures, radio, and television; of how these media have capitalized on certain audiences and yet lost others they should have held.

LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON edited by *Mabel Loomis Todd*. (World, \$3.75.) "My friends are my estate," wrote Emily Dickinson, and these letters show her loyalty, her apprehension of the tragic element in life, and her frisky, humorous moods.

THE GREAT ILLUSION by *Herbert Asbury*. (Doubleday, \$4.00.) An informal history of prohibition describing Americans' drinking habits past and present and how our women reformers and the Anti-Saloon League sought to change them.

THE EYES OF DISCOVERY by *John Bakeless*. (Lippincott, \$5.00.) What the country first looked like to the major French, Spanish, English, and Dutch explorers; fascinating details set in a skillful matrix with a sheaf of admirable illustrations.

HENRY CROSS AND HIS DOWSING ROD by *Kenneth Roberts*. (Doubleday, \$3.00.) A water wizard who with the confident backing of Maine's first novelist has successfully dowsed for water in many spots in New England and with more difficulty in Bermuda. An authenticated story to dampen your incredulity.

At the Halfway Point

MID-CENTURY: The Social Implications of Scientific Progress edited by *John E. Burchard*. (The Technology Press and Wiley, \$7.50.) The written reports and the views exchanged by forty leading scholars and men of affairs who attended the M.I.T. Convocation in April, 1949.

THE 1950'S COME FIRST by *Edwin G. Nourse*. (Holt, \$2.00.) One of the Capital's top economists gives his concise conclusions about today's inflationary economy.

The Age of Longing

Koestler's brilliant
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



IN HIS biography and in his work, Arthur Koestler reflects to a remarkable degree the crucial European experiences and searchings of his age — once upon a time, Koestler married Contemporary History and they have lived together intimately and unhappily ever after. A wanderer since his youth, he has been an inmate of the concentration camp and the prison cell. After ardently embracing, then ardently repudiating, the great pseudo religion of the century, he has probed science, psychoanalysis, history, and philosophy, has pondered the saintliness of the Yogi and the satanic pragmatism of the Commissar, in a search for diagnoses of and prescriptions for our time's distempers. A brilliant journalist with a first-rate intellectual equipment and a considerable talent for fiction, he is above all a writer with a husband-wife relationship to Crisis. His novels — this is what makes them so arresting and at times so irritating — sound like bulletins from history's bedchamber.

"Picnic in no-man's land"

Koestler's latest novel, *The Age of Longing* (Macmillan, \$3.50), explores — with the immediacy of today's newspaper — the moral temper of Western Europe: the situation which Koestler has elsewhere described as "a picnic in no-man's land." Set in Paris, the story opens on Bastille Day 195 . . . and closes the following February, with the air raid sirens announcing the Last Judgment — or maybe just another air raid exercise.

The Age of Longing assembles a group of characters who exemplify a variety of viewpoints, and whose talk and conduct dramatize the author's ideas. Fedya Nikitin, the young cultural attaché (M.V.D. agent) of the Commonwealth of Freedom Loving Nations (formerly U.S.S.R.), is a marvelously convincing portrait of the Russian official who has grown up under Communism — the "Nanderthaler with a modern robot-brain." Hydie Anderson, daughter of an American Colonel and an alco-

holic mother, has lost the religious belief of her convent school days and suffers from "the bug of longing." A sophisticated innocent, she is physically attracted to Nikitin by his masterful certainty, and lapses into near hysteria when she gets wise to certain home truths about her lover. The large cast includes several eminent pro-Communists; an ex-Communist poet (Koestler's chief mouthpiece) whose tone is one of "arrogant heartbrokenness"; a celebrated philosopher, founder of the Neo-nihilist movement and now a leading advocate of "neutralism" for France; a novelist "knight-errant" (also taken, almost ready-made, from life) who is organizing élite Troupers to resist the Russians, just for the sake of the gesture; a Russian "Hero of Culture," long disillusioned, who suddenly repudiates the Commonwealth, then goes to seed under the burden of freedom; and the author of a pornographic best seller, *Voyage Autour de mon Bidet*, who is immensely pious, chaste, and a fellow traveler.

The general picture is of "a dying patient between two attacks," and the diagnosis is that Western Europe has too long been without a faith. Dumb longing for a god made men eager to idealize Communism, and now, too, there are many who reason, "If you . . . are going to be raped, you might as well convince yourself that your ravisher is the man of your dreams." Western Europe is doomed. But to fight evil — like the novelist knight-errant — remains the ethical imperative.

Whether or not Koestler's acrid defeatism is factually justified, the intellectual fabric out of which it is tailored is shot through with flashy dogmatism: probability is treated as inevitability; and where there is a variety of possibilities, Koestler sees only a simple either/or — unquestioning faith or no faith at all; Nikitin's smug assurance of certainty or inner desolation. Koestler seems blind to the fact that individuals and nations have retained their moral stamina without an authoritarian faith. Like most of the ex-Communists, he appears not to have shaken off the anxiety complex about freedom which originally turned him towards Communism. The argument of his novel appears to boil down to this: Now is the time for all good Europeans to die for the lost cause of Freedom. Why was it lost? Because to live in

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freedom is either unbearable or morally debilitating.

Notwithstanding these questionings and the too theatrical dialogue, *The Age of Longing* remains a novel of outstanding interest. Koestler's documentary talent is at its best in his picture of the Paris international intelligentsia, and the action is stage-managed with a keen sense of drama. While its "truth" may be less than the whole truth, there is much in it that hits the center of the target.

This man's army

"The publishers believe that the appearance of this novel is of comparable importance to the publication of *This Side of Paradise* or *Look Homeward, Angel*. . . . [It] introduces a writer who will take a commanding place in American literature." The book launched with this pronouncement by the temperate and discerning House of Scribner is an 860-page novel about the Regular Army, *From Here to Eternity* (Scribner's, \$4.50). The author, James Jones, an ex-soldier of twenty-nine, was discovered and helped along his long road by that great editor, the late Maxwell Perkins.

The setting of Jones's story is Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, in 1941, and the focus is mainly on the world of the enlisted man. The book is certainly a milestone of sorts in realistic fiction: no novelist has documented army life quite so thoroughly or recorded the crudities of soldier talk so faithfully.

The two dominant protagonists in an extensive cast are Private Robert E. Lee Prewitt and First Sergeant Milton Warden. Prewitt has found his "Call" as a bugler. But his deepest passion is a stubborn pride, and injured pride causes him to transfer from the Bugle Corps to the infantry. Here, too, pride puts him on his company commander's blacklist; and Sergeant Warden is told to give him "The Treatment" until he comes to heel. Warden is a crack professional soldier—a demon for work, hard and cynical, but basically fair-minded. He bears down heavily on Prewitt but there is a subtle bond between them. Both men love the army and it has forged in both of them an inner core of steel.

Prewitt's refusal to let himself be "broken" is the central drama in a book of many strands. There is Prewitt's love affair with a prostitute, and Warden's with his captain's wife,



Last month we mentioned in this space two highly enjoyable new books by *Atlantic* authors, Messers. Bates and Yaffe. We now rise to remark that you could hardly spend your time more pleasantly, before and after taxes, than in the company of the fascinating persons assembled by James Hilton and Nicolas Nabokov, those old *Atlantic* favorites.

Mr. Hilton, in his best storytelling vein, introduces you to a truly memorable heroine, Carey Arundel. She represents his first full-length portrait of a woman, and a ravishing creature she is, too,—a splendid actress, warm and humorous, gentle and generous. Carey herself is worth the price of admission, but in *MORNING JOURNEY* she is matched by the producer, Paul Saffron, dynamic and disturbing. These two act out their private drama against a fabulous background of the worlds of stage and screen. From Europe to the United States, from Broadway to Wilshire Boulevard, passion and necessity drive and direct their lives. Together or apart, those lives are bound to one another, and, under the spell of *MORNING JOURNEY*, you, too, will find yourself involved in their destiny.

Mr. Nabokov's group of extraordinary spirits belongs to much the same world as Carey and Paul. In their case, however, it is an actual world and not a fictional one. The varied and astounding personalities of *OLD FRIENDS AND NEW MUSIC* are the "greats" of that golden time when Paris was the Mecca of the arts, the giants of music and the ballet. Here are the legendary Diaghilev and the doomed Nijinsky; the brilliant Balanchine; Massine and Lifar. Here is the intrepid and incomparable Koussevitsky; Stravinsky receives you in his California home; you come to know Prokofiev, the composer and the man. And your entrée to this exciting company comes through an author whose charm, wit, and creative gifts permit him to move among them as among his peers. How music came to Mr. Nabokov "through the large open window" of his early boyhood is not the least of the delightful episodes in *OLD FRIENDS AND NEW MUSIC*.

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a deeply scarred woman who has given herself promiscuously in a despairing search for love. There is the close-up of life in the barracks; the close-up of the concentration camp regime in the Stockade; and there are the wild nights on the town. A Brigadier General preaches the principles of fascism. A kind of hobo-intellectual, the hero of the Stockade, argues that God is Evolution and preaches a credo of Acceptance. As a climax, there is the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Jones has grappled with a variety of materials and he handles some of them less successfully than others. There is a good deal of weak stuff in the two love affairs and the characterizations of the women, and the sorties into the field of general ideas are unimpressive. The book as a whole, however, is a spectacular achievement: it has tremendous vitality and driving power and graphic authenticity. Prewitt and Warden are magnificent creations, who take possession of the reader, and half a dozen or more of the secondary figures are arrestingly well drawn.

From *Here to Eternity*, in my estimate, is a better novel than *The Naked and the Dead*. Mailer's people and plot betrayed signs of being painstakingly modeled to dramatize a thesis; in Jones's book you feel that the novelist has let his inner vision express its own undoctored truth. I have one strong reservation about the author's talent, however considerable it may be. It looks to me as if he is another of those emotionally retarded he-men to whom toughness is the supreme Good, and who see life as synonymous with total war.

"Lady with a Lamp"

Public interest in the welfare of the ordinary soldier was first effectively mobilized, about a hundred years ago, by Florence Nightingale's nursing mission in the Crimean War and the horrors it brought to light. Miss Nightingale, immortalized in the history books as a pioneer in nursing, was that and much more: she brought about far-reaching improvements in the living conditions of the British soldier and her counsel was solicited by several foreign governments. The traditional image of the "Lady with a Lamp" — gliding through the awfulness of the hospital at Scutari and by her angelic presence easing the anguish of the dying — conveys no inkling of the complex, obsessed per-

sonality and astonishing life of this quite extraordinary woman. She is currently the subject of a new biography, *Florence Nightingale* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.50) by Cecil Woodham-Smith, a distinguished and fascinating book which is to be a June selection of the Literary Guild.

Born into a wealthy family and demurely beautiful, Miss Nightingale became a great success in the fashionable society of London, Paris, and Florence. She loved finery, dancing, and music. She was also remarkably well educated, and impressed scholars with the brilliance of her mind. Her inner life was an altogether different story, and she poured it into "private notes" which she carefully hoarded. In her seventeenth year (it was 1837), Miss Nightingale, like Joan of Arc, heard a voice — "God spoke to me and called me to His Service." Her mission, however, was not disclosed and eight years passed before she discovered it. There followed another eight years of bitter conflict with her family, who held the prevailing view that nursing was a job for low-class sluts. Miss Nightingale daydreamed of doing great things, was tortured by guilt-feelings, and feared she would go mad. "In my thirty-first year," she wrote, "I see nothing desirable but death." Meanwhile she had turned down, once after prolonged stalling, several enviable proposals of marriage.

Once her apprenticeship to nursing started, nursing became her entire life: she trained in three countries, pored over medical documents, and could not, she said, look at her family's country house without thinking of how she would turn it into a hospital. Her work in the Crimean catastrophe is one of the really great tales of human fortitude and achievement. In addition to the unspeakable hospital conditions and the ravages of cholera, she had to contend with the obstructionism of the top-ranking army doctors. The "angel of mercy" proved herself a shrewd diplomatist as well as an administrative genius, and she apparently retained an astringent sense of humor: when Queen Victoria offered to send a consignment of cologne to the wounded, she said someone had better tell the Queen that gin would be more popular.

At the war's end, public adoration of Miss Nightingale had reached an extraordinary pitch — her mail arrived in "hail storms." But she

would not make a public appearance or issue any public statements, and a profound change occurred in her character — she became self-pitying, angry, and withdrawn. After an illness in 1857, she pronounced herself an invalid and refused to see her family on the ground that she must conserve her strength for work. The “invalid” lived on to ninety, and for forty-three years in her sickroom led a busier life than even Eleanor Roosevelt’s. She battled directly with the Government for army reforms; she amassed an encyclopedic knowledge of health problems, wrote reports, pioneered the use of statistical diagrams. She became so respected that a new Viceroy of India would come to her for “briefing” before taking up his post. And she grew so passionately concerned with bettering the management of the world that she had to admonish herself: “I MUST remember that God is not my private secretary.”

Beautiful and damned

“He was our darling, our genius, our fool . . . a kind of king of our American youth,” Glenway Wescott wrote when F. Scott Fitzgerald died, at forty-four, in December, 1940. At that time, few of Fitzgerald’s books were in print. For some years, he had been such a back number that when Budd Schulberg, starting out in Hollywood in 1939, was told that Fitzgerald was to be his collaborator, Schulberg exclaimed: “I thought he was dead.” Today, Fitzgerald seems to be very much alive again. More of his work is in print than at any time of his life. High-brow criticism, which contemptuously dismissed him in the thirties, treats him with respect and even tenderness. A novel whose hero is patterned after Fitzgerald has for some time been a leading best seller. And now **Arthur Mizener** has given us the first Fitzgerald biography: *The Far Side of Paradise* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75).

A good many *Atlantic* readers already know that it is a first-rate and fascinating work. The portraiture is warm and vital but always clear-eyed and psychologically acute, and the same applies to the critical appraisal of Fitzgerald’s writings. I found the book so absorbing that I wished it were longer, and normally I have a deep affection for brevity.

Fitzgerald once said that as a small boy he was always trying to realize “a great dream.” For the major

part of his life he retained much of the emotional outlook of childhood. His “great dream” became a naïvely romantic vision of the Good Life — to be a big shot at Princeton, and later, a social success wherever he went; to know rich and “interesting” people, and enjoy to the full “the eternal Carnival by the sea”; to be “one of the greatest writers who have ever lived.” To all these things and Zelda, too, his beautiful “barbarian Princess from the South,” he gave himself with indiscriminating intensity.

But Fitzgerald, as Mizener so forcibly brings out, was only partly the enthusiastic young romantic; partly he was what he once called himself, “a spoiled priest,” who wanted to stand aside and study life.

Here is the source of that double vision which makes the best of Fitzgerald’s work much more than a picture of the Jazz Age. One sees this quality most clearly perhaps in *The Great Gatsby*, of which Fitzgerald might have said, as Flaubert said of *Bovary*, “*Gatsby, c’est moi.*”

Music in exile

Another book excerpted in the *Atlantic* — **Nicolas Nabokov’s** *Old Friends and New Music* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50) — has given me such pleasure that I cannot let it pass without a warm salute. Mr. Nabokov has achieved a captivating fusion of autobiography, portraiture of great musical figures, and musical evaluation free of jargon. Beginning with vivid glimpses of a music-filled childhood in an upper-class family of Tsarist Russia, he writes about Diaghilev and his constellation in the Paris of the twenties; an evening with the deranged specter of Nijinsky, glassy-eyed and mute; friendship with Prokofiev, his musical achievement and his treatment by the Soviet government; a visit to Koussevitzky; and music-cum-politics in post-war Berlin. Mr. Nabokov pauses on his way to evoke the unreality of Monte Carlo, with its puppet-like *desperados* of the gaming tables and its lapis lazuli harbor — a “smörgasbord of clichés.” Or to slip in a note on a Parisian house of pleasure so popular with nineteenth-century royalty that it became, while still in business, a kind of *Monument Historique* of France.

Nabokov’s material is at bottom on the slender side; what sustains *Old Friends and New Music* so engagingly

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is the author's civilized and attractive personality. Warmly interested in people and deeply devoted to music, he is also a keen-eyed observer with a lively sense of humor, and a critic who voices his dislikes *con brio*. He uses the English language with remarkable felicity, and his writing has a highly individual charm. A Russian by birth, a cosmopolitan, and an American by adoption, he has a three-angled viewpoint which captures the element of comedy wherever it is lurking.

Potpourri

THE HELL BOMB by William L. Laurence. Knopf, \$2.75.

In terms intelligible to the layman, Mr. Laurence — two-time Pulitzer Prize winner and Science Reporter of the New York Times — sets forth the nonclassified facts about the hydrogen bomb and from them deduces certain conclusions of his own. Mr. Laurence believes that "when we carry out the announced tests of the latest models of our A-bombs at Eniwetok in . . . 1951, one of them will

be the first H-bomb." The cost of an H-bomb one thousand times as powerful as the atom bomb is estimated at \$4,500,000 if it can be made of deuterium, \$166,000,000,000 if deuterium and tritium have to be used. The hydrogen bomb could, says Laurence, be so rigged as to destroy completely all human life. The book gives an estimate of Soviet atom bomb production and reports that Klaus Fuchs almost certainly betrayed to the Russians vital secrets about the H-bomb. In contrast to most authorities, Laurence holds the optimistic view that what with the ocean, radar, and an effective interceptor system, "the odds are against a single A- or H-bomb reaching our shores."

SUCH DARLING DODOS by Angus Wilson. Morrow, \$2.50.

Mr. Wilson's is one of the most subtly and economically destructive talents in the short-story business. Earnest-minded souls might object that it isn't worth creating unpleasant characters just for the purpose of sticking pins into them; but it can also be argued that sticking pins into human egotism, humbug, and assorted nastinesses is a highly edifying enterprise. At any rate, Wilson's pin-sticking is wonderfully expert and maliciously amusing. His victims, in this second brilliant collection of short stories, include a bunch of parasitic relatives, an unctuous proselytizer, the precious editors of an encyclopedia, and a fatuously snobbish ex-officer who has come down in the world.

A few of the stories are a departure from satire — one deals with the hallucination of a middle-aged woman; one is a tense picture of a childish mind and has a gruesome trick ending. Occasionally compassion creeps in.

DISTURBER OF THE PEACE: THE LIFE OF H. L. MENCKEN by William Manchester. Harper, \$3.75.

Written with an élan worthy of its subject and with irreverent wit, this is a very entertaining but far from definitive biography of Mencken. Mr. Manchester, a young newspaperman, managed to enlist his subject's coöperation, with the result that he has given us a very full account of Mencken's life. The book would have been a lot better if the author's eyes hadn't been slightly glazed with admiration; and while Mencken's ideas — his "philosophical anarchism married to the rankest Toryism" — are expounded with spirit and with copious quotation from his writings, they are not very seriously criticized, nor is Mencken's influence more than lightly evaluated.

The biography does, however, handsomely communicate the fun and furor of the period in which Mencken was so boisterously chastising the Comstocks, the boosters, and the boobs.

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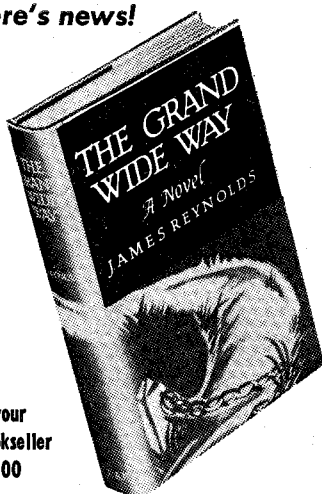
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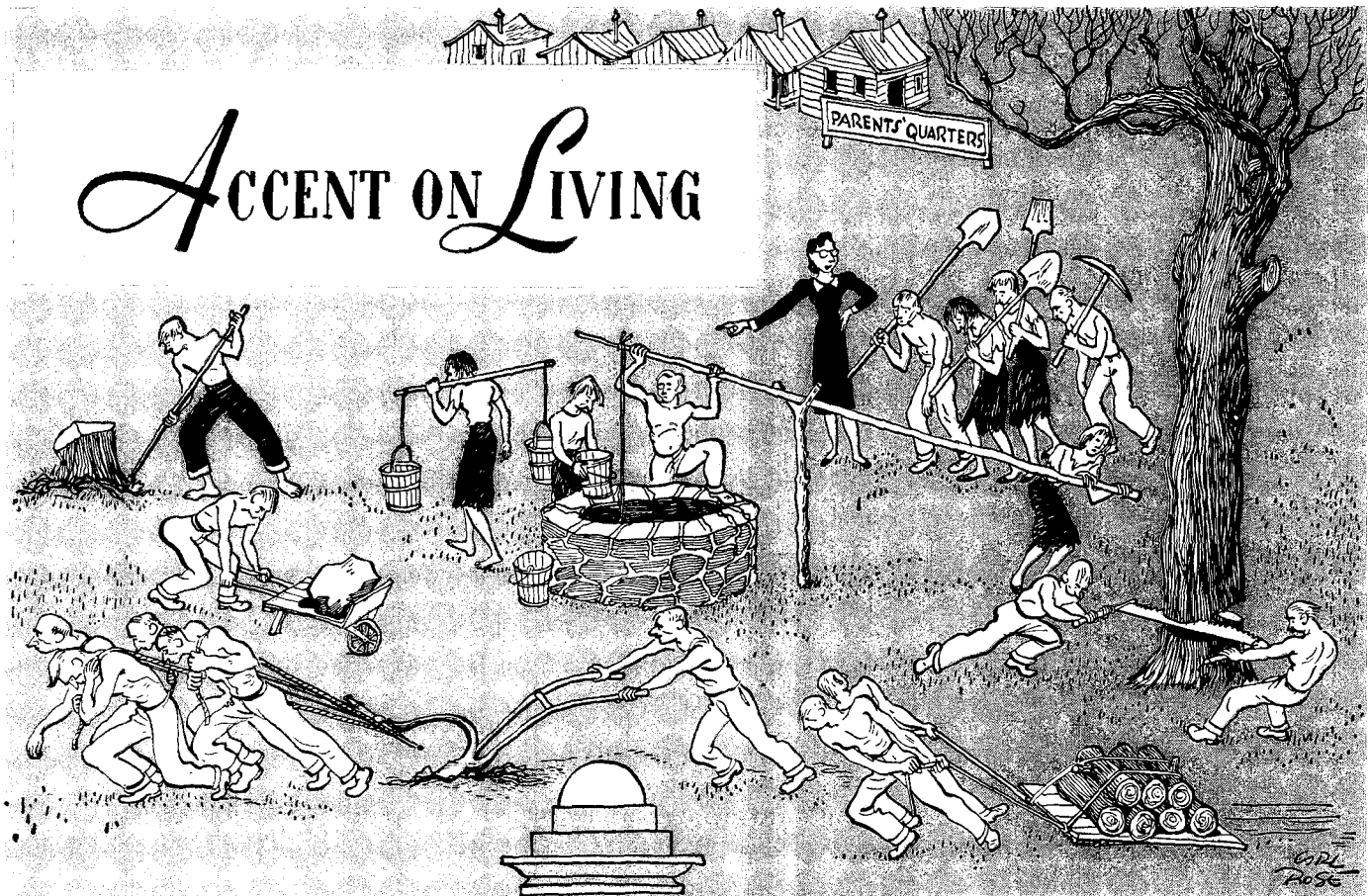
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Send 10 cents each for these attractively illustrated pamphlets: "A Living Link in History," by John C. Merriam... "Trees, Shrubs and Flowers of the Redwood Region," by Willis L. Jepson... "The Story Told by a Fallen Redwood," by Emanuel Fritz... "Redwoods of the Past," by Ralph W. Chaney. All four pamphlets free to new members—send \$2 for annual membership (or \$10 for contributing membership).

SAVE-THE-REDWOODS LEAGUE
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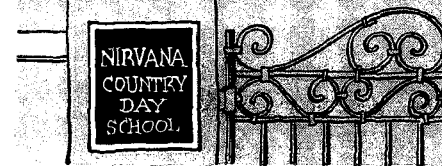
ACCENT ON LIVING



ALL PARENTS will report at the gymnasium at 7.30 a.m., Saturday, March 10, for assignment to work details. The child (or children) of any parent tardy or absent will be punished severely. — NIRVANA HEIGHTS PARENTS ASSOCIATION. SIMONE J. LEGREE, PRESIDENT.

Such a notice — if the Nirvana Heights Country Day School were candid enough to couch its exactions in plain English — sums up in brief the relationship between parents and any good private school attended nowadays by their children. The better the school, the more frequent and terse the notice will be. A collect telegram, “Report gymnasium immediately — Legree,” would be quite possible in a really successful school, and a Sunday or a business day would be just as likely as a Saturday. The school commands, the parent must jump to it: into those fatigues, get going, no excuses, and no nonsense about it, either.

The only worse thing than having children, in point of the unlimited liability thus imposed on the parent, is having children who attend a private school. There is nothing else quite like it, so expensive, so freighted with responsibility, so uncomfortable, tiring, incessant. Time was when



THIS MONTH

maintenance of an ocean-going yacht or a racing stable or a big country place was one of the inescapable burdens of the rich. The really rich, who know they could never afford the demands of a private school and who intend to remain solvent, protect themselves by sending their children to public schools. But even the not so well-to-do are caught up in the private school's dragnet by the device known as the “Parents Association.”

The Parents Association is what makes Country Day seem, to parents at any rate, like life in an ant palace: everyone tearing around madly — collecting, organizing, hoarding, working. It is all obligatory. Any parent, for instance, exempted (by presentation of a medical certificate) from folk dancing must nevertheless attend and feign a lively enjoyment in watching other parents folk-dance. Each parent must go to all meetings of the Association, remain awake through-

out them,* and ask at least one question in the question period.

No parent is entitled to make any criticism of the school's affairs. On the contrary, the parent must affirm, loudly, the perfection of all that it undertakes. (“I’ve always liked *Iolanthe*, but I’m frank to say that these kids — and with only a piano accompaniment, too — were just as good as anything that the D’Oyly Carte crowd ever pulled off. . . .”) I myself, for asking why the children were not being instructed in the elements of English grammar, was set upon by masked assailants on my way home from a Parents Association meeting, and I escaped only by vigorous use of my sword-cane.

At the bottom of the heap, archdupe of them all, is the luckless parent who has accepted for his spawn a “scholarship” at Nirvana Heights Country Day. For each \$500 rebate on the fees, a scholarship parent must return to the school at least \$5000 in goods and services. His must be the choicest offerings for the “bazaar,” his the basic vehicle in the car pool, his

* Strangely enough, few parents fall asleep on these occasions, ravaged as they are by the folding chairs and by hunger pains resulting from the dinner (\$3.50) previously served by the Parents Association.

the most skillful hand with paint-brush, floor-sander, or upholsterer's needle. Deprived of any time to earn his own living, the scholarship man remains permanently in need of the scholarship. Fifty scholarship parents, according to the recent report of a survey committee, are thus worth \$225,000 a year to the school, equivalent to endowment income on some \$6,000,000.

With fifty scholarship parents under its belt, the school moves in briskly on these and all others. There will be folk dancing (proceeds to the A.A.) Thursday at 8 — and decline if you dare. On Saturday, parents must attend the Big Game which Country Day will lose, traditionally, to detested Nirvana High School. Sunday morning at 11, a theologian conveniently borrowed from near-by Nirvana Junior College will lecture on Nature Worship in California (each parent must buy tickets for at least two guests, proceeds to apply on purchase of a new coffee urn for the Parents Association).

Throughout the week, all parents

carry on their regular assignments of soliciting funds, door-to-door selling, chiseling wholesale prices for whatever the Parents Association is about to buy — prices that the Association's Purchasing Review Committee will report later on were altogether too high — and reshingling the Barn and Carriage House. Whenever these activities seem to be played out, the school will decide to hold its Twenty-seventh (or Thirty-first) Anniversary Celebration, and a new crusade is launched.

I know one mother who was ordered by her school to establish a literary agency to market the writings of other school parents, with the school getting a 50-50 split in the fees to the hard-driven authors. Another parent sells neckties. Some conduct sight-seeing tours. Still another was bidden to set up an "entertainment bureau" which would provide "entertainers" — that is, parents — for parties and such, but alas, the parents were not sufficiently entertaining. A lecture bureau fared more fruitfully, doubtless because no one expects lectures to

be entertaining. Heartened by this success, Country Day made a husband-wife team establish a booking office for movie films. Many schools have a wood lot where the parents are kept busy felling, hewing, and sawing ("Fit parents make a fit school!"); they sell the firewood around town, and as often as not to themselves — after, of course, they have filled the school's bunkers.

The rummage sale is no longer quite the thing; it has been supplanted by a de luxe model in which parents — and others — are commanded to surrender such high-yield belongings as jewelry, furs, furniture, paintings, rare books, old gold and old cash. While one crew of parents is wresting these valuables from people in general, another is parading with placards advertising the sale.

For the children, as they confect their "mobiles" and daub their abstractions in the studio, it may very well be a Day School. But for the parents it seems to be a straightforward 24-hour proposition.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE HANDWRITING ON THE BACKBOARD

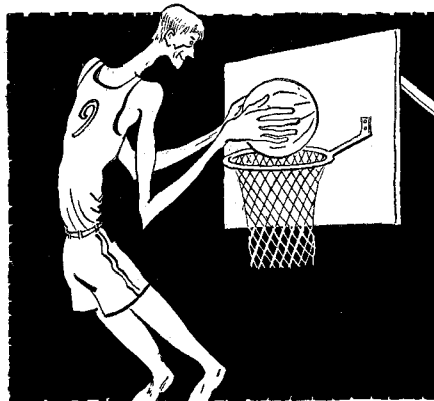
by SAMUEL YELLEN

SAMUEL YELLEN is in the English Department of Indiana University. Having explained to Atlantic readers "How Football Died" in two articles, Mr. Yellen now foresees a bizarre end for basketball, as unmistakably evidenced in present-day trends.

TO MOST readers, I realize, what I have to say will seem like sour grapes. I must confess right off that my friends call me Midget, and that I am a very short man — in fact, an inch or two under seven feet. Yet I am so disturbed by a rumor which has recently leaked out of the basketball squad at Minnesota that I must issue this warning, even at the risk of having my motives questioned. For the handwriting is all too plain.

It is common knowledge that only five hundred years ago, back in the twentieth century, men were much shorter than now. The evidence is indisputable. From the skeletons and artifacts in our museums, we can safely conclude that the average height then was three or four — perhaps even five — inches under six

feet, and there were men as short as five feet. Moreover, the popular literature of that remote age speaks with great admiration of a hero six feet tall as being quite a specimen of manhood. What we are apt to forget,



however, is the fundamental role of the game of basketball in the Great Anatomical Mutation.

As far as contemporary sources reveal, the first signs of change, which appeared in the 1930s and 1940s, went completely unnoticed. Since the records are obscure, we cannot determine accurately which school first

introduced the concept of the tall center in basketball — tall, that is, for those days — a player six feet four or five, or often as much as six or seven.

We do know from accounts of sports writers five centuries ago that the so-called "tall" center was usually ungainly, unable to dribble or handle the ball, and of little use in the floor game. His business was to stand, like a sore giraffe, close to the basket and wait until his teammates "fed" him the ball, which he then caught above the outstretched arms of his opponents and, given luck, flipped through the hoop.

Within a few years every team boasted a tall center. Furthermore, he had grown generally less awkward and more capable of handling the ball. Nor did it take long for the coaches to deduce that if height was an advantage in a center, it might likewise be so in a guard or a forward.

A premium was thus placed on sheer length of limb. The average height of teams moved upward quickly as men under six feet dropped out of basketball. By the late 1950s, most

players were well over six feet two, and six feet eight or nine was common. Even seven feet was not rare.

Around 1960, however, a deep dissatisfaction showed itself among the fans — a dissatisfaction which was soon to swell into revolt. The trouble was that the teams had grown so tall that the players could easily reach above the basket and simply drop the ball through the hoop. Fantastic scores were recorded. Whereas in the 1930s a score of 40 (point-a-minute) was regarded as good, and in the 1940s a score of 60, in the 1960s a team usually ran up 170 or 180 points. Yet, paradoxically, the game itself became slow and uninteresting, and for the most part was merely a flailing of hands and arms around and above the basket.

At first the coaches attempted to remedy the situation by prohibiting any scoring from a circle within three feet of the basket. But finally in 1964 they found it necessary to raise the basket itself one foot higher from the floor. This gave some relief, but not for long. Very soon the teams began turning up still taller players. By the 1970s it was obvious that the cycle had started all over again, as ever taller and taller players appeared.

What was not clearly understood at the time was the relationship between this development in basketball and the steadily rising average height of the population as a whole. Scientists attributed the general rise in height to the absorption of "vitamins" by the body — a quaint notion which was part of the folklore of those days. Actually, it appears, some kind of natural selection was at work.

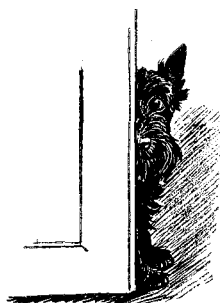
We can say with certainty that the game of basketball was as widespread then as now — played in every college, high school, and community. We also know from the literature of that era that basketball players enjoyed great popularity among girls, particularly at the age just prior to marriage. When it came to mating, consequently, the basketball player had a biological advantage. That edge, slight as it may seem, operated steadily — and much more rapidly than the early geneticists might have estimated.

During the twenty-first century, new complaints and rumblings began to be heard. Not basketball but the entire economy of the country seemed to be out of kilter. Somehow the population and the economy were no longer adjusted to each other. Houses

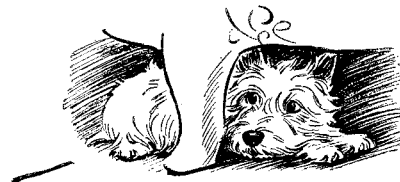
ACCENT ON LIVING



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and rooms were too small, doorways and arches too low, chairs too shallow, beds and bathtubs too short. People could not get their knees under tables, nor their bodies into automobiles. Office buildings, factories, boats, airplanes, clothes, farm implements — nothing was right. In fact, every aspect of daily living was a constant irritation.

While the citizenry at large was painfully aware of all this, it took the perspicacity of Professor A. J. Thompson, at the Yale Institute of Human Behavior, to put the problem down in black and white. His *Needed — A Seven-foot Economy*, published in 2093, was perhaps the single most significant book of that century. The usual popularizations followed. Of these, the most widely read and most influential were “Is Man Too Tall?” in the *Reader’s Digest* and “Are We Getting Too Big for Our Pants?” in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

As a direct result of Professor Thompson’s caveat, census figures on height were first taken in the year 2100. Everyone expressed amazement at learning how man had crept up on himself. The average height of men was discovered to be six feet three, and of women five feet eleven. Basketball teams averaged six feet nine, and there were many players seven feet three or four. Moreover, the average kept moving upward relentlessly.

No one knew what to do, although



editorial writers, social workers, and Congressmen viewed with plenty of alarm. Every now and then, the coaches would meet and lift the basket several more inches, and the cycle would start all over again. Thus the entire twenty-second century passed in helpless confusion, with population and economy growing ever more at odds.

Not until 2232 was the issue faced

squarely. By then it was unmistakable that we were undergoing the Great Anatomical Mutation. The average height of the general population had risen to seven feet eight, and of basketball players to eight feet — the figures which still hold in our time.

It was in that year that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt IX, then serving his fifth term, announced his Redeal Program. Obviously an economy which had been built for a five-foot-eight average and readjusted here and there by fits and starts could be no more than a thing of shreds and patches, thoroughly antiquated, thoroughly makeshift. With farsighted boldness, President Roosevelt called upon Congress to appropriate 500 billion dollars to remake, rebuild, retool everything — from buildings and clothes to autos and streets — to fit a seven-foot-eight population.

Despite the bitter opposition of the Republicans, the Redeal Program was pushed through. And within a decade, the Strenuous Decade, a miracle had come to pass. The face of the nation was completely changed and took on the appearance we are now familiar with.

The only holdout was the *Chicago Tribune*, which not only thundered without letup against the Redeal but stubbornly refused to rebuild the Tribune Tower. Indeed, any employee who was caught stooping to enter the building was fired forthwith, since the Great Anatomical Mutation was held by the *Tribune* to be nothing but a figment of the Redeal imagination. The Tribune Tower still stands today in its original size, though it has since been converted into the Chicago Museum for Pre-Adolescent Children.

Fortunately, President Roosevelt was wise enough to realize that a Redeal could very likely never be undertaken again, for financial exhaustion had set in and the tax structure had piled up dangerously.

At first his advisers considered prohibiting the game of basketball completely. But recalling the failure of the Eighteenth Amendment and fearing an era of bootleg basketball, they gave up that idea. The solution ultimately decided upon was to put a ceiling on the height of basketball players. The Thirty-fourth Amendment to the Constitution, which was speedily ratified, declared that no basketball team might use a player taller than eight feet two inches.

This Amendment has worked better than anyone expected. The average height of our population has been fixed for nearly three centuries, and the economy, as reconstructed under



the Redeal Program, has remained a good fit. However, a certain complacency, even laxness, has recently manifested itself.

The first signs of danger appeared last year, when Georgia Tech used a center eight feet two and one-fourth inches tall. When the FBI cracked down, the Governor of Georgia threatened to call out the militia to protect the sovereignty of his state against unwarranted federal interference. The case, as will be recalled, went to the Supreme Court, and with one dissenting opinion the Court ruled that the makers of the Amendment had not had in mind denying anyone the right to play basketball “because of a mere one-fourth inch.”

And now, as anyone might have foreseen, a reliable rumor has it that Minnesota has under cover and intends to use this season a new center who is eight feet two and seven-eighths inches tall, with his head shaved. The peril is upon us. It can no longer be ignored. As the sole courageous Justice of the Supreme Court stated in his vigorous dissent, “It is not possible to be just a little bit pregnant.”

BASKETBALL

by LOYD ROSENFELD

Don’t ask me why, dear spouse,
Don’t quibble,
That bouncing ball is called
A dribble;

If you won’t take my word,
Don’t ask it;
Though there’s no bottom
It’s a basket.

ACCENT ON LIVING



by WARREN MONTROSS

WARREN MONTROSS has worked in the radio and aviation industries, taught public speaking, served as a labor organizer, and is now a freelance writer. He lives in Elmhurst, Long Island.

WHAT the modern kitchen needs is a complete kit of burglar tools.

There used to be a trick with a flour bag, a bit of sleight of hand known only to women, by means of which one of the numerous threads holding the top of the bag together could be snipped and pulled out in a single deft motion. It was a ticklish moment when the fifty pounds of flour was being poured from the bag into the bin of the kitchen cabinet, but all one had to do after that was dip out what was needed.

Not so these days. We buy flour in five-pound sacks of what is described with uproarious understatement as paper. All other paper bags fall into shreds at the touch of a damp bottle; the glue is preconditioned to come unstuck at 74° Fahrenheit and 61 per cent relative humidity. But the paper—if paper it be—used in flour bags is blood brother to the material of the Federal Reserve vaults. I would gladly pay a dollar for a dab of the glue used on flour bags if I could get it on the legs of our Windsor chair before the stuff turns to granite.

There is a way to open the modern flour bag. Never attack from the top or bottom. Hold the bag sideways over a large roasting pan and have an accomplice pierce the side of the bag with an embroidery stiletto and enlarge the hole with a single-edge razor blade. An additional advantage of pouring from the side is that the pamphlet embedded in the flour will probably adhere to the weld at the top of the bag. You won't want to read the pamphlet; it tells you how easy it is to use the flour.

The processors of frozen vegetables

coddled their early customers by placing the product directly inside the heavily waxed box. A few minutes of defrosting—letting the package stand on the kitchen table while the water was coming to a boil—was sufficient to loosen the vegetables from the sides of the box. It must have occurred to some merchandising expert that no housewife would ever remember the name of a product she was able to wangle that easily. Frozen peas, for example, are now scientifically packed in a practically invisible liner of cellophane which apparently has been riveted into place by some secret process.

Post-war manufacturers of small cans of potted meat products have risen to the challenge of the times. They retain the weakened band of metal around the sides of the can—as do the processors of coffee—but they now leave out the key that used to be tucked under the paper wrapper. The small cans can't be tackled with the old-fashioned can opener; the o-f can opener goes right through the top and bottom of the can and into the table. And they aren't high enough to permit leverage for the roller type of opener. It is possible to get at the meat by grasping the can firmly in one hand and pulling at the tab of the band with a pair of pliers. The band may—will—slip and cut your left hand. It's for you to decide whether you want potted ham or a golf score in the eighties.

I'm not the only person bothered by modern packaging. Take the couple on whom I eavesdropped in our supermarket. "Look," the husband cried to his wife, "jelly with a screw top." She went over to the shelves. "They only have mint jelly with the screw top," she told him, "and you don't like lamb, and mint jelly is only good with lamb." He smuggled a jar of mint jelly into the shopping cart as soon as her back was turned. Maybe he scooped out the mint jelly, threw it away, and transferred whatever other flavor they had around the house into the jar with the screw top. Or maybe he wanted a jar of jelly he could open *and* close.

"Pry up cover with back of knife." Where in Damascus do you get such a knife? A knife with a back thin enough to fit under the cap is also a knife too fragile to take the punishment required. The lid can be sprung off with a beer-can opener, deforming it so that it will never again fit anything. There may be a higher degree

of spoilage this way, and more jelly sold, but not to me.

When we discussed flour with the manager of our supermarket, he asked why we bothered with flour at all. Get a box of ready-mixed yeast dough and cut out all that trouble with messy flour. Package of yeast right inside the box; add water, wait around a while, bake.

The yeast was in an envelope inside the box, just as the manager had predicted. There was also a business reply postcard. If the yeast had expired from age, the card said, all I had to do was go back to the grocer's, buy a fresher package of yeast, fill out the postcard, go out in the rain and mail it, and in due time they would send me a check for my nickel. The simple expedient of stamping the expiration date of the yeast on the outside of the box had not come up in the meetings of the sales staff. Or perhaps they had one too many employees in the accounting department and this whole elaborate procedure had been worked out to keep him away from the water cooler until he was eligible for a pension.

Whatever the plan was, I took the superannuated yeast and the prepared mix itself back to the store for a full refund. Nothing for my time at seventy-five cents an hour; just my money back.

Go atom, come hydrogen, the de-



vices most patented are variations on the basic can opener. It's nice to know that there's somebody on our side in the relentless war of the packaging engineers against modern man.

LECTURER'S NIGHTMARE

by HUGHES MEARNS

No person gave me greeting

Though first to reach the door

Nor told me that the meeting

Was held the year before.



GETTING AROUND EUROPE

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Musician, journalist, and novelist, JOSEPH WECHSBERG has been spending the winter in Britain and on the Continent. This latest of his travel articles comes to us from Italy.

ASSUMING that Thomas Fuller was right when he said, "The fool wanders, the wise man travels," a great many Americans must be getting wiser these days. Half a million of them are expected to go to Europe this summer. The dark political outlook has stimulated rather than discouraged America's tourists who want to take a last look at the doomed Old World before it's too late. Last year the outbreak of the Korean war threw Europe's hotel and travel people into despair. American residents of Western Europe began to load extra jerry cans of gas into their cars and to look for Spanish and Portuguese visas. But the optimists from America kept coming, and the sweet sound of fountain pens scratching on travelers' checks helped to re-establish the morale of jittery Europe.

Fortunately, it now takes more than a war to keep Americans from going places. For a long time the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* has assured its readers, every few days, that "Nearly 4400 Arrive on Three Liners" or "Thousands More Reach Le Havre on *America* and *Ile de France*." The *Tribune* never bothers to note the departure of thousands of Americans, creating the impression of continuous one-way traffic toward Europe—an impression confirmed in certain quarters of Paris, Rome, Venice, Cap d'Antibes, Capri, Salzburg, Florence, Garmisch, Deauville, where even the natives are beginning to talk with an American accent, and Coca-Cola signs, Chesterfield cigarettes, and various facsimiles of

Hamburg steak have become part of the local scene.

Paradoxically, more Americans are traveling overseas while the open world is shrinking. Almost one third of the globe is already off limits for the bearer of that once universal sesame, the American passport. There are other countries where Americans are still permitted to go, but rarely care to do so, having been frightened off by rumors of food shortages, hotel trouble, secret police activities, and the necessity of taking along DDT. The unorthodox traveler going to Yugoslavia, Berlin, Greece, Turkey, this summer will be rewarded for very minor hardships by meeting some fascinating people and learning more about the troubles of Europe than he could from a hundred books and lectures by self-styled experts.

However, chances are that you will go to Britain, France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, or the Netherlands, which were the most popular countries last year, following a time-honored time schedule, making your first stop in London or Paris. (Personally, I've always been a conservative though not conventional traveler. If I like a place, I go back to it; rediscovery is often more exciting than first acquaintance. I like to travel in the off-season times when roads are uncrowded, rooms plentiful, and service is more personal, and I keep away from fashionable places. Your favorite society columnist will tell you which places in Europe happen to be fashionable at the moment; last year it was Deauville, the year before Cap d'Antibes and the Lido; at this writing the Ali Khans and David Windors haven't made up their minds.)

If London is your first stop, be sure to make room reservations way ahead. I have noticed that the harassed and regretful expression of many of the room clerks in London's West End

hotels has engraved deep lines on their smooth faces. Neither fast talk nor outright bribery will shake those last remaining pillars of a civilized world into surrender; their impeccable "No!" would frighten a Fuller Brush man. If your reservation is for five days only, out you go on the sixth. (On the Continent, the French adage, *On s'arrange*, still goes.)

Everything about traveling in Britain must smack of platitude by now. Americans rarely come to England in the mood of explorers. They may have never been there but they know exactly why they visit England: family ties, a sentimental attachment grown out of reading the British novelists, British institutions, schools and universities, shopping in Old Bond Street, the noble landmarks of British history, London's clumsy-looking yet so comfortable taxis (always tell the driver your destination *before* getting in!), cathedrals and quaint houses. For me England has always been synonymous with its people, warm-hearted in spite of their shyness to reveal emotions, and with its countryside. A slow walk past the gardens and hedges of Surrey on a misty morning in spring when the rain slowly trickles from the branches on the deep-green grass below (it also trickles in summer, fall, and winter) could make an Anglophile out of Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Business in England is still conducted at the leisurely pace of the Disraeli era, which may be charming or exasperating, depending on whether you are an onlooker or a customer. I remember cold, rainy nights in London when all taxis passed by with their flaps down and you had to queue up at the bus stop. Finally the bus would appear but there would be no



shuffle. The conductor, as dictatorial aboard his vehicle as the master aboard his ship, would decide that it was "full up" and drive off. The people of London don't believe in the

always-room-for-one-more philosophy of the New Yorker. I was the only person to voice an audible protest and it was not received with sympathy by the natives. Patient and herdlike, they kept standing there another ten minutes, no doubt secretly pleased at having proved to the foreigner that there will always be a you-know-what.

Prices are going up steadily and the standard of life goes down at the same rate. Poverty and shabbiness will shock you in London, but you'd better not mention this to your English friends unless they bring it up themselves. They are getting poor and just beginning to realize it. For people with dollars

many goods are cheaper than in New York. Dollar-buyers are exempted from the British purchase tax, which in some cases amounts to 100 per cent. Custom-tailored Saville Row men's suits and topcoats cost 31 pounds (\$86). Handmade shoes sell for \$15. There is an abundance of woolens (tweeds, cashmere sweaters, and such), leather goods, linens, chinaware, silver, pipes, pottery, cosmetics, all of them good "dollar-earners." (The word is beginning to irk English patriots.) All goods purchased under the purchase-tax exemption must be delivered to the plane or boat on which you leave the country, and are handed to you by the customs official upon departing from England. The finest British goods, however, are not being sold in London, but in the hard-currency shops of New York, Lisbon, and Zurich, where they earn dollars.

Plane service is excellent and reasonable now between London and Paris; Air France has an off-hour return rate of 9800 francs (\$30). Heaven alone knows why no American would leave Europe without having stopped over in Paris, but after talking to so many of them I know that it's *not* Montmartre. Somewhere I read a French statistic that only 4 per cent of all American tourists go to Montmartre. But French statistics are traditionally unreliable and I hope this one is too. It would be too bad for the remaining 96 per cent of Americans. Montmartre is no mere combination of Sodom and 42nd Street burlesque where the sucker is always losing.

ACCENT ON LIVING

There are little people in Montmartre, people with daytime jobs, families, and debts who never go near the Rue Pigalle, where a bottle of dubious champagne costs 4000 francs (\$12). That sum is the better part of a man's weekly salary. If you like champagne, why not drink a good brand in a decent restaurant in town, where it costs only 1200 francs?

A word about prices. Paris is expensive, and so is France, and so is Europe. No longer can you buy anything for a song and a carton of American cigarettes. There are still a few bargains, but even they become expensive by the time you add the cost in time, transportation, and effort to get them.

(A lot of husbands spend more money in "bargain cities" than in expensive places where their wives are cautious and content with window shopping.) Instead of looking for bargains, why not look for specialties, so that you will at least get the genuine article: silks in Milan, glass in Venice, embroidery in Vienna, chinaware in England, laces in Brussels. Last year the Economic Coöperation Administration conducted a poll among 700 Americans homeward-bound from Europe. The leading shopping country was France, where 240 bought perfumes, 74 bought wines and liquors, 24 shopped for women's clothes, 16 for paintings and art; Italy came next with leather goods (122), linens (22), silks (65), gloves (33); 100 tourists bought watches in Switzerland; in Germany it was cameras, chinaware, leather goods; in Belgium, embroidery and linen; in Sweden, glass and kitchenware.

Most stories about the very cheap or very expensive places are exaggerated. Almost everywhere in Europe you can get a simple meal with a little wine for the equivalent of a dollar, and full board in a modest hotel for \$3, excluding extras. From there on, the sky is the limit. Lunch for two at the restaurant La Tour d'Argent in Paris can easily run up to \$20, and it's worth every cent of it. At Claridge's in London they have a few dirt-cheap single rooms for a shade under 4 pounds (\$10.85) but most rooms are much, much higher. If you have to have whiskey in some big Italian



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hotels, you will have to pay 1500 lire (\$2.50) for a tumbler of the stuff, which serves you right.

Such prices seem to indicate that Europe is more expensive than America. The contrary is true. People who



disagree and quote some outrageous prices of European de luxe establishments probably never go to similar places in America. Once in Europe, however, they want the best of the best and afterwards complain about the bills. Taxis in the big cities are inexpensive; transportation, second class, on the Continent is about the same as coach fare in America.

Gypping is still practiced everywhere by the international brotherhood of hotel and restaurant people, chauffeurs, porters, chasseurs, postcard and souvenir peddlers, uninhibited ladies, and other characters whose only purpose on earth seems to be the painless extraction of cash from the pockets of the Innocents Abroad. Some American tourists, however, are partly to blame for this. They proclaim that they will pay *anything* for the best ("What the hell, it's probably the last time we're here anyway!"), which makes it tough for the less pecunious traveler. More than ever all Europeans consider every American a rich man, until proved contrariwise, and expect individual Marshall Plan aid coming from every tourist. It will take a long time and patient education by the ECA and local European governments before the people of Europe will learn that teachers, students, white-collar workers, and other middle-class-income groups form the backbone of America's tourist army.

Tipping, which has ruined many otherwise perfect memories, is still the old bogey. In most European countries a fixed percentage, usually 15 per cent, is added to the bill, which is said to cover every sort of service, but you will be called a stingy barbarian if you really tip only 15 per cent. Sooner or later you have to

pass the Parade of the Outstretched Hands. In a restaurant you are supposed to leave "a little more" on the plate; in a hotel, you tip for "extra service." I always tip for special services rendered but I will not capitulate before sheer impertinence. Aboard ship the total of all tips should amount to 10 per cent of the fare, divided among cabin steward, table waiter, headwaiter, library steward, deck steward, bath steward, and anybody else who has done something for you.

It's wise always to inquire about the extras before you rent a room; extras may be considerable. In a hotel in Venice my wife and I were quoted 4000 lire (\$6.50) for a beautiful double room with a sumptuous bath, which was fine. Actually we paid an extra 600 lire for heating, 15 per cent for service, 2 per cent *imposta sull'entrata* (income tax), 2 per cent *imposta soggiorno* (sojourn tax), and something for *bollo* (stamp). What with individual tips, the room really cost us 6000 lire, and it would be probably 10,000 lire (\$16) during the high season, we were told.

Some people leave their pleasant homes with inner-spring mattresses, ice water, and ketchup and are disappointed, after three thousand miles of travel, if they don't find inner-spring mattresses, ice water, and ketchup at the other end of the line. I always think of Shaw's saying, "I dislike feeling at home when I am abroad." While in France, do as the French do, and try to struggle along with brass beds, Château Margaux 1928, and sauce Béarnaise with your steak — if it *has* to be steak. Don't expect a pleasant room with telephone, radio, bathroom, and hot water coming out of the hot-water faucet, and enough coat hangers. No amount of Marshall Plan aid will change the fact that you're going to get a room the size of King Arthur's banquet hall, a bathroom at the end of the corridor shared with twelve other people, neither hot nor cold but always lukewarm water, and the services of a cheerful, exasperating telephone operator who wouldn't know the meaning of "efficient" if you explained it to her.

The topic of French restaurants is always good for a heated discussion among Americans in Europe. Even Puritan natives from New England seem to change into Sybarites the moment they cross the Channel. No one arrives without his top-secret little list of addresses. Suffice it to

say that the best restaurants in France are not in Paris, but in such places as Lyon, Bordeaux, Beaulieu, Mozac, Valence, Strasbourg. The best restaurant of France, and Europe, is the Restaurant de la Pyramide in Vienne (Isère), seventeen miles south of Lyon, owned by M. Fernand Point, one of the last great chefs of a bygone era which appreciated the good things of life and came to an end one day in 1917 when the Imperial German General Staff sent one Nikolai Lenin in a sealed railroad car from Germany through Sweden to Russia so that he would propagate Bolshevism. In the humorless, planned age of the *collectivum*, artists like M. Point are not appreciated. No visit to France is complete without a meal at M. Point's gastronomic Pyramide. And no visit to France is quite complete without going to the sleepy fishing villages of Provence; the rugged Basque country near the Spanish border ("even the devil doesn't go there because he's afraid of the Basque language"); the castles of Bordeaux and the slopes of Burgundy; the coast of Brittany, where even the rain is beautiful; the villages and towns of Alsace, a happy synthesis of Gallic and Teutonic spirit, with Strasbourg, capital of the New Europe, which gave us the *Marseillaise*, a beautiful cathedral, and some fine restaurants; and the never-never world of Monte Carlo, where flowers, sunshine, air, ocean, people, and an eternal mood of peace conspire to make you forget the troubles of the present. Only Monte Carlo has a hotel like the Ermitage, delightfully old-fashioned and luxurious, with marble corridors and vast terraces



which tremble slightly when the Blue Train goes by, just below the hotel.

Across the French eastern border begins the zone of fortifications, as useless now as yesterday's paper, and of military cemeteries of the last two wars. There are many graves with American names there, and many living people with the memory of

brave Americans in their hearts, in Bastogne and elsewhere. There is Luxembourg, a cheerful little country, and Belgium, where everything smacks of America — men's ties, automobiles, neon lights, city traffic, and prices. (Even in Belgium, however, there are hotels along the North Sea coast and in the Ardennes which give full room and board for \$4.) Most people go to Brussels, Antwerp, or Ghent; my favorite city is the Dead City of Bruges, where you go to bed in 1950 and wake up in the charmed mood of the Middle Ages. From the historical sites of Belgium it is not far to the flower fields and the white houses of Holland, whose cities are as close to suburban America as any in Europe. Belgium is more expensive than France; the Netherlands are cheaper.

My favorite Continental country is Italy. I never get enough of its colors, the sound of music and tenor



voices in the air, the graceful landscape that has been less tampered with by human hands than any other country in Europe, the ruins and sunshine and the narrow streets with their smells and crowds of people. Above all, the people. Somehow Italians have managed to salvage more warmth of heart and kindness of spirit than most other people in Europe. On the quotation board of Europe's humanity exchange, where the decline has been steady since 1914, Italians are still blue chips. Although the poor people there are poorer than elsewhere in Europe, they are the only ones who show no greed, envy, or outright hatred at the sight of your American car.

I didn't want to take our car along, afraid it might be too expensive or presumptuous. My wife insisted and I'm glad she did. Although I grew up in Europe and have traveled there extensively by train, bus,

If readers who are thinking of going to Europe would like a list of "Unfashionable Places," the Atlantic will be happy to supply it. Address your request to The Travel Editor, The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

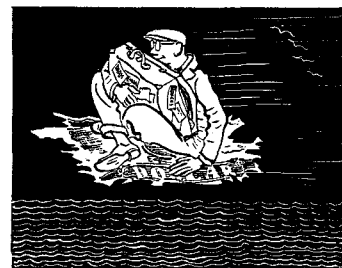
boat, and plane, going by car was an exciting and entirely new experience. It was wonderful not to depend on train schedules, porters, and taxis; and there were small places, off the beaten track, which we wouldn't have found without the car. In northern Italy we discovered the sleepy, romantic towns of Ferrara, Mantua, Cremona, Verona, where the libretto of a Verdi opera seemed to have come alive (I never thought such nonsense could ever come alive). Farther south there is the beauty of Siena and Perugia, and in Sicily there is Taormina, whose strong colors are deeper even than those on the travel folders. It costs about \$500 to ship your car to Europe (and ship it back again), and gasoline in Europe is twice or three times as expensive as back home. It isn't the most economic way of travel although it pays its way for three or four people. You may rent (or buy) small European cars which are cheaper to operate and less comfortable. But unless you come for a very short trip, try to travel by car.

Switzerland, for instance. A motor ride through Switzerland is filled with never ending excitement. Although the country is still high on the must list of American tourists, its popularity has suffered owing to its high prices. Not only cowbells jingle in Switzerland; the cash registers never stop moving. The Swiss are the most accomplished artists in taking away your money; everything from watches to chocolate to *funiculaires* to extras on the bill. It is a tough break for Switzerland's hotel industry that the neighboring country is Austria, Europe's cheapest. The Swiss themselves now spend their vacations in Austria. There are small hotels in Tyrol and the Salzkammergut which offer full board for 12 Austrian schillings (40 cents). But there are no such hotels in Salzburg during the Festival. Festivals have become excellent dollar-earners; they are as popular with Americans as book clubs, providing a dependable artistic and intellectual fare, and making

excellent topics of conversation. This seems to be the reason why so many Americans cheerfully pay \$10 for a black-market ticket in Salzburg to see a second-rate performance when they could see a first-rate performance at the Vienna State Opera for \$1, five hours away. Vienna is an excellent place for addicts of good music, good food, baroque, and Third Man atmosphere. You can rub elbows with Russian soldiers there if you consider this an interesting pastime, and see how people live under four-power occupation. American women get dizzy at the sight of bargains in Vienna — embroidered blouses for \$6.50, custom-made women's clothes from \$40 to \$70, antiques, leather goods.

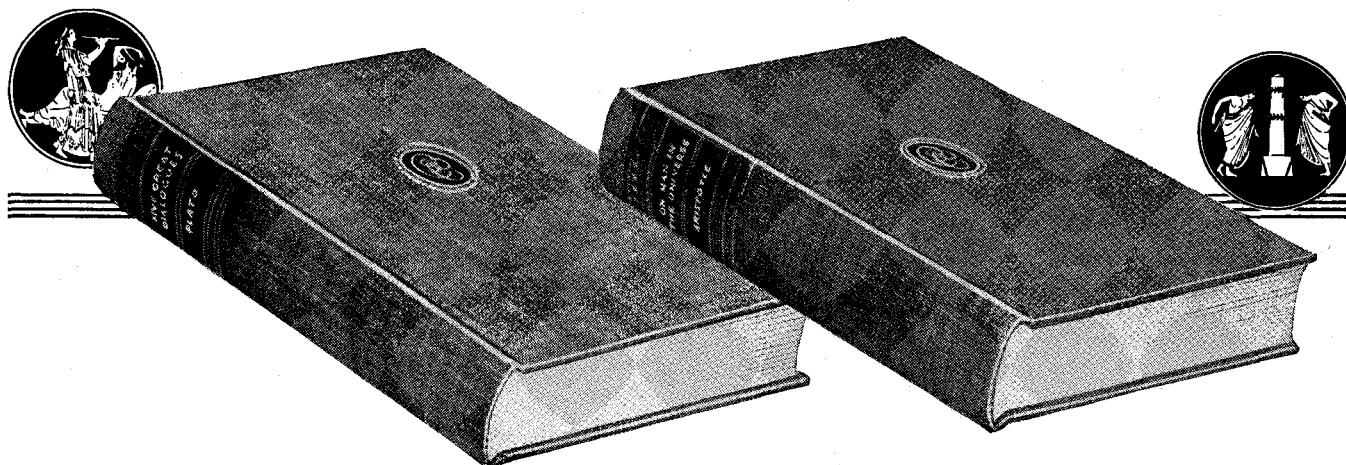
These low prices do not apply to Germany, which is as expensive as the rest of Western Europe. Germany's cities are still heaps of ruins (among which, incongruously, sometimes stands a well-run, ultramodern hotel) but the countryside with its villages, Autobahns (superhighways), small inns, vineyards, is untouched and worth seeing, especially Bavaria (where the presence of American soldiers and big American cars adds a touch of just-like-home), and the Schwarzwald, in the French Zone.

Time was, not long ago, when traveling in Europe was an irritating succession of red tape and border inspections. There are no visa difficulties now and few rationing problems (meals are unrationed in England; only in Denmark, Germany, Norway, Ireland, certain goods are rationed). Most countries limit the import of their own currencies (100 schillings into Austria, 60,000 francs into France, 10,000 lire into Italy, 100 florins into the Netherlands, and 5 pounds into Britain, with corresponding export limitations). They also limit the duty-free import of cigarettes (400 everywhere except France and Ireland, where 1000 are permitted). No country limits the import of dollars. Bring as many as you can — the people in Europe will take care of the rest, and you won't mind.



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